THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE THIRD,

CONTAINING

THE LAWS OF CANDY.
THE BEGGARS' BUSH.
THE SPANISH CURATE.
THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne and Company,

FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND CO.; WHITE, COCHRANE, AND CO.; W. MILLER; J. MURRAY; R. H. EVANS; R. SCHOLEY; J. MAWMAN; AND GALE AND CURTIS; LONDON:
AND FOR
JOHN BALLANTYNE AND CO.; AND DOIG AND STIRLING; EDINBURGH

1812.

THE

LAWS OF CANDY.

THE LAWS OF CANDY.

THERE is no direct evidence from which we can decide whether this tragi-comedy was written by Fletcher alone, or whether he was assisted by Beaumont in the composition. It has been, however, generally considered as a joint production, and the inequality of the acts strongly argues for the supposition. Nor have we any data to ascertain in what year it was produced. It has never been altered or revived, to the editor's knowledge, and seems to have suffered universal neglect.

The compiler of the Biographia Dramatica calls this one of the most indifferent amongst the plays of our authors. Undoubtedly it is not one of the best, but it is certainly unjust to call it one of the worst Seward, with more justice, places it among those of his middle class, in the whimsical arrangement which he has made of the comparative value of these dramas. No very solid objection can be made to the conduct of the principal plot, nor to its connection with the interior one. The law from which the play takes its name, and which is the main spring of the action, has nothing disgusting or improbable in it; though the accusations in the fifth act are crowded together too closely, and, indeed, become at last somewhat farcical. Few plays of our poets, and indeed of the age, can boast of a character painted more finely, and better finished, than Cassilane. His overweening ambition, and his unconquerable fury against his son, are drawn to the life. Nothing is unnatural, for no part of his speeches is overcharged, nor loaded with bombast. The meek, yet noble and open conduct of Antinous, is finely imagined, and forms an excellent contrast to his father's ungovernable temper. But Erota, the character of greatest consequence next to the old general, can never meet with unqualified approbation; for her conduct frequently exceeds all bounds of probability; at least few women could, or would act her part. Philander's attachment to her, and his final success, are not conducted with the usual skill with which Fletcher animates his love-dialogues; though the third scene of the third act is extremely beautiful, and quite in that poet's manner. There is a considerable difference in the poetry and versification of the different acts, which strongly tends to prove that the two friends

were allied in the composition of this play. In some the metre is fluent and harmonious; and it is not a rashly-hazarded opinion, that the third and fifth acts, with part of the first, were written by Fletcher, the sweetness of whose versification is proverbial. In the other parts of the play the general cast of the metre is not unlike that of Ben Jonson, whose friend and imitator Beaumont is known to have been.

The principal plot of this play is evidently taken from the ninth novel of the tenth decade of the Hecatommithi of Cinthio, a novelist whom Fletcher seems to have been much attached to. It is there related, that the city of Pisa being besieged by the Florentines with various success, the senate, in order to stimulate the warriors to exertion, proclaimed that the captain who most distinguished himself, on an appointed day, should be rewarded with a golden hauberk, and a statue erected to his memory. It happened that the two warriors who did the most glorious deeds of arms were a father and his son, both captains, the former of knights, the latter of light-horse. The senate deliberated long, but being unable to decide who had best deserved the stipulated rewards, the son declared himself contented if his father would choose either the statue or the hauberk, and leave whatever he rejected to him. But the father declared that he would part with neither one nor the other, boasted of his long and brilliant services, and upbraided the senators, as well as his son, with ingratitude. The senators wished to pacify him, and said, that any honour which his son obtained was equally to his own credit, who had produced and educated such a warrior. But the father refused to hearken to their advice, and openly calumniated his son in the court. The latter then offered to forego his share of the prize; but the soldiers of his squadron insisted upon his demanding it, and even on revenging the insult he had received; nor could his arguments, full of filial piety, pacify them. On the other hand, the soldiers in the father's squadron, boasting of their superior rank, refused to hearken to any propositions, and threatened to go over to the enemy, if both the prizes were not decerned to the father. The senators then proposed to decide the matter by lot; stipulating, that in case the father was drawn, he should have both the prizes, but, if the son was more fortunate, the father should retain the statue, as the more honourable prize, and relinquish the hauberk to his son. After some resistance from the squadron of knights, the proposal was accepted; and the son's name being drawn, the hauberk was decerned to him, which the latter willingly gave up to his father, in token of reconciliation. A fresh attack was then made on the Florentines, in which the father lost both his arms, but was fully revenged by his son upon the enemies.—The rest of the novel has nothing in common with the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

Cassilane, *general of Candy.*
Antinous, *son to* Cassilane.
Fernando, *a Venetian captain, servant*[2] *to* Annophel.
Philander, *prince of Cyprus, passionately in love with* Erota.
Gonzalo, *an ambitious politic lord of Venice.*
Gaspero, *secretary of state.*
Melitus, *a gentleman of Cyprus.*[3]
Arcanes, *a noble soldier, friend to* Cassilane.
Decius, *friend to* Antinous.
Porphycio, } *senators.*
Possenne, }
Paolo Michael, *a Venetian ambassador.*
Mochingo, *an ignorant servant to* Erota.
Senators.
Gentlemen.
Soldiers.
Servants.

Erota, *a princess, imperious, and of an overweening beauty.*
Annophel, *daughter to* Cassilane.
Hyparcha, *attendant on the princess* Erota.

SCENE, the City of Candia.

[1] Most of the plays which were first printed in the folio of 1647 are without any enumeration of Dramatis Personæ, which were carefully added in that of 1679. From the latter the lists of actors are also taken.

[2] *Servant.*] *i. e.* Lover or admirer.

[3] All the editions hitherto read, "Melitus, a gentleman of Candy," the impropriety of which was discovered by Mr M. Mason, and indeed the fourth speech of the play proves it fully. From the manner, however, in which Melitus is sent on messages by the senators, in the last scene, it is not improbable that, by the inadvertence of one of the poets, he was called "a gentleman of Candy" in their own manuscript.

THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS WERE,

William Eglestone	John Underwood
Joseph Taylor	John Lowin
Nicholas Toolie	George Birch
Richard Sharpe	Thomas Pollard.

THE LAWS OF CANDY.



ACT I. SCENE

The Street.

Enter GASPERO *and* MELITUS.

Mel. Sir, you're the very friend I wish'd to
meet with;
I have a large discourse invites your ear
To be an auditor.

Gasp. And what concerns it?

Mel. The sadly-thriving progress of the loves
Between my lord the prince, and that great lady,
Whose insolence, and never yet-match'd pride,
Can by no character be well express'd,
But in her only name, the proud Erota.[1]

[1] *Whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd pride,*
Can by no character be well express'd,
But in her only name, the proud Erota.]

The former editors were so short-sighted, that they endeavoured, by tracing the etymology of Erota, to find the name to be expressive of pride. But, as Mr M. Mason judiciously observes, "there is no difficulty in the passage. Every distinguishing appellation may be considered as part of a person's name. Magnus became part of the name of Pompey, and Felix of Sylla; and it appears that the only name the princess was called by was *the proud Erota.* So the soldier says of Macbeth,

For brave Macbeth, well he deserves the name:

which does not refer to Macbeth, but brave."

Gasp. Alas, Melitus, I should guess the best
Success your prince could find from her, to be
As harsh as the event doth prove: But now
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs,*
When a whole kingdom in a manner lies
Upon its death-bed bleeding.

Mel. Who can tell
Whether or no these many plagues at once
Hang over this unhappy land for her sake,
That is a monster in it?

Gasp. Here's the misery
Of having a child our prince; else I presume
The bold Venetians had not dar'd to attempt
So bloody an invasion.

Mel. Yet I wonder
Why, master secretary, still the senate
So almost-superstitiously adores
Gonzalo, the Venetian lord, considering
The outrage of his countrymen.

Gasp. The senate
Is wise, and therein just; for this Gonzalo,
Upon a massacre perform'd at sea
By th' admiral of Venice, on a merchant
Of Candy, when the cause was to be heard
Before the senate there, in open court
Professed, that the cruelty the admiral
Had shew'd, deserv'd not only fine, but death:
(For Candy then and Venice were at peace.)
Since when, upon a motion in the senate,
For conquest of our land, 'tis known for certain,
That only this Gonzalo dar'd to oppose it;
His reason was, because it too much savour'd

* Passionate *griefs.*] *i. e.* Griefs proceeding from *love.*—Edit. 1778.
This adjective occurs again in the second act of this play with the same meaning.

Of lawless and unjust ambition.
The wars were scarce begun, but he, in fear
Of quarrels 'gainst his life, fled from his country,
And hither came, where, to confirm his truth,
I know, Melitus, he, out of his own store,
Hath monied Cassilane, the general.

Mel. What, without other pledges than Cassilane's
Bare promise of repayment?

Gasp. No, it may be
He has some petty lordship to retire to;[3]
But thus he hath done. Now, 'tis fit, Melitus,
The senate should be thankful, otherwise
They should annihilate one of those laws
For which this kingdom is, throughout the world,
Unfollow'd and admir'd.[4]

Mel. What laws are these, sir?
Let me so much importune you.

Gasp. You shall;

[3] *He hath some petty lordship to retire to.*] That is, to resort to as his security. *Mason.*

[4] Unfollow'd *and admir'd.*] Mr Theobald chooses to read *unfellow'd*, which is certainly an improvement, though not a necessary one. *Seward.*

Theobald's reading is probably genuine, unless the poets alluded to the well-known lines of Ovid,

——— *Video meliora*, proboque,
Deteriora sequor;

yet *unfollowed* is a harsh expression.—Ed. 1778.

Much may be said for Theobald's emendation, which has also the support of Mr Mason, who observes, that, for the sake of grammar, we should read, "*in* which this kingdom is unfollowed," if we retain the old reading. But that proposal, though it suits well with *unfollowed*, does not answer with respect to *admired*. The old text must therefore stand, as it affords good sense, and is much less pedantic, and, therefore, more in the style of our poets than the amendment.

And they be worth your knowledge. Briefly thus:
Whoe'er he be that can detect apparently
Another of ingratitude, for any
Received benefit, the plaintiff may
Require th' offender's life; unless he please
Freely and willingly to grant remission.

Mel. By which strict law, the senate is in danger,
Should they neglect Gonzalo?

Gasp. Right; the law
Permits a like equality to aliens,
As to a home-born patriot.

Mel. Pray, sir, the other?

Gasp. Know, Melitus,
The elder Cretans flourish'd many years,
In war, in peace unparallel'd; and they
(To spur heroic spirits on to virtue)
Enacted, that what man soe'er he were,
Did noblest in the field against his enemy,
So by the general voice approv'd, and known,
Might, at his home-return, make his demand
For satisfaction and reward.

Mel. They are
Both famous laws indeed.

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

Mess. Master secretary,
The senate is about to sit, and crave
Your presence.

Gasp. What, so suddenly?

Mess. These letters
Will shew the causes why.

Gasp. [*Reads the dispatches.*] Heav'n, thou art great,
And worthy to be thank'd!

Mel. Your countenance, sir,
Doth promise some good tidings.
Gasp. Oh, the best
And happiest for this land that e'er was told!
All the Venetian forces are defeated.
Mel. How, sir?
Gasp. And what doth add some delight more,
There is amongst the soldiers a contention
Who shall be the triumpher; and it stands
Doubtful between a father and his son,
Old Cassilane, and young Antinous.
Mel. Why may not both demand it?
Gasp. The law denies it;
But, where the soldiers do not all consent,
The parties in contention are referr'd
To plead before the senate; and from them
Upon an open audience to be judg'd
The chief, and then to make demands.
Mel. You ravish me
With wonder and delight.
Gasp. Come; as we walk,
I shall more fully inform you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Senate-House.

Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, ANTINOUS, *and* DECIUS.

Cass. Admit no soldier near us, till the senate
Have took their places.
Arc. You're obey'd, my lord.
Ant. Decius, fall off.

Dec. I shall.
Cass. Give leave, Arcanes. [*Ex.* ARC. *and* DEC.
Young man, come nearer to me! Who am I?
Ant. It were a sin against the piety
Of filial duty, if I should forget
The debt I owe my father. On my knee,
Your pleasure?[5] [*Kneels.*
Cass. What! so low? canst thou find joints,
Yet be an elephant? Antinous, rise;
Thou wilt belie opinion, and rebate
Th' ambition of thy gallantry, that they
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see
Their little god of war kneel to his father,
Though in my hand I did grasp thunder.
Ant. Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the author
Of giving me my birth, I have discharg'd
A part of my obedience. But if now
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and tyrant-like usurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd
From successary,[6] but purchas'd with my blood,
Then I must stand first champion for myself,

[5] *The debt I owe my father on my knee;*
Your pleasure.] So the passage has been pointed hitherto, evidently with great impropriety. The amendment was proposed by Mason.

[6] ——— *not deriv'd*
From *successary.*] Mr Theobald would read, either *from successors,* or *from ancestry;* Mr Seward prints, *Not deriv'd* NOR *successary.* Successary is undoubtedly a very unusual substantive, and neither Theobald nor the last editors could have found any instance of its use; but it happens to be an adjective, and may be considered as such, without the alteration of Seward. "My honours are not derived from successary blood, from the blood of my ancestors, but were purchased with my own blood," is the evident and undeniable meaning the poets intended.

Against all interposers.
Cass. Boldly urg'd,
And proudly! I could love thee, did not anger
Consult with just disdain, in open language
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have rais'd thy giant-like conceit, to add
A suffrage to thy father's merit?—Speak.
Ant. Sir, hear me: Were there not a chronicle
Well penn'd by all their tongues, who can report
What they have seen you do; or had you not
Best in your own performance writ yourself,
And been your own text, I would undertake
Alone, without the help of art or character,[7]
But only to recount your deeds in arms,
And you should ever then be fam'd a precedent
Of living victory: But, as you are
Great, and well worthy to be styled great,
It would betray a poverty of spirit
In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent,[8]
If I should coward-like surrender up
The interest, which the inheritance of your virtue,
And mine own thrifty fate, can claim in honour.
My lord, of all the mass of fame, which any

[7] *Without the help of art*, or *character*.] Seward reads, *without the help of art*, to *character*, by which he shows himself completely ignorant, not only of ancient phraseology, but of that of the present day. The editors of 1778 properly observe, that character is still used for types or letters, in which sense it occurs in King Lear, where Gloucester says, "You know *the character* to be your brother's."

[8] *It would betray a poverty of spirit*
In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent, &c.] Antinous means to say, that he should betray a poverty of spirit if he obstructed his fortunes, or a poverty of descent if he should surrender up, &c. *Mason.*

That wears a sword, and hath but seen me fight,
Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,
One tittle!

Cass. Not to me?

Ant. You are my father,
Yet not to you.

Cass. Ambitious boy, how dar'st thou
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?

Ant. Had I
Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all
The straits of death, you might have justly then
Reputed me a bastard: 'Tis a cruelty,
More than to murder innocents, to take
The life of my yet-infant honour from me.

Cass. Antinous, look upon this badge of age,
Thy father's grey-hair'd beard: Full fifty years,
(And more than half of this, ere thou wert born)
I have been known a soldier; in which time
I found no difference 'twixt war and peace,
For war was peace to me, and peace was war.
Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd
These fifty years, a man whom Crete preferr'd
Before thy father; let me boldly boast,
Thy father, both for discipline and action,
Hath so long been the first of all his nation:
Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,
Nay, humane, being so young, my son, my child,
Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy father,
For one day's service, and that one thy first,[9]
To rob me of a glory which I fought for
A half of hundred years?

Ant. My case observes
Both equity and precedents; for, sir,

[9] *For one day's service, and that* on *thy first.*] Corrected in 1750.

That very day whereon you got your fame,
You took it from some other, who was then
Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been
Perhaps as many years deserving that
Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.
Cass But he was not my father then, Antinous;
Thou leav'st out that.
Ant. Sir, had he been your father,
He had been then immortal; for a father
Heightens his reputation where his son
Inherits it; as, when you give us life,
Your life is not diminish'd, but renew'd
In us when you are dead, and we are still
Your living images.
Cass. So be thou curs'd
In thy posterity, as I in thee,
Dishonourable boy!—Oh, shall that sun,
Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted
Upon a fiery steed, waving my sword,
And teaching this young man to manage arms,
That was a raw, fresh novice in the feats
Of chivalry, shall that same sun be witness
Against this brat, of his ingratitude?
Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,
Can no way hope to get a noble name,
But by the treading on his father's greatness!—
Thou wilt not yield?
Ant. My life, but not the prize
My sword hath purchas'd.

Enter ARCANES *and* DECIUS.

Arc. The senate, my lord,
Are here at hand, and all the soldiers
Begin to throng about them.
Cass. Now, Arcanes,
The——

Arc. What, sir?

Cass. Trifles will affront us; that
Fine fighting stripling!

Arc. Let him have the shame on't.
'Please you withdraw on this side.

Cass. My great heart
Was never quail'd[1] before.

Dec. [*To* ANTINOUS.] My lord, be confident;
Let not your father daunt you.

Ant. Decius, whither
Must I withdraw?

Dec. On this side. See, the soldiers
Attend your pleasure. Courage, sir!—The senate.

Cass. Way for the senate!

Enter PORPHYCIO, POSSENNE, *three other Senators,* GONZALO, GASPERO, *and Soldiers.*

My good lords, I know not
What tax of arrogance I may incur,
Should I presume, tho' courted by your favours.
To take a place amongst you. I had rather
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility
By some,[2] tho' mean, yet more becoming place,

[1] *Quail'd.*] To quail is to sink into dejection, to languish. So in the old play of Tancred and Sigismunda:

—— As the world wore on, and waxed old,
So virtue *quail'd,* and vice began to grow.

[2] *Give proof of my unfeign'd humility*
By force, *though mean, yet more becoming place.*] So the old copies read. A conjecture of Mason has been adopted in the text, and is far more likely to have been corrupted by the compositor into *force* than the word Seward introduces, who reads—" by *this,* though mean, yet more becoming place." He accounts for the corruption in the following manner: " Every man conversant in criticism knows how often *marginal comments*

Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure.
Poss. My lord, your wisdom is both known and tried;
We cannot rank you in a nobler friendship
Than your great service to the state deserves.
Porph. Will't please you sit?
Gon. What, here, my lord Porphycio?
It must not be.
Porph. My lord, you are too modest.
Gon. It is no season to be troublesome,
Else——But I've done. Your lordships are observ'd.[3]

Enter FERNANDO, *led in captive by Soldiers.*

Gasp. Is the demandant ready?
Arc. He is ready.
Gasp. Produce him then.
Arc. Before this sacred presence,
I, by a general consent, am made
The soldier's voice, and to your gracious wisdoms
Present, as chief in arms, his country's champion,
Cassilane.
Dec. Most reverend lords, you hear the lesser number
Of those who have been guardians to this country,
Approve this champion; I, in all their names
Who fought for Candy, here present before you
The mightiest man in arms, Antinous.—

have crept into the text. I imagine, therefore, that some person who saw the pride of Cassilane, and that his unfeign'd humility here was really a *forc'd* one, wrote *by force* in the margin, which the printer, thinking a correction, inserted in the text." Such a conjecture neither deserves nor requires a studied refutation.

[3] *Observed.*] *i. e.* obeyed.

Speak, fellow-soldiers!
Sold. Antinous! Antinous!
Gasp. Stand by all, save the two competitors.
Poss. My lords, how much your country owes
you both,
The due reward of your desertful glories,
Must to posterity remain: But yet
Since, by our law, one only can make claim
To the proposed honours which you both
(It seems) have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights; we shall attend ye.
Porph. Wherein priority of voice is granted,
Lord Cassilane, to you; for that your rare
And long experience in the course of war,
As well doth challenge it, as the best privilege
Of order and civility, for that
You are your brave opponent's worthy father.—
Say, countrymen, are you content?
Sold. Ay, ay.
Cass. Right grave, right gracious fathers! how
unfit
It is for me, that all my life-time have
Been practis'd in the school of blood and slaugh-
ter,
To bandy words[4] now in my life's last farewell,
Your wisdoms will consider: Were there pitch'd
Another, and another field, like that
Which, not yet three days since, this arm hath
scatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man

[4] *To bandy words.*] Bandy is an expression at tennis. Lear says to the steward, "Do you *bandy* looks with me, rascal?" And more appositely, in Ford's Fancies Chaste and Noble:

> You must be jealous, puppy, of a boy too,
> Raise uproars, *bandy* noise, amongst young maidens.

That had a heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he should not) through the lanes
Of danger and amazement, might in that,
That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my rival:
For 'tis not, lords, unknown to those about me,
(My fellow-soldiers) first, with what a confidence
I led them on to fight, went on still, and,
As if I could have been a second nature,
As well in heartening them by my example,
As by my exhortation, I gave life
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,
To heighten resolution; in a word,
To out-do action. It boots not to discover,
How that young man, who was not fledg'd nor
skill'd
In martial play, was ev'n as ignorant
As childish; but I list not to disparage
His non-ability: The signal given
Of battle, when our enemies came on,
(Directed more by fury, than by warrant
Of policy and stratagem) I met them,
I, in the fore front of the armies, met them;
And, as if this old weather-beaten body
Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood
The vollies of their shot. I, I myself,
Was he that first dis-rank'd their woods of pikes:
But when we came to handy-strokes, as often
As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
And every wound a death. I may be bold
To justify a truth; this very sword
Of mine slew more than any twain besides!
And, which is not the least of all my glory,
When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
Was by the general of the Venetians,
And such as were his retinue, unhors'd,

I stepp'd between, and rescu'd him myself,
Or horses' hoofs had trampled him to dirt;
And whilst he was remounting, I maintain'd
The combat with the gallant general,
'Till, having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
Renew'd the fight, and, with a fatal blow,
Stole both that honour from me, and his life
From him, whom I before, myself alone,
Had more than full three quarters kill'd: A man
Well worthy only by this hand to have died,
Not by a boy's weak push.—I talk too much;
But 'tis a fault of age! If to bring home
Long peace, long victory, ev'n to your capitol;
If to secure your kingdom, wives, and children,
Your lives and liberties; if to renown
Your honours through the world, to fix your
names,
Like blazing stars admir'd, and fear'd by all
That have but heard of Candy, or a Cretan;
Be to deserve th' approvement of my manhood,
Then thus much have I done: What more, exa-
mine
The annals of my life; and then consider
What I have been, and am.—Lords, I have said.

Gon. With rev'rence to the senate, is it lawful,
Without your custom's breach, to say a word?

Poss. Say on, my lord Gonzalo.

Gon. I have heard,
And with no little wonder, such high deeds
Of chivalry discours'd, that I confess,
I do not think the worthies, while they liv'd,
All nine, deserv'd as much applause, or memory,
As this one: But who can do aught to gain
The crown of honour from him, must be some-
what

More than a man.—[*To* ANTINOUS.] You tread a dang'rous path,
Yet I shall hear you gladly; for, believe me,
Thus much let me profess, in honour's cause,
I would not to my father, nor my king,
(My country's father) yield: If you transcend
What we have heard, I can but only say,
That miracles are yet in use.—I fear
I have offended.

Porph You have spoken nobly.—
Antinous, use your privilege.

Ant. Princely fathers,
Ere I begin, one suit I have to make;
'Tis just, and honourable.

Porph. and Poss. Speak, and have it.

Ant. That you would please the soldiers might all stand
Together by their general.

Poss. 'Tis granted.—
All fall to yonder side!—Go on, Antinous.

Ant. I shall be brief and plain. All what my father
(This country's patron) hath discours'd, is true.—
Fellows in arms, speak you; is't true?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my performance
Took light from what I saw him do: And thus
A city, tho' the flame be much more dreadful,
May from a little spark be set on fire.
Of all what I have done, I shall give instance
Only in three main proofs of my desert:
First, I sought out (but thro' how many dangers,
My lords, judge you) the chief, the great commander,
The head of that huge body, whose proud weight

Our land shrunk under; him I found and fought
with,
Fought with, and slew.—Fellows in arms, speak
you;
Is't true, or not?

Sold. True, true.

Ant When he was fall'n,
The hearts of all our adversaries
Began to quail, till young Fernando, son
To the last duke of Venice, gather'd head,
And soon renew'd the field; by whose example,
The bold Venetians doubling strength and courage,
Had got the better of the day: Our men,
Supposing that their adversaries grew
Like Hydra's head, recoil, and 'gan to fly;
I follow'd them; and what I said, they know:
The sum on't is; I call'd them back, new rank'd
them;
Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not till the end.—
Fellows in arms, is't true, or no?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,
The only great exploit; which was, to take
Fernando prisoner, and that hand to hand
In single fight I did, myself, without
The help of any arm, save th' arm of Heav'n.—
Speak, soldiers; is it true, or no?

Sold. Antinous! Antinous!

Ant. Behold my prisoner, fathers.

Fern. This one man
Ruin'd our army, and hath glorified
Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.

Poss. We need not use long circumstance of
words:
Antinous, thou art conqueror; the senate,
The soldiers, and thy valour, have pronounc'd it.

All. Antinous! Antinous!
Porph. Make thy demand.
Cass. Please ye, my lords, give leave
That I may part.
Poss. No, Cassilane, the court
Should therein be dishonour'd; don't imagine
We prize your presence at so slight a rate.—
Demand, Antinous.
Ant. Thus, my lords; to witness
How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
I am more valiant, tho' more favoured,
Than my most matchless father, my demand is,
That, for a lasting memory of his name,
His deeds, his real, nay, his royal worth,
You set up in your capitol in brass
My father's statue, there to stand for ever,
A monument and trophy of his victories,
With this inscription, to succeeding ages:
"Great Cassilane, patron of Candy's peace,
Perpetual triumpher."
Porph. and Poss. It is granted.
What more?
Ant. No more.
Cass. How, boy?
Gon. Thou art immortal,
Both for thy son-like piety, and beauties
Of an unconquer'd mind!
Ant. My prisoner, lords,
To your more sacred wisdoms I surrender;
Fit you his ransom; half whereof I give
For largess to the soldiers, th' other half
To the erection of this monument.
Cass. Ambitious villain!
Gon. Thou art all inimitable.——
My lords, to work a certain peace for Candy
With Venice, use Fernando like a prince;

His ransom I'll disburse, whate'er it be:
Yet you may stay him with you, 'till conditions
Of amity shall be concluded on:
Are ye content?

Porph. We are, and ever rest
Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.

Gon. Soldiers, attend me in the market-place;
I'll thither send your largess.

Sold. Antinous! Antinous! [*Exeunt.*

Cass. I have a suit too, lords.

Porph. and Poss. Propose it;
'Tis yours, if fit and just.

Cass. Let not my services,
My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horse,
To you and to the state, be branded now
With ignominy ne'er to be forgotten:
Rear me no monument, unless you mean
To have me fam'd a coward, and be stamp'd so.

Poss. We understand you not.

Cass. Proud boy, thou dost,
And tyrant-like insult'st upon my shame.

Ant. Sir, Heav'n can tell, and my integrity,
What I did was but only to enforce
The senate's gratitude. I now acknowledge it.

Cass. Observe it, fathers, how this haughty boy
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours:
He knows no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewise must be told,
How I by him was master'd; and for surety
That all succeeding times may so report it,
He would have my dishonour, and his triumphs,
Engrav'd in brass: Hence, hence proceeds the falsehood
Of his insinuating piety.—
Thou art no child of mine; thee and thy blood,
Here in the capitol, before the senate,

I utterly renounce! So, thrift and fate
Confirm me! Henceforth, never see my face;
Be, as thou art, a villain to thy father!—
Lords, I must crave your leaves.—Come, come,
Arcanes.

[*Exeunt* CASS. *and his Party*.

Gon. Here's a strange high-born spirit.

Poss. 'Tis but heat
Of sudden present rage: I dare assure
Antinous of his favour.

Ant. I not doubt it;
He is both a good man, and a good father
I shall attend your lordships.

Poss. Do, Antinous.

Gon. Yes; feast thy triumphs with applause
and pleasures.

Porph. and Poss. Lead on.

[*A flourish of Cornets. Exeunt all but* ANTINOUS *and* DECIUS.

Ant. "I utterly renounce"——'Twas so;
Was't not, my Decius?

Dec. Pish! you know, my lord,
Old men are choleric.

Ant. And lastly parted
With, "Never henceforth see my face!" Oh me,
How have I lost a father! such a father!
Such a one, Decius! I am miserable,
Beyond expression!

Dec. Fie, how unbecoming
This shews upon your day of fame!

Ant. Oh, mischief!
I must no more come near him; that I know,
And am assur'd on't.

Dec. Say you do not?

Ant. True;
Put case I do not: What is Candy then

To lost Antinous? Malta, I resolve
To end my days in thee.

Dec. How's that?

Ant. I'll try
All humble means of being reconcil'd;
Which if denied, then I may justly say,
This day has prov'd my worst, Decius, my worst!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace of Erota.

Enter GONZALO *and* GASPERO.

Gasp. Now to what you have heard; as no man can
Better than I, give you her character;
For I have been both nurs'd, and train'd up to
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them;
Her brother, my late master, did no less.
Strong apprehensions of her beauty hath[5]
Made her believe that she is more than woman:

[5] *Hath.*] This is the reading of the old folios, which, though certainly not according to the rules of grammar, ought to be retained, if we wish to preserve the English language at the authors' time. Both Beaumont and Fletcher were scholars; and though it may be objected that the word was corrupted by the players, or the compositors, the frequent occurrence of these slight inaccuracies proves the contrary. The last edition reads *have.*

And as there did not want those flatterers
'Bout the world's conqueror, to make him think,
And did persuade him, that he was a god;
So there be those base flies, that will not stick
To buz into her ears, she is an angel,
And that the food she feeds on is ambrosia.

Gon. She should not touch it then; 'tis poets' fare.

Gasp. I may take leave to say, she may as well
Determine of herself to be a goddess,
With lesser flattery, than he a god;
For she does conquer more, altho' not further:
Every one looks on her, dies in despair,
And would be glad to do it actually,
To have the next age tell how worthily,
And what good cause he had to perish so.
Her beauty is superlative; she knows it,
And, knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,
But ought to perish, and to die for her.
Many great princes for her love have languish'd,
And given themselves a willing sacrifice,
Proud to have ended so; and now there is
A prince so maddened in his own passions,
That he forgets the royalty he was born to,
And deems it happiness to be her slave.

Gon. You talk as if you meant to wind me in,
And make me of the number.

Gasp. Sir,
Mistake me not; the service that I owe you
Shall plead for me: I tell you what she is,
What she expects, and what she will effect,
Unless you be the miracle of men,
That come with a purpose to behold, and go
Away yourself.[6]

[6] *That come with a purpose to behold,*
And go away yourself.] That is, go away in your senses, in the same state as you were before. *Mason.*

Gon. I thank you; I will do it.
But, pray resolve me, how is she stor'd with wit?
Gasp. As with beauty, infinite, and more
To be admired at, than meddled with.
Gon. And walks her tongue the same gait with her wit?[7]
Gasp. Much beyond:
Whatever her heart thinks, she utters, and so bold,[8]
So readily, as you would judge it penn'd
And studied.

Enter EROTA, PHILANDER, ANNOPHEL, HYPARCHA, MOCHINGO, *and Attendants.*

Gon. She comes.
Gasp. I must leave you then;
But my best wishes shall remain with you. [*Exit.*
Gon. Still I must thank you.—
This is the most passionate,[9] most pitiful prince,
Who, in the cauldron of affections,
Looks as he had been parboil'd.
Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I must still commit,
To make your mercy shine the more on me.
Erota. You are the self-same creature you condemn,
Or else you durst not follow me, with hope

[7] *And walks her tongue the same gait with her* feet?] Thus the old copy reads. The conjecture in the text, which is Mr Mason's, is a very judicious one, and, for that reason, has been admitted. Gaspero had not spoken of her feet, but had praised her wit as infinite, and his next speech confirms the propriety of the alteration.

[8] *So bold.*] The second folio reads *boldly*, and so do the modern editions. The alteration is, however, unnecessary.

[9] *Passionate.*] *i. e.* Amorous.

That I can pity you, who am so far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men else shall perish first!
I will live free and single, 'till I find
Something above a man to equal me.
Put all your bravest heroes into one,[1]
Your kings and emperors, and let him come
In person of a man, and I should scorn him;
Must, and will scorn him!
The god of love himself hath lost his eyes,
His bow and torch extinguish'd, and the poets
That made him first a god, have lost their fire,
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it.
This I dare speak; and let me see the man,
Now I have spoke it, that doth dare deny,
Nay, not believe it.

Moch. He is mad that does not.

Erota. Have not all the nations of the earth heard of me?
Most come to see me, and, seeing me, return'd
Full of my praises, teaching their chroniclers
To make their stories perfect? For where the name,
Merely the word, of fair Erota stands,
It is a lasting history to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,
And in my own sex envy; which glory's lost,
When I shall stick my beauty in a cloud,
And merely shine thro' it.[2]

[1] *Put all your* brave *heroes into one.*] Corrected in 1750.

[2] *And* clearly *shine thro' it.*] So the old copies read, and there can be little doubt that some corruption took place in that of 1647. The editors of 1750 proposed *dimly*, *barely*, and *merely*, and those of 1778, *scarcely*. The word adopted in the text suits the general meaning of the passage best. Erota says that her glory now proceeds from herself, but that in case she marries, it will merely serve to illuminate her husband.

Gon. This woman's in the altitudes,
And he must be a good astrologer
Shall know her zodiac.
Phil. For any man to think
Himself an able purchaser of you,[3]
— — — — —
But in the bargain there must be declar'd
Infinite bounty; otherwise, I vow
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,
I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,
And yield myself up love's, or your own martyr.
Erota. So you shall please us.
Phil. Oh, you cannot be
So heav'nly and so absolute in all things,
And yet retain such cruel tyranny.
Erota. I can, I do, I will.
Gon. She is in her
Moods, and her tenses: I will grammar with you,
And make a trial how I can decline you.—
By your leave, great lady!
Erota. What are you?
Gon. A man,
A good man, that's a wealthy, a proper man,
And a proud man too; one that understands
Himself, and knows, unless it be yourself,
No woman in the universe deserves him.
Nay, lady, I must tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unless you paint

[3] Phil. *For any man to think*
Himself an able purchaser of you, &c.] Some words appear to have been lost here: the chasm Mr Seward would supply by reading,

'Twere arrogance *for any man to think*, &c.—Ed. 1778.

I would rather suppose that one or more lines have been lost after the second of those quoted in this note.

With better judgment next day than on this;
For—plain I must be with you—'tis a dull fucus.[4]
Erota. Knows any one here what this fellow is?
Attend. He is of Venice, madam; a great magnifico,
And gracious with the senate.
Erota. Let him keep then among them; what makes he here?
Here's state enough where I am. Here's ado!—
You, tell him, if he have aught with us, let him
Look lower, and give it in petition.
Moch. Mighty magnifico, my mistress bid me tell you,
If you have aught with her, you must look lower,
And yield it in petition.
Gon. Here's for thee, a ducat.
Moch. You say well, sir; take your own course.
Gon. I will not grace you,
Lady, so much as take you by the hand;
But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,
It shall be thro' your court a holiday
Proclaim'd for so high favour.

[4] *'Tis a dull* fucus.] A fucus was a cosmetic in common use amongst the ladies of those days, and is mentioned with similar compositions in the following line of Barry's Ram Alley:

"No mercury-water, *fucus*, or perfumes."

And in Ben Jonson's Sejanus we have a more full account of the same preparation, where Eudemus prescribes for Livia:

"———— To morrow morning
I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve
And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath,
To cleanse and clear the cutis; against when
I'll have an excellent new *fucus* made,
Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, the wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath or oil,
As you best like, and last some fourteen hours."

Erota. This is
Some great man's jester: Sirrah, be gone! here is
No place to fool in.
Gon. Where are the fools you talk of?
I do keep two.
Erota. No question of it;
For in yourself you do maintain an hundred.
Gon. And, besides them, I keep a noble train,
Statists,[5] and men of action; my purse is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of riot to draw dry;
Fortune did vie with nature, to bestow,
When I was born, her bounty equally.
'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me;
For, should you stand and gaze me in the face,
You perish would, like Semele by Jove:[6]
In Venice, at this instant, there do lie
No less than threescore ladies in their graves,
And in their beds five hundred, for my love.
Moch. You lie more than they! Yet it becomes him bravely:
'Would I could walk and talk so! I'll endeavour it. [*Struts about.*
Erota. Sir, do you know me?
Gon. Yes; you were sister to the late prince of Candy,
Aunt to this young one: And I in Venice,
Am born a lord! equal to you in fortunes;
In shape—I'll say no more; but view!
Moch. There needs no more be said; were I a woman—

[5] *Statists.*] A statist is generally a statesman in old plays, but seems in this place to be applied to a secretary. So in Hamlet:

> "I once did hold it, as our *statists* do,
> A business to write fair."

[6] *Iolus.*] So the first folio reads. Corrected in the second.

Oh, he does rarely: "In shape—I'll say no more,
But view!" Who could say more, who better?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unless they have a pride like one of these.
How poor the prince of Cyprus shews to him!
How poor another lady unto her!
Carriage [7] and state make us seem demi-gods;
Humility, like beasts, worms of the earth!

Enter ANTINOUS *and* DECIUS.

Ant. Royal lady, I kiss your hand.
Erota. Sir, I know you not.
Anno. Oh, my noble brother! welcome from the wars!
Ant. Dear sister!
Anno. Where is my father, that you come without him?
We have news of your success. He has his health, I hope?
Ant. Yes, sister, he has his health, but is not well.
Anno. How? not well? what riddles do you utter?
Ant. I'll tell you more in private.
Gon. Noble sir,
I cannot be unmindful of your merit,
Since I last heard it: You're a hopeful youth,
And indeed the soul of Candy. I must speak my thoughts.
Anno. The prince of Cyprus, brother.—Good Decius!
Ant. I'm his servant.

[7] *Carriage.*] It has been already observed in these notes, that by this term behaviour is implied. Here it seems to refer particularly to the courtly and haughty manner assumed by Gonzalo.

Phil. You are the patron of your country, sir;
So your inimitable deeds proclaim you;
It is no language of my own, but all men's.
Gon. Your enemies must needs acknowledge it:
Then do not think it flattery in your friends,
For if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.
Erota. Is this your brother, Annophel?
Anno. Yes, madam.
Erota. Your name's Antinous?
Ant. I am, lady, that most unfortunate man.
Erota. How unfortunate? Are you not the soldier,
The captain of those captains, that did bring
Conquest and victory home along with you?
Ant. I had some share in it; but was the least
Of the least worthy.
Gon. Oh, sir, in your modesty
You would make a double conquest. I was an ear-witness
When this young man spoke lesser than he acted,
And had the soldier's voice to help him out.
But that the law compell'd him, for his honour,
To enforce him make a claim for his reward,[a]
I well perceive he would have stood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in silence.
Erota. Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,

[a] *But that the law compell'd him* for *his honour,*
To enforce him make a claim for his reward.] That is, the law compelled him, for the sake of his honour, to enforce the claim he had to make for his reward. The phraseology is involved, but completely in the style of the age, though Seward calls it "somewhat absurd," and reads,

But that the law compelled him, *and* his honour
Enforc'd him make a claim for his reward.

And find more in you than he can relate:
You shall attend on me.

Ant. Madam, your pardon!

Erota. Deny it not, sir, for it is more honour
Than you have gotten i' th' field: For, know, you shall,
Upon Erota's asking, serve Erota.

Ant. I may want answers, lady,
But never want a will to do you service.
I came here to my sister to take leave,
Having enjoin'd myself to banishment,
For some cause that hereafter you may hear,
And wish, with me, I had not the occasion.

Anno. There shall be no occasion to divide us:—
Dear madam, for my sake use your power,
Even for the service that he ought to owe,
Must, and does owe, to you, his friends, and country!

Erota. Upon your loyalty to the state and me,
I do command you, sir, not depart Candy!
Am I not your princess?

Ant. You are a great lady.

Erota. Then shew yourself a servant and a subject.

Ant. I am your vassal.

Moch. [*Apart.*] You are a coward: I, that dare not fight,
Scorn to be vassal to any prince in Europe.
Great is my heart with pride, which I'll encrease,
When they are gone, with practice on my vassals.

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The noble Cassilane is come to see you, madam.

Dec. There's comfort in those words, Antinous;
For here's the place and persons that have power

To reconcile you to his love again.
Ant. That were a fortunate meeting.

Enter CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.

Cass. Greatness still wait you, lady!
Erota. Good Cassilane,
We do maintain our greatness thro' your valour.
Cass. My pray'rs pull daily blessings on thy head,
My unoffending child, my Annophel!—
Good prince!—Worthy Gonzalo!—Ha! art thou here
Before me? in ev'ry action art thou ambitious?—
My duty, lady, first offered here,
And love to thee, my child, tho' he out-stript me.—
Thus in the wars he got the start on me,
By being forward, but performing less!
All the endeavours of my life are lost,
And thrown upon that evil of mine own
Cursed begetting, whom I shame to father!—
Oh, that the heat thou robb'dst me of, had burnt
Within my entrails, and begot a fever,
Or some worse sickness; for thou art a disease
Sharper than any physic gives a name to!
Anno. Why do you say so?
Cass. Oh, Annophel, there is good cause, my girl!
He has play'd the thief with me, and filch'd away
The richest jewel of my life, my honour;
Wearing it publicly with that applause,
As if he justly did inherit it.
Ant. 'Would I had in my infancy been laid
Within my grave, cover'd with your blessings, rather
Than grown up to a man, to meet your curses!
Cass. Oh, that thou hadst!

Then had I been the father of a child,[9]
Dearer than thou wert even unto me
When hope persuaded me I had begot
Another self in thee. Out of mine eyes,
As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
That I may live and die forgetting thee!

Erota. How has he deserv'd this untam'd anger,
That, when he might have ask'd for his reward,
Some honour for himself, or mass of pelf,
He only did request to have erected
Your statue in the capitol, with titles
Engrav'd upon't, "The patron of his country?"

Cass. That, that's the poison in the gilded cup,
The serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour,
And leaves me dead in fame!—Gods, do a justice,
And rip his bosom up, that men may see,
Seeing believe, the subtle practices
Written within his heart!—But I am heated,
And do forget this presence, and myself.
Your pardon, lady!

Erota. You should not ask, 'less you knew how to give.

[9] *Then had I been the father of a child,*
Dearer than thou wert even unto me,
When hope persuaded me I had begot
Another self in thee.] This sentence seems a little obscure. It should mean, that he had then only had one child, *viz.* Annophel, who is dearer to him than Antinous was, even at the time of his birth, when hope persuaded him that he had begot another self.
Seward.

The reader will be surprised at Mr Seward's note, and perhaps blame the editor for retaining such unnecessary comments. There is no obscurity in the text, though there seems to have been not a little in the ideas of the reverend annotator. The child, which Cassilane alludes to, cannot be Annophel, who was equally his child, whether Antinous lived to manhood or not. The child, whom the old general speaks of, is fame and honour without a rival, begot by his renowned deeds of arms. On looking into Mason's comments, I find the same interpretation there.

For my sake, Cassilane, cast out of your thoughts
All ill conceptions of your worthy son,
That, questionless, has ignorantly offended,
Declared in his penitence.

Cass. Bid me die, lady, for your sake I'll do it;
But that you'll say is nothing, for a man
That has out-liv'd his honour; but command me
In any thing save that, and Cassilane
Shall ever be your servant.—Come, Annophel,
My joy in this world! thou shalt live with me,
Retired in some solitary nook,
The comfort of my age! My days are short,
And ought to be well spent; and I desire
No other witness of them but thyself,
And good Arcanes.

Anno. I shall obey you, sir.

Gon. Noble sir,
If you taste any want of worldly means,
Let not that discontent you: Know me your friend,
That hath and can supply you.

Cass. Sir, I am too much bound to you already;
And 'tis not of my cares the least, to give you
Fair satisfaction.

Gon. You may imagine I do speak to that end;
But, trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.

Cass. Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of you;
Mean time, my service!

Anno. Brother,
Be comforted: So long as I continue
Within my father's love, you cannot long
Stand out an exile. I must go live with him,
And I will prove so good an orator
In your behalf, that you again shall gain him,
Or I will stir in him another anger,
And be lost with you.

Ant. Better I were neglected; for he's hasty,
And, thro' the choler that abounds in him,
Which for the time divides from him his judg-
ment,
He may cast you off, and with you his life:
For grief will straight surprise him, and that way
Must be his death; the sword has tried too often,
And all the deadly instruments of war
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne'er could
touch it:
Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.

Cass. Madam, my duty!

Erota. Will you be gone?

Cass. I must, lady; but I shall be ready,
When you are pleas'd command me, for your ser-
vice.
Excellent prince!—[*To* PHILANDER.]—To all my
hearty love,
And a good farewell!

Moch. Thanks, honest Cassilane!

Cass. Come, Annophel.

Gon. Shall I not wait upon you, sir?

Cass. From hence
You shall not stir a foot. Loving Gonzalo,
It must be all my study to requite you.

Gon. If[1] I may be so fortunate to deserve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.

Cass. You are so, and you have made yourself
so.

Gon. I will then
Preserve it. [*Exeunt* CASS. *and* ARC.

Erota. Antinous, you are my servant,
Are you not?

Ant. It hath pleas'd you so to grace me.

[1] *If.*] This monosyllable was judiciously supplied by the editors of the second folio.

Erota. Why are you then dejected? You will say,
You've lost a father; but you've found a mistress
Doubles that loss: Be master of your spirit;
You have a cause for it, which is my favour.
Gon. And mine.
Erota. Will no man ease me of this fool?
Gon. Your fellow.
Erota. Antinous, wait upon us.
Ant. I shall, madam.
Gon. Nay, but, lady, lady!
Erota. Sir, you're rude:
And if you be the master of such means
As you do talk of, you should learn good manners.
Gon. Oh, lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in yourself! You must, shall hear me:
I love you for your pride; 'tis the best virtue
In you.
Erota. I could hang this fellow now!—By whom
Are you supported, that you dare do this?
Have you not example here in a prince,
Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself
As doth become a man had seen my beauty?
Back to your country, and your courtezans,
Where you may be admired for your wealth;
Which being consum'd, may be a means to gain you
Th' opinion of some wit. Here's nothing to be got
But scorn, and loss of time.
Gon. Which are things I delight in.
Erota. Antinous, follow me.
[*Exeunt all but* GONZALO *and* MOCHINGO.
Gon. She is vex'd to the soul.
Moch. Let her be vex'd; 'tis fit she should be so.
Give me thy hand, Gonzalo; thou art in our favour,

For we do love to cherish lofty spirits,
Such as percusse the earth, and bound
With an erected countenance to th' clouds.
Gon. 'Sfoot, what thing is this?
Moch. I do love fireworks,
Because they mount; an exhalation I
Profess to adore beyond a fixed star,
'Tis more illustrious, as every thing
Rais'd out of smoke is so; their virtue is
In action: What d'ye think of me?
Gon. Troth, sir,
You are beyond my guess; I know you not.
Moch. D'you know yourself?
Gon. Yes, sir.
Moch. Why, you and I
Are one: I am proud, and very proud too,
That I must tell you; I saw it did become you.
Cousin Gonzalo! pr'ythee, let it be so.
Gon. Let it be so, good cousin.
Moch. I'm no great one's fool.
Gon. I hope so, for alliance sake.
Moch. Yet I do serve
The mighty, monstrous, and magnanimous,
Invincible Erota.
Gon. Oh, good cousin,
Now I have you: I'll meet you in your coat.
Moch. Coat? I've my horseman's coat, I must confess,
Lin'd thro' with velvet, and a scarlet outside:
If you will meet me in't, I'll send for it;
And, cousin, you shall see me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one, and a right one;
It did not come collateral.
Gon. Adieu, good cousin!
At this present, I have some business.
Moch. Farewell, excellent cousin! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Apartment of Gonzalo.

Enter GONZALO *and* FERNANDO.

Gon. Candy, I say, is lost already.
Fern. Yes,
If to be conqueror be to be lost.
Gon. You have it; one day's conquest hath undone them,
And sold them to their vassalage. For what
Have I else toil'd my brains, profusely emptied
My monies, but to make them slaves to Venice;
That so, in case the sword did lose his edge,
Then art might sharpen her's?
Fern. Gonzalo, how?
Gon. Fernando, thus: You see how thro' this land,
Both of the best and basest I am honour'd:
I only gave the state of Venice notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had found
A better entertainment; I was he
Encourag'd young Antinous to affront
The devil his father; for the devil, I think,
Dares not do more in battle.
Fern. But why did you?
I find no such great policy in that.
Gon. Indeed, Fernando, thou canst fight, not plot:
Had they continued one, they two alone
Were of sufficient courage and performance
To beat an army.

Fern. Now, by all my hopes,
I rather shall admire, than envy virtue.
Gon. Why then, by all your hopes you'll rather have
Your brains knock'd out, than learn how to be wise.
You statesman! Well, sir, I did more than this;
When Cassilane crav'd from the common treasure
Pay for his soldiers, I struck home, and lent him
An hundred thousand ducats.
Fern. Marry, sir,
The policy was little, the love less,
And honesty least of all.
Gon. How say you by that?
Go fight, I say, go fight! I'll talk no more with you;
You are insensible.
Fern. Well, I shall observe you.
Gon. Why, look you, sir; by this means have I got
The greatest part of Cassilane's estate
Into my hands, which he can ne'er redeem,
But must of force sink: D'you conceive me now?
Fern. So!
But why have you importuned the senate,
For me to sojourn with him?[2]
Gon. There's the quintessence,
The soul, the grand elixir of my wit:
For he, according to his noble nature,
Will not be known to want, tho' he do want,
And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,
And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.
Fern. Here is a perfect-plotted stratagem!

[2] *For me to sojourn with* them?] It was Cassilane to whom he was to become a guest; *them* therefore seems a mistake, as the antecedent would be the Senate, not Cassilane or his family.
Seward.

Gon. Why, could you
Imagine that I did not hate in heart
My country's enemies? Yes, yes, Fernando,
And I will be the man that shall undo them.
Fern. You're in a ready way.
Gon. I was ne'er out on't.

Enter GASPERO.

Gon. Peace;
Here comes a wise coxcomb, a tame coward!—
Now, worthy Gaspero; what,
You come, I know, to be my lord Fernando's
Conductor to old Cassilane?
Gasp. To wait upon him.
Gon. And my lords the senators sent you?
Gasp. My noble lord, they did.
Gon. My lord Fernando,
This gentleman, as humble as you see him,
Is ev'n this kingdom's treasure: In a word,
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser
Than honest, nor more honest than approv'd
In truth and faith.
Gasp. My lord!
Gon. You may be bold
To trust him with your bosom; he'll not deceive,
If you rely upon him once.
Fern. Your name is Gaspero?
Gas. Your servant.
Gon. Go, commend me,
Right honest Gaspero, commend me heartily,
To noble Cassilane; tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.
Gasp. I shall.
Gon. I know you will.—
My lord, I cannot long be absent from you.

Fern. Sir, you are now my guide.
[*Exit with* GASPERO.

Gon. Thus my designs
Run uncontroul'd. Yet, Venice, tho' I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain
Are other large projects: For, if proud Erota
Bend to my lure, I will be Candy's king,
And duke of Venice too. Ha! Venice too? Oh,
'Twas prettily shov'd in! Why not? Erota
May in her love seal all sure; if she swallow
The bait, I'm lord of both; if not, yet Candy
Despite of all her power, shall be ruin'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A mean Habitation.

Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, *and* ANNOPHEL.

Cass. Urge me no further.—Annophel!

Anno. My lord!

Cass. Thy father's poverty has made thee happy;
For tho' 'tis true this solitary life
Suits not with youth and beauty, oh, my child,
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect
Chaste names from court aspersions: There a lady,
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That dotes upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
Is shipwreck'd on the shore; for 'tis much safer
To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,
Then follow greatness in the wanton rites
Of luxury and sloth.

Anno. My wishes, sir,
Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly

To find occasion wherein I might witness
My duty and obedience.
Cass. 'Tis well said.—
Canst thou forbear to laugh, Arcanes?
Arc. Why, sir?
Cass. To look upon my beggary, to look
Upon my patience in my beggary.
Tell me, does it shew handsome? bravely handsome?
Thou'lt flatter me, and swear that I am miserable.[3]

[3] *Thou wilt flatter me*
And swear that I am miserable.] There is a difficulty in the last of these lines, which Mr Sympson would amend, by supposing a negative dropt, and would read,

And swear that I'm not *miserable.*

But this does not satisfy, and I therefore prefer the old reading, with the following interpretation. "You, Arcanes, will flatter me by talking of my former greatness and glory, and swear that this retirement is misery to a man of my abilities for the command of whole armies."——This gives me an opportunity of remarking the excellency of Cassilane's character; the faults of whose temper, though the finest strokes of the poet's pencil, are apt to disgust some readers. The same has happened with regard to Arbaces in King and No King: the faults of the heroes are objected to the poets, and they scarce think it possible that persons of such noble and magnanimous tempers should be distracted with such violent and frantic passions. But the poets, from a deeper insight into human nature, knew that persons of bright parts and extensive capacities are more subject to violent passions than geniuses of a lower class: Because quick perceptions are the source from whence chiefly spring both the understanding and the passions. The characters therefore of Achilles by Homer, of Turnus and Mezentius by Virgil, of Cassius, Hotspur, and Coriolanus by Shakspeare, of Arbaces and Cassilane by our authors, required more art and a deeper insight into nature to draw them, than either Hector, Æneas, Brutus, or Antinous, by the same authors, although the latter are certainly much more amiable characters than the former. *Seward.*

I have retained the whole of this long note of Mr Seward's, as it is in general extremely judicious, and as his explanation of

Arc. Nothing more glorifies the noble and the valiant,
Than to despise contempt: If you continue
But to enjoy yourself, you in yourself
Enjoy all store besides.

Cass. An excellent change!
I that some seven apprenticeships commanded
A hundred ministers, that waited on
My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand soldiers,
Am now retir'd, attended in my age
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.

Arc. Sir, you are lower in your own repute
Than you have reason for.

Cass. The Roman captains,
I mean the best, such as with their bloods
Purchas'd their country's peace, the empire's glory,
Were glad at last to get them to some farms,
Off from the clamours of th' ungrateful great ones,
And the unsteady multitude, to live
As I do now; and 'twas their blessing too;
Let it be ours, Arcanes.

Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your scorn of injuries.

the old text is certainly the true one, notwithstanding Mr Colman, or one of his coadjutors, adopts the alteration of Sympson, saying that the whole tenour of the dialogue proves its propriety. It appears, from the very first words of Cassilane in this scene, that Arcanes wished to persuade him to abandon his resolution of living in retirement and poverty. Cassilane had rejected all his solicitations, and had fully persuaded himself that he was greater in his present miserable situation than when he commanded armies, and was surrounded with counsellors. As to the answer of Arcanes, there is no objection in it to prevent us from retaining the old text. He was sufficiently a courtier to mould his sentiments to those of his patron, and too well acquainted with his impatience at being contradicted, to attempt any further persuasion. But the editors of 1778 have frequently proved themselves fully as short-sighted as those of 1750.

Cass. Of injuries?—
Arcanes! Annophel! lend both your hands.
So! what say ye now?
Arc. Why now, my lord?
Cass. I swear
By all my past prosperities, thus standing
Between you two, I think myself as great,
As mighty, as if in the capitol
I stood amidst the senators, with all
The Cretan subjects prostrate at my feet.
Anno. Sir, you are here more safe.
Cass. And more belov'd.
Why, look ye, sirs, I can forget the weakness
Of the traduced soldiers,[4] the neglect
Of the fair-spoken senate, the impiety
Of him, the villain, whom, to my dishonour,
The world miscalls my son. But, by the——
Arc. Sir,
Remember that you promis'd no occasion
Should move your patience.
Cass. Thou dost chide me friendly:
He shall not have the honour to be thought upon
Amongst us.—

Enter a Servant.

Now? the news?
Serv. The secretary,
With the Venetian prisoner, desire
Admittance to your lordship.
Cass. How! to me?

[4] *The* traduced *soldiers.*] Mason very plausibly proposes to read *seduced* But I believe the word in the text was, like many similar ones, used with considerable latitude of meaning. At any rate, the mistake was more likely to have been one of the poet's, than of the compositor's.

What mystery is this? Arcanes, can they,
Think'st thou, mean any good?
Arc. My lord, they dare not
Intend aught else but good.
Cass. 'Tis true, they dare not.
Arcanes, welcome them. Come hither, Annophel;
[*Exit* ARCANES.
Stand close to me; we'll change our affability
Into a form of state, and they shall know
Our heart is still our own.

Enter ARCANES, FERNANDO, *and* GASPERO.

Arc. My lord——
Cass. Arcanes,
I know them both.—Fernando, as you are
A man of greatness, I should undervalue
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe
Low-fawning compliments; but as you are
A captive and a stranger, I can love you,
And must be kind. You're welcome.
Fern. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.
Gasp. And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroic virtues,
The senate, on his importunity,
Commend him to your lordship's guard.
Cass. For what?
Gasp. During the time of his abode in Candy,
To be your household guest.
Fern. Wherein, my lord,
You shall more make me debtor to your nobleness,
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.
Cass. Are you in earnest, sir?
Fern. My suit to the senate



Shall best resolve [5] you that.

Cass. Come hither, secretary!
Look that this be no trick now put upon me!
For if it be——Sirrah——

Gasp. As I have troth,
My lord, it only is a favour granted
Upon Fernando's motion, from himself.
Your lordship must conceive, I'd not partake
Aught, but what should concern your honour: Who
Has been the prop, our country's shield, and safety,
But the renowned Cassilane?

Cass. Applause
Is, Gaspero—puff!—nothing.—Why, young lord,
Would you so much be sequester'd from those
That are the blazing comets of the time,
To live a solitary life with me,
A man forsaken? All my hospitality
Is now contracted to a few; these two,
This tempest-wearied soldier, and this virgin.
We cannot feast your eyes with masques and revels,
Or courtly antics; the sad sports we riot in,
Are tales of foughten fields, of martial scars,
And things done long ago, when men of courage
Were held the best; not those well-spoken youths,
Who only carry conquest in their tongues.
Now, stories of this nature are unseasonable
To entertain a great duke's son with.

Fern. Herein
Shall my captivity be made my happiness,
Since what I lose in freedom, I regain,

[5] *Resolve.*] This verb was frequently, by Shakspeare, Massinger, Ford, and other poets, used for—convince.

(With int'rest,) by conversing with a soldier,
So matchless for experience as great Cassilane.
'Pray, sir, admit me.
Cass. If you come to mock me,
I shall be angry.
Fern. By the love I bear
To goodness, my intents are honourable!
Cass. Then, in a word, my lord, your visitations
Shall find all due respect. But I am now
Grown old, and have forgot to be an host:
Come when you please, you're welcome.
Fern. Sir, I thank you.
Anno. Good sir, be not too urgent; for my father
Will soon be mov'd; yet, in a noble way
Of courtesy he is as easily conquer'd.
Fern. Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerful;
I shall not strive more how to do him service,
Than how to be your servant.
Cass. She's my daughter,
And does command this house.
Fern. I so conceive her.
Cass. D'you hear?
Gasp. My honour'd lord.
Cass. Commend me to them:
Tell 'em, I thank them.
Gasp. Whom, my lord?
Cass. The senate.
Why, how come you so dull? Oh, they are gracious,
And infinitely grateful!—Thou art eloquent;
Speak modestly in mentioning my services;
And if aught fall out in the by, that must
Of mere necessity touch any act
Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk on't:
'Twill make them blush to hear on't.

Gasp. Why, my lord?

Cass. Nay, nay, you are too wise now; good, observe me!
I do not rail against the hopeful springall,[6]
That builds up monuments in brass, rears trophies
With mottos and inscriptions, quaint devices
Of poetry and fiction!—Let's be quiet.

Arc. You must not cross him.

Gasp. Not for Candy's wealth.

Fern. You shall for ever make me yours.

Anno. 'Twere pity
To double your captivity.

Enter DECIUS.

Arc. Who's here?
Decius!

Cass. Ha! Decius! who nam'd Decius?

Dec. My duty to your lordship! I am bold,
Presuming on your noble and known goodness,
To——

Cass. What?

Dec. Present you with this——

Cass. Letter?

Dec. Yes, my honour'd lord.

Cass. From whom?

Dec. 'Please you peruse
The inside; you shall find a name subscribed,
In such humility, in such obedience,
That you yourself will judge it tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.

Cass. Hey-day!
Good words, my masters! This is court-infection,

[6] *Springall.*] i. e. *Youth.* The word occurs frequently in old writings, both English and Scotch.

And none but cowards ply them. Tell me, Decius,
Without more circumstance, who is the sender?
Dec. Your much-griev'd son, Antinous.
Cass. On my life,
A challenge! Speak, as thou art worthy, speak!
I'll answer't.
Dec. Honour'd sir——
Cass. No honour'd sirs!
Fool your young idol with such pompous attributes.
Say briefly, what contains it?
Dec. 'Tis a lowly
Petition for your favour.
Cass. Rash young man,
But that thou'rt under my own roof, and know'st
I dare not any way infringe the laws
Of hospitality, thou shouldst repent
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume not
Again to shew thy letter, for thy life;
Decius, not for thy life!
Arc. Nay then, my lord,
I can with-hold no longer; you're too rough,
And wrestle against nature, with a violence
More than becomes a father. Wherein would you
Come nearer to the likeness of a god,
Than in your being entreated? Let not thirst
Of honour make you quite forget you are
A man, and what makes perfect manhood's comforts,
A father.[7]

[7] *quite forget you are*
A man, and what makes perfect manhoods, comforts
A father.] The pointing of this passage being regulated, the sense will be clear: "Don't forget you are a man, and what is the greatest blessing in the state of manhood, *a father*." *Seward.*

Anno. If a memory remain
Of my departed mother, if the purity
Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live
In your remembrance, let me yet by these
Awake your love to my uncomforted brother!
Fern. I am a stranger, but so much I tender
Your son's desertful virtues, that I vow
His sword ne'er conquer'd me so absolutely,
As shall your courtesy, if you vouchsafe,
At all our instances, to new-receive him
Into your wonted favour.
Gasp. Sir, you cannot
Require more low submission.
Anno. Am I not
Grown vile yet in your eyes? then, by the name
Of father, let me once more sue for him,
Who is the only now-remaining branch
With me, of that most ancient root, whose body
You are, dear sir!
Cass. 'Tis well! An host of furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,
More rudely, or more most[8] unnaturally!—
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him!
For this time, go thou hence; and know from me,
Thou art beholden to me, that I have not
Kill'd thee already: Look to it next, look to't!
Arcanes, fie! fie, Annophel! [*Exit.*
Arc. He's gone,
Chaf'd beyond sufferance: We must follow him.
Dec. Lady, this letter is to you.
Anno. Come with me,
For we must speak in private.—'Please you, sir,
To see what entertainment our sad house
Can yield?

[8] *Most.*] This word is silently omitted in the last edition.

Fern. I shall attend you, lady.
[*Exeunt* ANNOPHEL *and* DECIUS.

Gasp. How d'you like
To sojourn here, my lord?

Fern. More than to feast
With all the princes of the earth besides.
Gonzalo told me, that thou wert honest.

Gasp. Yes, sir,
And you shall find it.

Fern. Shall I?

Gasp. All my follies
Be else recorded to my shame!

Fern. Enough.
My heart is here for ever lodg'd.

Gasp. The lady——

Fern. The place admits no time to utter all;
But, Gaspero, if thou wilt prove my friend,
I'll say thou art——

Gasp. Your servant. I conceive you.
We'll choose some fitter leisure.

Fern. Never man
Was in a moment, or more bless'd, or wretched!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Apartments of Erota.

Enter HYPARCHA, *placing two chairs; then* ANTINOUS *and* EROTA.

Erota. Leave us!

Hyp. I shall. [*Exit.*

Erota. Antinous, sit down!
Ant. Madam!
Erota. I say, sit down: I do command you sit!
For look, what honour thou dost[9] gain by me,
I cannot lose it. Happy Antinous!
The graces and the higher deities
Smil'd at thy birth, and still continue it:
Then think that I, who scorn lesser examples,
Must do the like. Such as do taste my power,
And talk of it with fear and reverence,
Shall do the same unto the man I favour.
I tell thee, youth, thou hast a conquest won,
Since thou cam'st home, greater than that last
Which dignified thy fame; greater than if
Thou shouldst go out again, and conquer further;
For I am not ashamed to acknowledge
Myself subdu'd by thee.
Ant. Great lady——
Erota. Sit still; I will not hear thee else.—
Now speak;
And speak like my Antinous, like my soldier,
Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath sent to battle.
Ant. I must, I see, be silent.
Erota. So thou mayst;
There's greater action in it than in clamour.
A look, if it be gracious, will begin
The war, a word conclude it; then prove no
coward,
Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,
That teaches thee to conquer.
Ant. You do amaze me, madam!
I have no skill, no practice, in this war;
And whether you be serious, or please
To make your sport on a dejected man,

[9] *Didst.*] So the first folio. Corrected in the second.

I cannot rightly guess; but, be it as it will,
It is a like unhappiness to me:
My discontents bear those conditions in them,
And lay me out so wretched, no designs,
However truly promising a good,
Can make me relish aught, but a sweet-bitter
Voluntary exile.

Erota. Why an exile? [*Music.*
What comfort can there be in those companions
Which sad thoughts bring along with? [Hyparcha!] [1]

Enter HYPARCHA.

Hyp. Madam.

Erota. Whence comes this well-tun'd sound?

Hyp. I know not, madam.

Erota. Listen, wench. [*A song within.*
Whatever friendly hands they are that send it,
Let 'em play on; they're masters of their faculty.
Doth it please you, sir?

Ant. According to the time.

Erota. Go to 'em, wench,
And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em; for they have kept
As good time to our disposition, as to their instruments. [*Exit* HYP.
Unless Antinous shall say he loves,

[1] *Which sad thoughts bring along with?*

Enter *Hyparcha.*

Hyp. *Madam.*] From the manner in which the words "Enter Hyparcha" are printed in the first folio, it is evident that the omission of the name, when Erota calls her attendant, was merely accidental.—The modern editors unnecessarily omit the word *with.*

There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.

Enter PHILANDER. ANTINOUS *walks apart.*

Phil. Let then the heart that did employ those hands
Receive some small share of your thanks with them.
'Tis happiness enough that you did like it;
A fortune unto me, that I should send it
In such a lucky minute; but to obtain
So gracious welcome did exceed my hopes!
Erota. Good prince, I thank you for it.
Phil. Oh, madam, pour not, too fast, joys on me,
But sprinkle 'em so gently, I may stand 'em.
It is enough at first, you have laid aside
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,
With which, as with your lovely, you did strike
All your beholders in an ecstasy.
Erota. Philander, you have long profess'd to love me.
Phil. Have I but profess'd it, madam?
Erota. Nay, but hear me.
Phil. More attentively than to an oracle.
Erota. And I will speak more truly, if more can be;
Nor shall my language be wrapt up in riddles,
But plain as truth itself. I love this gentleman,
Whose grief has made him so uncapable
Of love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.
I that have look'd with scornful eyes on thee,
And other princes, mighty in their states,
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almost,
This man, this well-deserving man, (that I must say)

To look upon this beauty; yet you see
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground
Than he will turn 'em this way.
Philander, you look pale; I'll talk no more.

Phil. Pray go forward; I would be your martyr:
To die thus, were immortally to live.

Erota. Will you go to him then, and speak for me?
You have lov'd longer, but not ferventer,
Know how to speak, for you have done it like
An orator, ev'n for yourself; then how will you for me,
Whom you profess to love above yourself!

Phil. The curses of dissemblers follow me
Unto my grave, an if I do not so!

Erota. You may, as all men do, speak boldlier,
Better, in their friend's cause still, than in your own;
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign;
I will stand by, and blush, to witness it.
Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost
The happiness of this life, food and rest,
A quiet bosom, and the state I went with;
Tell him how he has humbled[1] the proud,
And made the living but a dead Erota.
Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying these.

[1] *Tell him how he has* humbled *the proud.*] *Humbled* must be pronounced as a word of three syllables, in the following manner—*Humbeled.* Similar elongations, for the sake of metre, occur in all ancient authors, and in none more frequently than in Shakespeare; though some of his best editors preferred inserting another word, to make up the verse, rather than acknowledge such an obvious liberty in their author. The versification of Beaumont and Fletcher, however, is frequently very loose, particularly in some scenes of this play, as has been observed in the introduction.

Tell him——Philander! prince! I talk in vain
To you; you do not mark me.
Phil. Indeed I do.
Erota. But thou dost look so pale,
As thou wilt spoil the story in relating.
Phil. Not, if I can but live to tell it.
Erota. It may be, you have not the heart.
Phil. I have a will, I'm sure, howe'er my heart
May play the coward. But, if you please, I'll try.
Erota. If a kiss will strengthen thee, I give you leave
To challenge it; nay, I will give it you.
[*Kisses him.*
Phil. Oh, that a man should taste such heavenly bliss,
And be enjoin'd to beg it for another!
Erota. Alas, it is
A misery I grieve to put you to,
And I will suffer rather in his tyranny,
Than thou in mine.
Phil. Nay, madam, since I cannot have your love,
I will endeavour to deserve your pity;
For I had rather have within the grave
Your love, than you should want it upon earth.
But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue,
To instruct him in the rudiments of love,
When your most powerful beauty cannot work it?
Erota. Do what thou wilt, Philander; the request
Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.
I desire now no more but the true patience
And fortitude of lovers, with those helps
Of sighs and tears, which, I think, is all the physic—

Phil. Oh, if he did but hear you, 'twere enough;
And I will wake him from his apoplexy.—
Antinous!
Ant. My lord!
Phil. Nay, 'pray,
No courtesy to me; you are my lord,
Indeed you are, for you command her heart
That commands mine; nor can you want to know
it:
For look you, she that told it you in words,
Explains it now more passionately, in tears:
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,
If those drops cannot melt it! Pr'ythee look up,
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,
And love the grief she goes with (if not her)
Of which thou art the parent; and ne'er yet
Was there, by nature, that thing made so stony,
But it would love whatever it begot.
Ant. He that begot me, did beget these cares,
Which are good issues, though happily by him
Esteemed monsters: Nay, th' ill-judging world
Is likely enough to give them those charácters.
Phil. What's this to love, and to the lady?—
He's old,
Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger;
Which are his faults, but let them not be thine:
He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee on;
He doubts your virtues, she doth double them.
Oh, either use thine own eyes, or take mine,
And with them my heart! then thou wilt love her,
Nay, doat upon her more than on thy duty,
And men will praise thee equally for it;
Neglecting her, condemn thee, as a man
Unworthy such a fortune. Oh, Antinous,
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,
But her command, that makes me utter this:
And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,

" Philander, you must die, or this is nothing,"
It shall be done together with a breath,
With the same willingness I live to serve her.

Erota. No more, Philander.

Phil. All I have done, is little yet to purpose;
But, ere I leave him, I'll perceive him blush;
And make him feel the passions that I do:
And every true lover will assist me in't,
And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,
For Cupid wants a dart to wound this bosom.

Erota. No more, no more, Philander! I can endure no more:
Pray, let him go.—Go, good Antinous; make peace
With your own mind, no matter though I perish!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter HYPARCHA *and* MOCHINGO.

Hyp. I cannot help it.

Moch. Nor do I require it;
The malady needs no physician. Help
Hospital people.

Hyp. I am glad to hear

You are so valiant.
Moch. Valiant?
Can any man be proud that is not valiant?
Foolish woman! what wouldst thou say? thou—
I know not what to call thee.
Hyp. I can you,
For I can call you coxcomb, ass, and puppy!
Moch. You do do it, I thank you.
Hyp. That you'll lose a fortune,
Which a cobler better deserves than thou dost!
Moch. Do not provoke my magnanimity;
For when I am incens'd I am insensible.
Go, tell thy lady, that hath sent me word
She will discard me, that I discard her,
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not,
But that she does me wrong.

Enter EROTA *and* ANTINOUS.

Erota. Do you not glory in your conquest more,
To take some great man prisoner, than to kill him?
And shall a lady find less mercy from you,
That yields herself your captive, and for her ransom,
Will give the jewel of her life, her heart,
Which she hath lock'd from all men but thyself?
For shame, Antinous; throw this dulness off!
Art thou a man no where but in the field?
Hyp. He must hear drums and trumpets, or he sleeps:[3]

[3] *He must hear drums and trumpets, ere he sleeps.*] It was dulness, which Hyparcha calls sleepiness, that is complained of; and I doubt not but the sense of this line is the very reverse of what it was originally, by the accidental change of a particle. *Ere* should

And at this instant dreams he's in his armour.
These iron-hearted soldiers are so cold,
'Till they be beaten to a woman's arms!
And then they love 'em better than their own;
No fort can hold them out.

Ant. What pity is it, madam, that yourself,
Who are all excellence, should become so wretched,
To think on such a wretch as grief hath made me!
Seldom despairing men look up to heav'n,
Although it still speak to 'em in its glories;
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
There is a plummet in the heart that weighs,
And pulls us, living, to the dust we came from.
Did you but see the miseries you pursue,
As I the happiness that I avoid,
That doubles my afflictions, you would fly
Unto some wilderness, or to your grave,
And there find better comforts than in me;
For love and cares can never dwell together!

Erota. They should,
If thou hadst but my love and I thy cares.

Ant. What wild beast in the desart but would be
Taught by this tongue to leave his cruelty,
Though all the beauties of the face were veil'd!
But I am savager than any beast,
And shall be so till Decius do arrive;
Whom with so much submission I have sent
Under my hand, that, if he do not bring
His benediction back, he must to me

be either *or* or *else*. I prefer the former, as Shakespeare uses it in the same sense.

"He's for a jig or tale of bawdry, *or* he sleeps." Hamlet.

Seward.

Be much more crueller than I to you.[4]

Erota. Is't but your father's pardon you desire?

Ant. With his love; and then nothing next that, like yours.

Enter DECIUS *with a letter.*

Erota. Decius is come.*

Ant. Oh, welcome, friend! If I apprehend not
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.

Erota. There is indeed; I pr'ythee, Decius, speak it.

Dec. How! "pr'ythee, Decius?" this woman's strangely alter'd. [*Aside.*

Ant. Why dost not speak, good friend, and tell me how
The reverend blessing of my life receiv'd
My humble lines? Wept he for joy?

Dec. No; there's a letter will inform you more.
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you:
The old man is in want, and angry still,
And poverty's the bellows to the coal,
More than distaste from you, as I imagine.

Ant. [*Reads.*] What's here? how's this? It cannot be! Now sure
My griefs delude my senses.

Erota. In his looks
I read a world of changes. Decius, mark,
With what a sad amazement he surveys
The news! Canst thou guess what it is?

[4] *Be much* more crueller *than I to you.*] So the first folio reads; and such was the phraseology of that age, when the rules of grammar were not so fixed as they are at present. The second folio spoils the metre, by reading, *cruel;* and the edition of 1778, to regain it, and at the same time preserve grammatical accuracy, reads—more cruel than I *am* to you.

Dec. None good, I fear.
Erota. I fear so too; and then——
Ant. It is her hand!
Erota. Are you not well?
Ant. Too well. If I were aught
But rock, this letter would conclude my miseries.
Peruse it, lady, and resolve [5] me then,
In what a case I stand.
Dec. Sir, the worst is
Your father's lowness and distaste.
Ant. No, Decius;
My sister writes, Fernando has made suit
For love to her; and, to express sincerely
His constant truth, hath, like a noble gentleman,
Discover'd plots of treachery, contriv'd
By false Gonzalo, not intending more
The utter ruin of our house, than generally
Candy's confusion.
Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young Fernando.
Ant. 'Tis, and I could wish
All thrift to his affections, Decius.—
You find the sum on't, madam?
Erota. Yes, I do.
Ant. And can you now yet think a heart oppress'd
With such a throng of cares, can entertain
An amorous thought? Love frees all toils but one;
Calamity and it can ill agree.
Erota. Will't please you speak my doom?

[5] *Resolve.*] Among the various significations of this verb, it sometimes, as in the text, signified—to satisfy. So in Middleton's More Dissemblers besides Women:

> The blessing of perfection to your thoughts, lady;]
> For I'm *resolved* they are good ones.

Ant. Alas, great lady,
Why will you flatter thus a desperate man,
That is quite cast away? Oh, had you not
Procur'd the senate's warrant to enforce
My stay, I had not heard of these sad news.
What would you have me do?
Erota. Love me, or kill me!
One word shall sentence either: For, as truth
Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute
Not to out-live my thraldom.
Ant. Gentle lady!
Erota. Say, must I live, or die?
Dec. My lord, how can you
Be so inexorable? Here's occasion
Of succouring your father in his wants
Securely proffer'd: Pray, sir, entertain it.
Erota. What is my sentence?
Ant. What you please to have it.
Erota. As thou art gentle, speak those words again!
Ant. Madam, you have prevail'd; yet, give me leave,
Without offence, ere I resign the interest
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your secrecy.
Erota. Antinous, 'tis the greatest argument
Of thy affections to me.
Ant. Madam, thus then;
My father stands for certain sums engag'd
To treacherous Gonzalo, and has mortgag'd
The greatest part of his estate to him:
If you receive this mortgage, and procure
Acquittance from Gonzalo to my father,
I am what you would have me be.
Erota. You'll love me then?
Ant. Provided, madam, that my father know not

I am an agent for him.
Erota. If I fail
In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.
Ant. Then, with your favour, thus I seal my truth,
To-day ;[6] and, Decius, witness how unchangingly
I shall still love Erota!
Erota. Thou hast quicken'd
A dying heart, Antinous.
Dec. This is well.
Much happiness to both !

Enter HYPARCHA.

Hyp. The lord Gonzalo
Attends you, madam.

6 ——— *thus I seal my truth,*
To-day, *and, Decius, witness how unchangingly.*] For the sake of sense and metre, Seward expunges the words—to-day. The last editors retain them, but place a full point after the former line, and say, *to-day* is no uncommon adjuration ; meaning, I suppose, that the day on which all this happened, being personified, shall witness his love as well as Decius. Mr Mason is not satisfied, but proposes to read,

——— Thus I seal my truth
To thee ; and, Decius, witness, &c.

It is curious to observe that all these ingenious commentators are wrong. Seward was so originally for the sake of metre and sense, where both the one and the other were right. As for the sense, what can be more plain ? Antinous says, " I seal my vows this day, and Decius shall witness my constancy from this day for ever unchangingly." As to the metre, nothing is more common than lines of twelve syllables, where the accent falls on the tenth. Verses of thirteen, even of fourteen, syllables occur in these plays. The following are instances of each of these numbers :

" Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your *secrecy.*"
" Have ye to swear that you will see it *executed.*"
" No, sir, I dare not leave her to that *solitariness.*"

Erota. 'Comes as we could wish.—
Withdraw, Antinous; here's a closet, where
You may partake his errand.—Let him enter.
Ant. Madam, you must be wary.
Erota. Fear it not;
I will be ready for him, to entertain him
With smiling welcome.— [*Exit* ANTINOUS.

Enter GONZALO.

Noble sir, you take
Advantage of the time; it had been fit
Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd
A more prepared state.
Gon. D'you mock me, madam?
Erota. Trust me, you wrong your judgment, to repute
My gratitude a fault: I have examin'd
Your portly carriage, and will now confess
It hath not slightly won me.
Gon. The wind's turn'd; [*Aside.*
I thought 'twould come to this.——It pleas'd us, madam,
At our last interview, to mention love:
Have you consider'd on't?
Erota. With more than common
Content: But, sir, if what you spake you meant,
As I have cause to doubt, then——
Gon. What, sweet lady?
Erota. Methinks we should lay by this form of stateliness;
Love's courtship is familiar; and, for instance,
See what a change it hath begot in me:
I could talk humbly now, as lovers use.
Gon. And I, and I! We meet in one self-centre
Of bless'd consent.
Erota. I hope my weakness, sir,

Shall not deserve neglect; but if it prove so,
I am not the first lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous; you will smart for't one
day.

Gon. Angel-like lady, let me be held a villain,
If I love not sincerely!

Erota. 'Would I knew it!

Gon. Make proof by any fit command.

Erota. What do you mean?
To marry me?

Gon. How! mean? Nay, more, I mean
To make you empress of my earthly fortunes,
Regent of my desires; for did you covet
To be a real queen, I could advance you.

Erota Now I perceive you slight me, and
would make me
More simple than my sex's frailty warrants.

Gon. But say your mind, and you shall be a
queen.

Erota. On those conditions call me yours.

Gon. Enough.
But are we safe?

Erota. Assuredly.

Gon. In short——
Yet, lady, first be plain: Would you not chuse
Much rather to prefer your own sun-rising,
Than any's else, though ne'er so near entitled
By blood, or right of birth?

Erota. It is a question
Needs not a resolution.[7]

Gon. Good; what if
I set the crown of Candy on your head?

Erota. I were a queen indeed then.

Gon. Madam, know

[7] *It is a question needs not a* resolution.] *i. e.* Needs not being solved or answered.

There's but a boy 'twixt you and it; suppose him
Trans-shap'd into an angel.
  Erota. Wise Gonzalo!
I cannot but admire thee!
  Gon. 'Tis worth thinking on;
Besides, your husband shall be duke of Venice.
  Erota. Gonzalo duke of Venice!
  Gon. You are mine, you say?
  Erota. Pish! you but dally with me; and
    would lull me
In a rich golden dream.
  Gon. You are too much distrustful of my truth.
  Erota. Then you must give me leave to ap-
    prehend
The means and manner how.
  Gon. Why, thus——
  Erota. You shall not;
We may be over-heard; affairs and counsels
Of such high nature are not to be trusted,
Not to the air itself: You shall in writing
Draw out the full design; which, if effected,
I am as I profess.
  Gon. Oh, I applaud
Your ready care and secrecy.
  Erota. Gonzalo,
There is a bar yet, 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that must be remov'd.
  Gon. What is't?
  Erota. Old Cassilane.
  Gon. Ha? fear not him: I build upon his ruins
Already.
  Erota. I would find a smoother course
To shift him off.
  Gon. As how?
  Erota. We'll talk in private;
I have a ready plot.
  Gon. I shall adore you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cassilane's *poor Habitation.*

Enter FERNANDO *and* ANNOPHEL.

Fern. Madam, altho' I hate unnoble practices,
And therefore have performed no more than what
I ought for honour's safety;[8] yet, Annophel,
Thy love hath been the spur, to urge me forward
For speedier diligence.

Anno. Sir, your own fame
And memory will best reward themselves.

Fern. All gain is loss, sweet beauty, if I miss
My comforts here: The brother and the sister
Have double conquer'd me, but thou mayst triumph.

Anno Good sir, I have a father.

Fern. Yes, a brave one:
Couldst thou obscure thy beauty, yet the happiness
Of being but his daughter, were a dower
Fit for a prince. What say you?

Anno. You've deserv'd
As much as I should grant.

Fern. By this fair hand
I take possession.

Anno. What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my silence.

Fern. Thou'rt all virtue.

[8] *I ought for honour's* safety.] Seward, who is ever faithful to lines of ten syllables, reads, "for honour's *sake*," and is followed by the last editors. This is merely a wanton exercise of editorial authority, and ought to be censured in the severest terms.

Enter CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.

Cass. I'll tell thee how: Baldwin the emperor,
Pretending title, more through tyranny
Than right of conquest, or descent, usurp'd
The style of lord o'er all the Grecian islands,
And under colour of an amity
With Crete, preferr'd the marquis Mountferato
To be our governor: The Cretans, vex'd
By the ambitious Turks, in hope of aid
From the emperor, receiv'd for general
This Mountferato; he, the wars appeas'd,
Plots with the state of Venice, and takes money
Of them for Candy; they paid well; he steals
Away in secret; since which time, that right
The state of Venice claims o'er Candy, is
By purchase, not inheritance or conquest:
And hence grows all our quarrel.
Arc. So an usurer,
Or Lombard-Jew,[9] might with some bags of trash
Buy half the western world.
Cass. Money, Arcanes,
Is now a god on earth: It cracks virginities,
And turns a Christian, Turk;
Bribes Justice, cut-throats Honour, does what not?
Arc. Not captives Candy.
Cass. Nor makes thee dishonest,
Nor me a coward.——Now, sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.
Fern. Sir, I find it.

[9] *Lombard-Jew.*] Lombard-Street, in London, was formerly the place where most of the bankers and usurers dwelt. Thus in Sir William Davenant's Wits: " All gold! The stalls of Lombard-Street poured into a purse!"

Arc. And like it, do you not?
Fern. My repair speaks for me.
Cass. Fernando, we were speaking of—How's this?

Enter Gonzalo, *and* Gaspero *with a Casket.*

Gon. Your friend and servant.
Cass. Creditors, my lord,
Are masters, and no servants: As the world goes,
Debtors are very slaves to those to whom
They've been beholding[1] to; in which respect,
I should fear you, Gonzalo.
Gon. Me, my lord?
You owe me nothing.
Cass. What, nor love, nor money?
Gon. Yes, love, I hope; not money.
Cass. All this bravery
Will scarcely make that good.
Gon. 'Tis done already:
See, sir, your mortgage; which I only took,
In case you and your son had in the wars
Miscarried: I yield it up again; 'tis yours.
Cass. Are you so conscionable?
Gon. 'Tis your own.
Cass. Pish, pish! I'll not receive what is not mine;
That were a dangerous business.
Gon. Sir, I'm paid for't;
The sums you borrow'd are return'd, the bonds
Cancell'd, and your acquittance formally[2] seal'd:
Look here, sir; Gaspero is witness to it.

[1] *Beholding.*] This was the ancient manner of spelling this word, generally, but improperly, altered to *beholden* by modern editors. Marston, in his Malcontent, even uses the word *beholdingness.*

[2] *Formerly.*] So the folios read, corruptly.

Gasp. My honour'd lord, I am.
Gon. My Lord Fernando,
Arcanes, and the rest, you all shall testify,
That I acquit Lord Cassilane for ever,
Of any debts to me.
Gasp. 'Tis plain and ample.[3]
Anno. Fortune will once again smile on us fairly!
Cass. But, hark ye, hark ye! If you be in earnest,
Whence comes this bounty? or whose is't?
Gon. In short,
The great Erota, by this secretary,
Return'd me my full due.
Cass. Erota!—Why
Should she do this?
Gon. You must ask her the cause;
She knows it best.
Cass. So ho, Arcanes! none
But women pity us! soft-hearted women!
I am become a brave fellow now, Arcanes,
Am I not?
Arc. Why, sir, if the gracious princess
Have took more special notice of your services,
And means to be more thankful than some others,
It were an injury to gratitude
To disesteem her favours.
Anno. Sir, she ever
For your sake most respectively lov'd me.
Cass. The senate, and the body of this kingdom,

[3] Gasp. *'Tis plain and ample:*
Fortune will once again, &c.] Mr Seward gives these two lines to *Cassilane*, and says, they evidently belong to him; but surely *'tis plain and ample* may be spoken by *Gaspero*, as [illegible]itness [illegible] the acquittance; and the other line will come from eit[illegible]*ophel* or *Arcanes* with much more propriety than from *Cassilane*.—Ed. 1778.

Are herein (let me speak it without arrogance)
Beholding to her: I will thank her for it;
And if she have reserv'd a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with some service,
She shall be then my patroness. Come, sirs,
We'll taste a cup of wine together now.

Gon. Fernando, I must speak with you in secret.

Fern. You shall.——Now, Gaspero, all's well?

Gasp. There's news
You must be acquainted with.[4]
Come, there's no master-piece in art like policy.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Senate-House.

Enter FERNANDO *and* PAOLO MICHAEL.

Fern. The senate is inform'd at full.

Mich. Gonzalo
Dreams not of my arrival yet?

[4] Gasp. *There's news*
You must be acquainted with.
Come, there's no master-piece of art like policy.] This last line is a repetition of *Gonzalo's* vain opinion of his own policy: I therefore think that the whole speech belonged to him. And it is artful to make *Gonzalo* triumph in the success of his politics, when the reader knows that he is upon the brink of ruin. If *Gaspero*

Fern. Nor thinks
'Tis possible his plots can be discover'd.
He fats himself with hopes of crowns and kingdoms,
And laughs securely, to imagine how
He means to gull all but himself; when, truly,
None is so grossly gull'd as he.
Mich. There was never
A more arch-villain.
Fern. Peace; the senate comes.

Enter PORPHYCIO, POSSENNE, Senators, GASPERO, *and Attendants.*

Porph. How closely treason cloaks itself in forms
Of civil honesty!
Poss. And yet how palpably
Does Heav'n reveal it!
Fern. Gracious lords!
Gasp. The ambassador,
Lord Paulo Michael, advocate
To the great duke of Venice.
Porph. You're most welcome;
Your master is a just and noble prince.
Mich. My lords, he bade me say, that you may know
How much he scorns, and, as good princes ought,
Defies, base, indirect, and godless treacheries,
To your more sacred wisdoms he refers

is to speak it, he must be supposed to have heard from Fernando the conversation which had passed between *Gonzalo* and him.
Seward.

And why should he not? The words—"Now, Gaspero, all's well?" which Fernando addresses to him apart, surely indicate that he is in the secret, and prove that no alteration of the text is required.

The punishment due to the false Gonzalo,
Or else to send him home to Venice.
Poss. Herein
The duke is royal.—Gaspero, the prince
Of Cyprus answer'd he would come?
Gasp. My lords,
He will not long be absent.

Enter PHILANDER *and* MELITUS.

Porph. You, Fernando,
Have made the state your debtor.——Worthy prince,
We shall be suitors to you for your presence,
In hearing and determining of matters
Greatly concerning Candy.
Phil. Fathers, I am
A stranger.
Poss. Why, the cause, my lord, concerns
A stranger. Please you, seat yourself.
Phil. Howe'er
Unfit, since you will have it so, my lords,
You shall command me. [*Ascends the tribunal.*
Porph. You, my lord Fernando,
With the ambassador, withdraw a while.
Fern. My lords, we shall. [*Exit with* MICHAEL.
Poss. Melitus, and the secretary,
Give notice to Gonzalo, that the senate
Requires his presence. [*Exeunt* GASP. *and* MEL.
Phil. What concerns the business?
Porph. Thus, noble prince——

Enter CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.

Cass. Let me alone; thou troublest me;
I will be heard.
Arc. You know not what you do.

Poss. Forbear![5]
Who's he that is so rude? what's he that dares
To interrupt our counsels?
Cass. One that has guarded
Those purple robes from cankers worse than moths;
One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
That would have been snatch'd from you: But, I see,
'Tis better now to be a dog, a spaniel,
In times of peace, than boast the bruised scars
Purchas'd with loss of blood in noble wars.—
My lords, I speak to you!
Porph. Lord Cassilane,
We know not what you mean.
Cass. Yes, you are set
Upon a bench of justice; and a day
Will come—hear this, and quake, ye potent great ones!—
When you yourselves shall stand before a judge,
Who in a pair of scales will weigh your actions,
Without abatement of one grain: As then
You would be found full weight, I charge ye, fathers,
Let me have justice now!
Poss. Lord Cassilane,
What strange distemp'rature provokes distrust
Of our impartiality? Be sure
We'll flatter no man's injuries.[6]

[5] Poss. *Forbear! Who's he that is so rude? What's he that dares,* &c.] Seward and Mason wish to give the first of these words to Arcanes, but it agrees perfectly well with the rest of Possenne's speech, and the corruption is very unlikely to have happened.—The last-mentioned annotator, for a similar idle reason, wishes to join the exclamation of Fernando, "Gracious lords!" on the last page but one, to Gaspero's speech.

[6] *We'll* flatter *no man's injuries.*] That is, "We will gloss over the injuries of no man." Mr Seward proposes a word, which to

Cass. 'Tis well.
You have a law, lords, that, without remorse,
Dooms such as are beleper'd with the curse
Of foul ingratitude, unto death.
Porph. We have.
Cass. Then, do me justice.

Enter ANTINOUS *with* DECIUS, *and* EROTA *with* HYPARCHA.

Dec. Madman, whither runn'st thou?
Ant. Peace, Decius! I am deaf.
Hyp. Will you forget
Your greatness and your modesty?
Erota. Hyparcha, leave!
I will not hear.
Ant. Lady! great, gentle lady!
Erota. Pr'ythee, young man, forbear to interrupt me;
Triumph not in thy fortunes; I will speak.
Poss. More uproars yet! Who are they that disturb us?
Cass. The viper's come; his fears have drawn him hither;
And now, my lords, be chronicled for ever,
And give me justice against this vile monster,
This bastard of my blood!
Erota. 'Tis justice, fathers,
I sue for too; and though I might command it,
(If you remember, lords, whose child I was)
Yet I will humbly beg it: This old wretch
Has forfeited his life to me.

his mind is "stronger, clearer, and more poetical," and reads, "We'll *father* no man's injuries;" but, as Mr Mason observes, Possenne can never mean that the senators will not father any man's injuries, that is, by adopting them make them their own!

Cass. Tricks, tricks,
Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young ones,
To blunt the edge of your well-temper'd swords,
Wherewith you strike offenders, lords! But I
Am not a baby to be fear'd[7] with bug-bears;
'Tis justice I require.

Erota. And I.

Ant. You speak
Too tenderly, and too much like yourself,
To mean a cruelty, which would make monstrous
Your sex: Yet, for the love's sake which you once
Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd father leave
To urge his own revenge; you have no cause
For yours: Keep peace about you!

Cass. Will ye hear me?

Phil. Here's some strange novelty.

Poss. Sure we are mock'd!—
Speak one at once. Say, wherein hath your son
Transgress'd the law?

Cass. Oh, the gross mists of dulness!
Are you this kingdom's oracles, yet can be
So ignorant? First hear, and then consider.
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I must confess,
But duties of a father: I did more;
I taught him how to manage arms, to dare
An enemy, to court both death and dangers;
Yet these were but additions to complete
A well-accomplish'd soldier: I did more yet;

[7] *Feared*] The verb *to fear* was employed actively, in many cases, for *frighten*, or *make afraid*. So in the Spanish Tragedy:

The ugly fiends do sally forth from hell,
And *fear* my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.

I made him chief commander in the field,
Next to myself, and gave him the full prospect
Of honour and preferment; train'd him up
In all perfections of a martialist:
But he, unmindful of his gratitude,
You know with what contempt of my deserts,
First kick'd against mine honour, scorned all
My services, then got the palm of glory
Unto himself. Yet, not content with this,
He, lastly, hath conspir'd my death, and sought
Means to engage me to this lady's debt,
Whose bounty all my whole estate could never
Give satisfaction to. Now, honour'd fathers,
For this cause only, if your law be law,
And you the ministers of justice, then
Think of this strange ingratitude in him.

Phil. Can this be so, Antinous?

Ant. 'Tis all true,
Nor hath my much-wrong'd father limn'd[8] my faults
In colours half so black, as in themselves
My guilt hath dy'd them: Were there mercy left,
Yet mine own shame would be my executioner!
Lords, I am guilty.

Erota. Thou beliest, Antinous,
Thine innocence!—Alas, my lords, he's desperate,
And talks he knows not what; you must not credit
His lunacy: I can myself disprove
This accusation.—Cassilane, be yet
More merciful; I beg it.

Cass. Time, nor fate,
The world, or what is in it, shall not alter
My resolution: He shall die!

[8] *Limn'd.*] *i. e.* painted. *Limner*, the ancient word for painter has not yet fallen into total disuse.

Erota. The senate's
Prayers, or weeping lovers', shall not alter
My resolution:—Thou shalt die!
Ant. Why, madam,
Are ye all marble?
Poss. Leave your shifts, Antinous.
What plead you to your father's accusation?
Ant. Most fully guilty.
Poss. You have doom'd yourself;
We cannot quit you now.
Cass. A burthen'd conscience
Will never need a hangman. Hadst thou dar'd
To have denied it, then this sword of mine
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a liar.
Erota. Thy sword? Wretched old man, thou hast liv'd too long,
To carry peace or comfort to thy grave;
Thou art a man condemn'd.—My lords, this tyrant
Had perish'd but for me; I still supplied
His miserable wants; I sent his daughter
Money to buy him food; the bread he eat
Was from my purse: When he, vain-gloriously
To dive into the people's hearts, had pawn'd
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him,
And, for requital, only made my suit,
That he would please to new-receive his son
Into his favour; for whose love, I told him,
I had been still so friendly: But then he,
As void of gratitude as all good nature,
Distracted, like a madman, posted hither
To pull this vengeance on himself and us:
For why, my lords, since, by the law, all mean
Is blotted out of your commission,[9]

[9] For why, *my lords, since, by the law, all* means
Is blotted out of your commission.] *For why*, as Mr Mason

As this hard-hearted father hath accus'd
Noble Antinous, his unblemish'd son,
So I accuse this father, and crave judgment!
Cass. All this is but deceit, mere trifles forg'd
By combination, to defeat the process
Of justice.—I will have Antinous' life!
Arc. Sir, what d'you mean?
Erota. I will have Cassilane's!.
Ant. Cunning and cruel lady, runs the stream
Of your affections this way? Have you not
Conquest enough by treading on my grave,
Unless you send me thither in a shroud
Steep'd in my father's blood? As you are woman,
As the protests of love you vow'd were honest,
Be gentler to my father!
Erota. Cassilane, [*Kneels.*
Thou hast a heart of flint: Let my entreaties,
My tears, the sacrifice of griefs unfeign'd,
Melt it; yet be a father to thy son,
Unmask thy long-besotted judgment, see
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature, I beseech you!
Cass. Pish! you cozen
Your hopes; your plots are idle: I am resolute.
Erota. Antinous, urge no further.
Ant. Hence, thou sorcery
Of a beguiling softness! I will stand,
Like the earth's centre, unmov'd.—Lords, your breath
Must finish these divisions: I confess,
Civility doth teach I should not speak
Against a lady of her birth, so high
As great Erota; but her injuries,

observes, means, "for which reason." *Mean*, which Seward properly altered from *means*, signifies a middle course.

And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for justice, fathers.
  Dec. Whither run you?
  Ant. For, honour'd fathers, that you all may know
That I alone am not unmatchable
In crimes of this condition, lest, perhaps,
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,
That this foul stain and guilt run in a blood;
Before this presence, I accuse this lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.
  Cass. Impudent traitor!
  Phil. Her? Oh, spare, Antinous!
The world reputes thee valiant; do not soil
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardice
As murd'ring innocent ladies will stamp on thee.
  Ant. Brave prince, with what unwillingness I force[1]
Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness
All these about me: She is bloody-minded,
And turns the justice of the law to rigour:
It is her cruelties, not I, accuse her.
Shall I have audience?
  Erota. Let him speak, my lords.
  Dec. Your memory will rot.
  Ant. Cast all your eyes
On this—what shall I call her?—truthless woman!
When often in my discontents, the sway
Of her unruly blood, her untam'd passion,
Or name it as you list, had hour by hour
Solicited my love, she vow'd at last
She could not, would not live, unless I granted
What she long sued for: I, in tender pity,
To save a lady of her birth from ruin,

[1] *Force.*] *i. e.* Enforce, dwell upon.

Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers:
Nor urg'd I aught from her but secrecy;
And then enjoin'd her to supply such wants
As I perceiv'd my father's late engagements
Had made him subject to. What. shall I heap up
Long repetitions? She, to quit[a] my pity,
Not only hath discover'd to my father
What she had promis'd to conceal, but also
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit:
For which, since I must die, I crave a like
Equality of justice against her;
Not that I covet blood, but that she may not
Practise this art of falsehood on some other,
Perhaps more worthy of her love hereafter.

Porph. If this be true——

Erota. My lords, be as the law is,
Indifferent, upright; I do plead guilty.—
Now, sir, what glory have you got by this?
'Las, man, I meant not to outlive thy doom!
Shall we be friends in death?

Cass. Hear me! The villain
Scandals her, honour'd lords.

Erota. Leave off to dote,
And die a wise man.

Ant. I am over-reach'd,
And mastered in my own resolution.

Phil. Will you be wilful, madam? Here's the curse
Of love's disdain.

Cass. Why sit you like dumb statues?
Demur no longer.

Poss. Cassilane, Erota,
Antinous, death ye ask, and 'tis your dooms:
You in your follies liv'd, die in your follies.

[a] *To quit.*] *i. e.* To quite, requite.

Cass. I am reveng'd, and thank you for it.
Erota. Yes,
And I: Antinous hath been gracious!
Ant. Sir,
May I presume to crave a blessing from you
Before we part?
Cass. Yes, such a one as parents
Bestow on cursed sons!—Now, now I laugh
To see how those poor younglings are both cheat-
ed
Of life and comfort. Look ye, look ye, lords,
I go but some ten minutes, more or less,
Before my time, but they have finely cozen'd
Themselves of many, many hopeful years,
Amidst their prime of youth and glory. Now
My vengeance is made full!—

Enter ANNOPHEL.

Welcome, my joy!
Thou com'st to take a seasonable blessing
From thy half-buried father's hand: I'm dead
Already, girl; and so is she, and he:
We all are worm's-meat now.
Anno. I have heard all;
Nor shall you die alone.—Lords, on my knees
I beg for justice too.
Porph. 'Gainst whom? for what?
Anno. First, let me be resolv'd, does the law
favour
None, be they ne'er so mighty?
Porph. Not the greatest.
Anno. Then justly I accuse of foul ingratitude,
My lords, you of the senate all! not one
Excepted!
Poss. and Porph. Us?

Phil. Annophel!

Anno. You're the authors
Of this unthrifty bloodshed! When your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd not
Safe at their mothers' breasts, your very cloisters
Were not secure, your starting-holes of refuge
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own:
In this most desperate ecstasy, my father,
This aged man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did so, and beat off
The daring foe; for you he pawn'd his lands,
To pay your soldiers, who without their pay
Refus'd to strike a blow. But, lords, when peace
Was purchas'd for you, and victory brought home,
Where was your gratitude, who in your coffers
Hoarded the rusty treasure which was due
To my unminded father? He was glad
To live retir'd in want, in penury,
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him! The sum of all is this;
You have been unthankful to him, and I crave
The rigour of the law against you all.

Cass. My royal-spirited daughter!

Erota. Annophel,
Thou art a worthy wench; let me embrace thee.

Anno. Lords, why d'ye keep your seats? they are no places
For such as are offenders.

Poss. Though our ignorance
Of Cassilane's engagements might assuage
Severity of justice, yet to shew
How no excuse should smooth a breach of law,
I yield me to the trial of it.

[*The Senators descend from their seats.*

Porph. So

Must I. Great prince of Cyprus, you are left
The only moderator in this difference;
And, as you are a prince, be a protector
To woeful Candy.

Phil. What a scene of misery
Hath thine obdurate frowardness, old man,
Drawn on thy country's bosom! And, for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high
As to be styl'd thy country's only patron,
Thy malice hath descended to the depth
Of hell, to be renowned in the title
Of the destroyer! Dost thou yet perceive
What curses all posterity will brand
Thy grave with, that at once hast robb'd this kingdom
Of honour and of safety?

Erota. Children yet
Unborn will stop their ears when thou art nam'd!

Arc. The world will be too little to contain
The memory of this detested deed;
The furies will abhor it!

Dec. What the sword
Could not enforce, your peevish thirst of honour,
A brave, [3] cold, weak, imaginary fame,
Hath brought on Candy! Candy groans; not these
That are to die.

Phil. 'Tis happiness enough
For them, that they shall not survive to see
The wounds wherewith thou stabb'st the land that gave

[3] *A* brave, *cold, weak*—] Seward, not understanding the import of the word *brave*, or supposing that, if it were the true word, it must be used ironically, has changed it to *bare*, a very feeble expression. But *brave* is the true and better reading, and means here vain-glorious, a common acceptation of that word. *Mason.*

Thee life and name.

Dec. 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel
The mischief of your folly.[4]

Cass. Annophel!

Anno. I will not be entreated.

Cass. Pr'ythee, Annophel!

Anno. Why would you urge me to a mercy, which
You in yourself allow not?

Cass. 'Tis the law,
That if the party who complains, remit
Th' offender, he is freed. Is't not so, lords?

Porph. and Poss. 'Tis so.

Cass. Antinous, by my shame observe
What a close witchcraft popular applause is:
I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold
The lethargy wherein my reason long
Hath been becharm'd:—Live, live, my matchless son,
Bless'd in thy father's blessing! much more bless'd
In thine own virtues. Let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly tears!—Rise; I forgive thee!
And, good Antinous, if I shall be thy father,
Forgive me!—I can speak no more.

Ant. Dear sir,

[4] *Dec. 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel——*
Cass. *The mischief of your folly.*
Porph. and Poss. *Annophel!*] The impropriety of *Cassilane's* speaking the second of these lines struck Mr Seward, and he gave it to *Arcanes*; but we see no reason for *Decius* being interrupted by any person, nor can we believe the poets intended he should. The last line comes very well from *Cassilane*, but cannot, in our opinion, belong to the *Senators*.—Ed. 1778.

I suspect some exclamation of the Senators stood in the original manuscript, and being casually lost, and their names retained, they were removed higher up, Cassilane's speech being appropriated to them, and part of Decius's given to Cassilane.

You new-beget me now.—Madam, your pardon !
I heartily remit you.
Erota. I as freely
Discharge thee, Cassilane.
Anno. My gracious lords,
Repute me not a blemish to my sex,
In that I strove to cure a desperate evil
With a more violent remedy : Your lives,
Your honours, are your own.
Phil. Then with consent
Be reconcil'd on all sides : Please you, fathers,
To take your places.
[*The Senators take their places.*
Poss. Let's again ascend,
With joy and thankfulness to Heav'n ! And now,
To other business, lords.

Enter GASPERO *and* MELITUS, *with* GONZALO.

Mel. Two hours and more, sir,
The senate hath been set.
Gon. And I not know it ?
Who sits with them ?
Mel. My lord, the prince of Cyprus.
Gon. Gaspero,
Why, how comes that to pass ?
Gasp. Some weighty cause,
I warrant you.
Gon. Now, lords, the business ?—Ha !
Who's here ? Erota !
Porph. Secretary, do your charge
Upon that traitor.
Gon. Traitor ?
Gasp. Yes, Gonzalo, traitor !
Of treason to the peace and state of Candy
I do arrest thee.

Gon. Me, thou dog?

Enter FERNANDO *and* MICHAEL.

Mich. With licence
From this grave senate, I arrest thee likewise
Of treason to the state of Venice.
Gon. Ha!
Is Michael here? Nay, then I see
I am undone.
Erota. I shall not be your queen,
Your duchess, or your empress.
Gon. Dull, dull brain!
Oh, I am fool'd!
Gasp. Look, sir, d'you know this hand?
[*Produces a paper.*
Mich. D'you know this seal?—First, lords, he writes to Venice,
To make a perfect league; during which time
He would in private keep some troops in pay,
Bribe all the centinels throughout this kingdom,
Corrupt the captains, at a banquet poison
The prince and greatest peers, and, in conclusion,
Yield Candy slave to Venice.
Gasp. Next, he contracted
With the illustrious princess, the lady Erota,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver
All the Venetian gallantry and strength,
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy
Of her and Candy.
Erota. This is true, Gonzalo.
Gon. Let it be true: What then?
Poss. My lord ambassador,
What's your demand?
Mich. As likes the state of Candy,
Either to sentence him as he deserves,

Here, or to send him like a slave to Venice.
Porph. We shall advise upon it.
Gon. Oh, the devils,
That had not thrust this trick into my pate!
A politician? fool! Destruction plague
Candy and Venice both!
Porph. and Poss. Away with him.
Mel. Come, sir, I'll see you safe.
[*Exeunt* GONZALO *and* MELITUS.
Erota. Lords, ere you part,
Be witness to another change of wonder:—
Antinous, now be bold, before this presence,
Freely to speak, whether or no I us'd
The humblest means affection could contrive,
To gain thy love.
Ant. Madam, I must confess it,
And ever am your servant.
Erota. Yes, Antinous,
My servant,[5] for my lord thou shalt be never:
I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once
In my too-passionate thoughts.—[*To* PHILANDER.]—Most noble prince,
If yet a relic of thy wonted flames
Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush not
To offer up the assurance of my faith
To thee that hast deserv'd it best.
Phil. Oh, madam,
You play with my calamity!
Erota. Let Heav'n
Record my truth for ever.
Phil. With more joy
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I also pawn you mine.

[5] *My servant.*] This alludes to the old practice of ladies having a number of privileged admirers, which has been explained before, vol. II. p. 262.

Erota. The man, that in requital
Of noble and unsought affection
Grows cruel, never lov'd; nor did Antinous.
Yet herein, prince, you are beholden to him;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a virtuous wife had been a monster.
Phil. For which I'll rank him my deserving friend.
Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wish
To him I honour most!
Cass. Oh, my Antinous,
My own, my own good son!
Fern. One suit I have to make.
Phil. To whom, Fernando?
Fern. Lord Cassilane, to you.
Cass. To me?
Fern. This lady
Hath promis'd to be mine.
Anno. Your blessing, sir!—
Brother, your love!
Ant. You cannot, sir, bestow her
On a more noble gentleman.
Cass. Sayst thou so,
Antinous? I confirm it.—Here, Fernando.
Live both as one; she's thine.
Ant. And herein, sister,
I honour you for your wise settled love.
This is a day of triumph; all contentions
Are happily accorded, Candy's peace
Secur'd, and Venice vow'd a worthy friend.
[*Exeunt*

THE

BEGGARS' BUSH.

THE BEGGARS' BUSH.

This Comedy was first printed in the folio of 1647. The commendatory verses of Gardiner and Hills ascribe it to Fletcher; and what is decisive of his being the sole author, is the circumstance that, like other new plays, it was performed at court in 1622, at Christmas. After the Restoration it seems to have been in great repute. It was one of the stock-plays of the Red-bull company, about the year 1660. One of the drolls adapted by Kirkman for representation at country fairs, and published under the title of "The Wits, or Sport upon Sport," was extracted from this comedy, under the name of "The Lame Commonwealth." In 1706, an alteration, entitled The Royal Merchant, or the Beggars' Bush, by H. N., (probably the comedian Henry Norris,) was published; and Mr Hull of Covent-Garden theatre transformed it into an opera, under the title of "The Royal Merchant," which was acted and published in 1768.

The comedy of the Beggars' Bush, without aspiring to an equal rank with the Little French Lawyer, Rule a Wife and have a Wife, and some others, is a very attractive drama. In point of mechanical construction of the plot, very little blame can be attached to the poet by the most fastidious critic; for the unities are violated in a far less degree than in most of the contemporary plays; the chief plot has the necessary predominance over, and connection with the under-plots; and the interest is very properly kept up till the last scene. The characters are, however, not delineated with great precision. The villainy of Hempskirke and Wolfort is not sufficiently brought into play, nor are the good qualities of Gerrard, Hubert, and Florez greatly diversified. The reader will dwell particularly upon the scenes among the beggars: they exhibit a highly humorous portraiture of their commonwealth, though certainly drawn in too favourable colours, and but little according with the relation of their habits and vices, as we

find them accurately, and not without humour, delineated in the pamphlets of Dekkar. Scenes of a similar description have long maintained the popularity of Broome's Jovial Crew; a comedy, which, in every other point, is not to be compared with that of Fletcher, but which exceeds it in sprightly stage-effect, and is rendered still more attractive by the two counterfeit female beggars, Rachel and Meriel. Compared to these, Jaculin is but an insignificant character. The different scenes of the Beggars' Bush are not peculiarly distinguished one from the other by superior beauty; but there is, as in most other performances of these poets, admirable mirth, contrasted with passages highly pathetic, and of great poetical excellence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Wolfort, *usurper of the earldom of Flanders.*

Gerrard, *disguised under the name of* Clause, *king of the beggars, father to Florez.*[1]

Hubert, *an honest lord, a friend to Gerrard.*

Florez, *under the name of* Goswin, *a rich merchant of Bruges.*

Hempskirke, *a captain under Wolfort.*

Herman, *a courtier,* } *inhabitants of Ghent.*
A Merchant, }

Vandunke, *burgomaster of Bruges, a drunken merchant, friend to Gerrard, falsely called father to Bertha.*

Arnold *of Benthuysen, disguised as a beggar under the name of* Ginks.

Lord Costin, *disguised as a beggar.*[2]

Vanlock, and four other Merchants of *Bruges.*

Higgen, }
Prigg,[3] } *knavish beggars.*
Snapp, }
Ferret, }

[1] Gerrard has hitherto been called *father-in-law* to Florez, though the latter was actually his son. Ferret also has been described as a nobleman in disguise; but in the last scene he evidently appears to be one of the real beggars. Both corrections are Mr Mason's.—The Dramatis Personæ in this, as well as in all the other plays, excepting those formerly printed in quarto, were first collected in the second folio.

[2] This character has not hitherto been enumerated among the Dramatis Personæ.

[3] *Prigg* is a cant word for stealing—hence the name. In the same manner *Ferret* has obtained his from the practice of *ferreting*; *i. e.* taking up goods in another man's name.—See Deckar's Villainies Discovered by Candle light, 1616.

Clown.
Boors.
A Sailor.
Servants.
Guard.

Jaculin, *daughter to Gerrard, beloved of Hubert.*
Bertha, *called* Gertrude, *daughter to the duke of Brabant, mistress to Florez.*
Margaret, *wife to Vandunke.*
Frances, *daughter to Vanlock.*

SCENE—for the first two Scenes, *Ghent*; during the remainder, *Bruges* and the neighbourhood.

BEGGARS' BUSH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Ghent[a]*—The Street.*

Enter a Merchant and HERMAN.

Mer. Is he then taken?
Her. And brought back even now, sir.
Mer. He was not in disgrace?
Her. No man more lov'd,
Nor more deserv'd it, being the only man
That durst be honest in this court.
Mer. Indeed
We've heard abroad, sir, that the state hath suffer'd
A great change, since the countess' death.
Her. It hath, sir.
Mer. My five years absence hath kept me a stranger
So much to all th' occurrents of my country,

[a] *Ghent.*] The place where these two scenes are transacted is not specified in any part of the play. But as Wolfort without doubt made his residence in the capital of Flanders, there can be no question of the propriety of the stage direction.

As you shall bind me[2] for some short relation,
To make me understand the present times

Her. I must begin then with a war was made,
And seven years with all cruelty continued,
Upon our Flanders by the duke of Brabant.
The cause grew thus: During our earl's minority,
Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thither,
To treat about a match between our earl
And the daughter and heir of Brabant: During which treaty,
The Brabander pretends, this daughter was
Stol'n from his court, by practice of our state;
Tho' we are all confirm'd,[3] 'twas a sought quarrel,
To lay an unjust gripe upon this earldom;
It being here believ'd the duke of Brabant
Had no such loss. This war upon't proclaim'd,
Our earl being then a child, altho' his father
Good Gerrard liv'd, yet (in respect he was
Chosen by the countess' favour for her husband,
And but a gentleman, and Florez holding
His right unto this country from his mother)
The state thought fit, in this defensive war,
Wolfort being then the only man of mark,
To make him general.

Mer Which place we've heard
He did discharge with honour.

Her. Ay, so long,
And with so bless'd successes, that the Brabander
Was forc'd (his treasures wasted, and the choice
Of his best men of arms tir'd, or cut off)
To leave the field, and sound a base retreat
Back to his country: But so broken, both
In mind and means, e'er to make head again,
That hitherto he sits down by his loss;

[2] *Bind me.*] *i. e.* Oblige me.
[3] *Confirmed.*] *i. e.* Convinced.

Not daring, or for honour or revenge,
Again to tempt his fortune. But this victory
More broke our state, and made a deeper hurt
In Flanders, than the greatest overthrow
She e'er receiv'd: For Wolfort, now beholding
Himself and actions in the flattering glass
Of self deservings, and that cherish'd by
The strong assurance of his pow'r (for then
All captains of the army were his creatures,
The common soldier too at his devotion,
Made so by full indulgence to their rapines,
And secret bounties;) this strength too well known,
And what it could effect, soon put in practice,
As further'd by the childhood of the earl,
And their improvidence that might have pierc'd
The heart of his designs, gave him occasion
To seize the whole: And in that plight you find it.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
As a choice favour from you.

Her. Only I must add,
Bruges holds out.

Mer. Whither, sir, I am going;
For there last night I had a ship put in,
And my horse waits me.

Her. I wish you a good journey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.—A Room in Wolfort's *Palace.*

Enter WOLFORT, HUBERT, *and Attendants.*

Wol. What? Hubert stealing from me? Who disarm'd him?

'Twas more than I commanded. Take your sword,
I am best guarded with it in your hand;
I've seen you use it nobly.
Hub. And will turn it
On mine own bosom, ere it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.
Wol. Would you leave me
Without a farewell, Hubert? Fly a friend
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
What have I e'er possess'd which was not yours?
Or rather [4] did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches
Were by your fair reports of him preferr'd?
And what is more, I made myself your servant,
In making you the master of those secrets
Which not the rack of conscience could draw from me,
Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my prayers with;
Yet, after these assurances of love,
These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake me!
Forsake me as an enemy! Come, you must
Give me a reason.
Hub. Sir, and so I will;
If I may do't in private, and you hear it.
Wol. All leave the room.—You have your will; sit down, [*Exeunt all but* Wol. *and* Hub.
And use the liberty of our first friendship.
Hub. Friendship? When you prov'd traitor first, that vanish'd;
Nor do I owe you any thought but hate.
I know my flight hath forfeited my head;
And so I may make you first understand

[4] *Or* either *did not court you*, &c.] The sense requires us to read *rather* instead of *either*.—Ed. 1778.

What a strange monster you have made yourself,
I welcome it.
Wol. To me this is strange language.
Hub. To you? Why, what are you?
Wol. Your prince and master,
The earl of Flanders.
Hub. By a proper title?
Rais'd to it by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proscriptions!
Wol. And in all this wisdom,
Had I not reason, when, by Gerrard's plots,
I should have first been call'd to a strict account,
How, and which way I had consum'd that mass
Of money, as they term it, in the war;
Who under-hand had by his ministers
Detracted my great actions, made my faith
And loyalty suspected; in which failing,
He sought my life by practice.[5]
Hub. With what forehead
Do you speak this to me, who (as I know't)
Must and will say 'tis false?
Wol. My guard there!
Hub. Sir,
You bade me sit, and promis'd you would hear,
Which I now say you shall! Not a sound more!
For I, that am contemner of mine own,
Am master of your life! Then here's a sword
[*Draws.*
Between you and all aids, sir. Though you blind
The credulous beast, the multitude, you pass not
These gross untruths on me.

[5] —— *by practice.*] Shameful artifice, stratagem, or plot. So in Shakspeare's Measure for Measure:

"Thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful *practice.*"

Wol. How? gross untruths?
Hub. Ay, and it is favourable language;
They had been in a mean man lies, and foul ones.
Wol. You take strange licence.
Hub. Yes; were not those rumours,
Of being call'd unto your answer, spread
By your own followers? and weak Gerrard wrought,
(But by your cunning practice,) to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Punish'd by any formal course of law,
But first to be made sure, and have your crimes
Laid open after? which your quaint train taking,
You fled unto the camp, and there crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent life, and that,
Since you had 'scap'd the fury of the war,
You might not fall by treason: And for proof
You did not for your own ends make this danger,
Some that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth and took their oaths they had been
hir'd
By Gerrard to your murder. This once heard,
And easily believ'd, th' enraged soldier,
Seeing no further than the outward man,
Snatch'd hastily his arms, ran to the court,
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were servants, or thought friends to Ger-
rard,
Vowing the like to him.
Wol Will you yet end?
Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his son, the
earl,
Forsook the city, and by secret ways,
(As you give out, and we would gladly have it)
Escap'd their fury; tho' 'tis more than fear'd
They fell among the rest. Nor stand you there,
To let us only mourn the impious means

By which you got it; but your cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ills,
As if, compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of mischief. Do not stop your ears;
More are behind yet!
Wol. Oh, repeat them not:
'Tis hell to hear them nam'd!
Hub. You should have thought,
That hell would be your punishment when you did them!
A prince in nothing but your princely lusts
And boundless rapines!
Wol. No more, I beseech you.
Hub. Who was the lord of house or land, that stood
Within the prospect of your covetous eye?
Wol. You are in this to me a greater tyrant,
Than e'er I was to any.
Hub. I end thus
The general grief. Now to my private wrong,
The loss of Gerrard's daughter Jaculin,
The hop'd-for partner of my lawful bed,
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms;
And her I now was wand'ring to recover.
Think you that I had reason now to leave you,
When you are grown so justly odious,
That e'en my stay here, with your grace and favour,
Makes my life irksome? Here, surely take it![6]
And do me but this fruit of all your friendship,
That I may die by you, and not your hangman.
Wol. Oh, Hubert, these your words and reasons have

[6] *Here*, surely *take it*.] Mr Seward reads, "*Here*, sir, freely *take it*;" Mr Sympson and the last editors—"*securely* take it." The old reading is properly defended by Mason. "It is the stronger expression of the two; for *surely* implies, not only with security, but with certainty."

As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd heart,
As these tears from mine eyes: Despise them not!
By all that's sacred, I am serious, Hubert.
You now have made me sensible, what furies,
Whips, hangmen, and tormentors, a bad man
Does ever bear about him! Let the good
That you this day have done be ever number'd
The first of your best actions. Can you think
Where Florez is, or Gerrard, or your love,
Or any else, or all, that are proscrib'd?
I will resign what I usurp, or have
Unjustly forc'd. The days I have to live
Are too, too few, to make them satisfaction
With any penitence: Yet I vow to practise
All of a man.[7]

Hub. Oh, that your heart and tongue
Did not now differ!

Wol. By my griefs, they do not!
Take the good pains to search them out; 'tis worth it.
You have made clean a leper; trust me you have,
And made me once more fit for the society,
I hope, of good men.

Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.

Wol. Suspect not you
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow:
Make your own safeties; ask them[8] all the ties
Humanity can give! Hempskirke too shall

[7] —— *Yet I vow to practise all of a man.*] *i. e.* I vow to practise, during the few days which I have to live, every thing which a man ought to perform.

[8] *Make your own safeties; ask* them *all the ties humanity can give.*] Modern editors read—" ask *thee* all the ties," without giving any notice of the alteration, which the old reading does not

Along with you, to this so-wish'd discovery,
And in my name profess all that you promise:
And I will give you this help to't; I have
Of late receiv'd certain intelligence,
That some of them are in or about Bruges
To be found out; which I did then interpret
The cause of that town's standing out against me;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.

Hub. Be constant to your goodness, and you have it.[9] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bruges.—The Exchange.

Enter three Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this Goswin.

2 *Mer.* But short of what I could, yet have the country
Confirm'd it true, and by a general oath,[1]

require. "Make your own conditions of security; require for your safeties all the bonds or assurances which can be given by a man."

[9] You *have it.*] Mr Seward reads, "YOU'LL *have it,*" in his wanton eagerness of improving and correcting, where the text stands in no need of either the one or the other.

[1] ——— *Yet have the country*
Confirm'd *it true, and by a general oath,*
And not a man hazard his credit in it.] This is not grammar, nor, if it were, could it be supposed that the whole country had really taken an oath to the truth of this account. The mistake

And not a man hazard his credit in it.
He bears himself with such a confidence,
As if he were the master of the sea,
And not a wind upon the sailors' compass,
But from one part or other was his factor,
To bring him in the best commodities
Merchant e'er ventur'd for.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange.

2 *Mer.* And yet
This does in him deserve the least of wonder,
Compar'd with other his peculiar fashions,
Which all admire: He's young, and rich, at least
Thus far reputed so, that, since he liv'd
In Bruges, there was never brought to harbour
So rich a bottom, but his bill would pass
Unquestion'd for her lading.

3 *Mer.* Yet he still
Continues a good man.[2]

2 *Mer.* So good, that but
To doubt him, would be held an injury,
Or rather malice, with the best that traffic.
But this is nothing; a great stock and fortune,
Crowning his judgment in his undertakings,
May keep him upright that way: But that wealth
Should want the pow'r to make him doat on it,
Or youth teach him to wrong it, best commends

arose from the editors taking *have* for the sign of the perfect tense; whereas it is here not the auxiliary, but an active verb. *I could have the whole country to confirm what I say.* *Seward.*

I strongly suspect the grammatical error was the author's and not the editor's.

[2] *Continues a* good *man.*] A man of wealth and credit:—An idiom in use at the present day, and very properly ridiculed by Shakspeare, in his Merchant of Venice. The last editors interpret the words, "I mean a *good* one," in the following speech, in the same way; but there, as Mr Mason observes, the virtue, and not the wealth, of Goswin is extolled.

His constant temper. For his outward habit,
'Tis suitable to his present course of life;
His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties
That please the appetite only for their rareness,
Or their dear price; nor given to wine or women,
Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,
I mean a good one; and so loves his state,
He will not hazard it at play, nor lend
Upon the assurance of a well-penn'd letter,
Although a challenge second the denial,
From such as make the opinion of their valour
Their means of feeding.

1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,
And the means not curs'd.[3]

2 *Mer.* What follows, this
Makes[4] many venturers with him in their wishes
For his prosperity: For when desert
Or reason leads him to be liberal,
His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can add most to his free courtesies,
Or in their worth, or speed, to make them so.
Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower,
He is a father to her; or a soldier,
That in his country's service, from the war
Hath brought home only scars and want, his house

[3] *And the means not curs'd*] Modern editions read, "And *yet* the means not cursed;" silently, and without authority. They ought surely to have known that Fletcher never measured out verses by his fingers.

[4] Mer *What follows this,*
Makes—] The pointing was first properly regulated in the second folio, and renders any further alteration unnecessary. That of Seward, who adds the words "What follows" to the foregoing speech, is highly absurd. Mason proposes to place a sign of interrogation after these two words, and thus explains the passage: "What is the consequence? This makes many, &c." But the pointing of the second folio has exactly the same meaning.

Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he steward of it.
But I should lose myself to speak him further;
And stale, in my relation, the much good
You may be witness of, if your remove
From Bruges be not speedy.
  1 *Mer.* This report,
I do assure you, will not hasten it;
Nor would I wish a better man to deal with
For what I am to part with.
  3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your man and ours; only I wish
His too-much forwardness to embrace all bargains
Sink him not in the end.
  2 *Mer.* Have better hopes;
For my part, I am confident. Here he comes.

Enter GOSWIN[5] *and the fourth Merchant.*

Gos. I take it at your own rates, your wine of Cyprus;
But, for your Candy sugars, they have met
With such foul weather, and are priz'd so high,
I cannot save in them.
  4 *Mer.* I am unwilling
To seek another chapman. Make me offer
Of something near my price, that may assure me
You can deal for them.
  Gos. I both can, and will,
But not with too much loss: Your bill of lading
Speaks of two hundred chests, valued by you
At thirty thousand guilders; I will have them

[5] In the first folio, Goswin and Clause are called by their real names. The editors of the second saw the impropriety of this, and corrected it accordingly.

At twenty-eight; so, in the payment of
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap-

Gos. Why, look you, I'll deal fairly; there's in prison,
And at your suit, a pirate, but unable
To make you satisfaction, and past hope
To live a week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him: Set him free,
And you shall have your money to a stiver,
And present payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
A merchant of your rank, that have at sea
So many bottoms in the danger of
These water-thieves, should be a means to save 'em!
It more importing you, for your own safety,
To be at charge to scour the sea of them,
Than stay the sword of justice, that is ready
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.

Gos. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this captain
The wrong he did to you or any man.
I was lately with him (having first, from others'
True testimony, been assur'd a man
Of more desert never put from the shore)
I read his letters of mart[6] from this state granted
For the recov'ry of such losses, as
He had receiv'd in Spain; 'twas that he aim'd at,
Not at three tuns of wine, biscuit, or beef,
Which his necessity made him take from you.

[6] *Letters of mart.*] Cotgrave explains, "*Lettres de represaille*, letters (patents) of *mart* or *marque*;" from whence it appears that these words were used indiscriminately.

If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,
Or thrown your men o'erboard, then he deserv'd
The law's extremest rigour. But since want
Of what he could not live without, compell'd him
To that he did (which yet our state calls death)
I pity his misfortunes, and to work you
To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price: Save him, the goods are mine;
If not, seek elsewhere, I'll not deal for them.

4 *Mer.* Well, sir, for your love, I will once be led
To change my purpose.

Gos. For your profit rather.

4 *Mer.* I'll presently make means for his discharge,
'Till when, I leave you. [*Exit.*

2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble pity, guided
By a strong judgment.

2 *Mer.* Save you, Master Goswin!

Gos. Good day to all!

2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal
Of more commodities.

Gos. Are you the owners
Of the ship that last night put into the harbour?

1 *Mer.* Both of the ship and lading.

Gos. What's the freight?

1 *Mer.* Indigo, cochineal, choice China stuffs—

3 *Mer.* And cloth of gold, brought from Cambal.

Gos. Rich lading;
For which I were your chapman, but I am
Already out of cash.

1 *Mer.* I'll give you day
For the moiety of all.

Gos. How long?

3 *Mer.* Six months.

Gos. 'Tis a fair offer; which, if we agree
About the prices, I, with thanks, accept of,
And will make present payment of the rest.
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The gunner
Shall speak you welcome.

Gos. I'll not fail.

3 *Mer.* Good morrow! [*Exeunt Merchants.*

Gos. Heav'n grant my ships a safe return, before
The day of this great payment; as they are
Expected three months sooner; and my credit
Stands good with all the world.

Enter CLAUSE.

Clause. Bless my good master!
The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall
Be sent up for you.

Gos. God 'a mercy, Clause!
There's something to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.

Clause. May he that gave it you
Reward you for it, with increase, good master!

Gos. I thrive the better for thy pray'rs.

Clause. I hope so.
These three years have I fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your bless'd charity warm'd me;
And yet, good master, pardon me, that must,
Tho' I have now receiv'd your alms, presume
To make one suit more to you.

Gos. What is't, Clause?

Clause. Yet do not think me impudent, I beseech you,
Since hitherto your charity hath prevented
My begging your relief; 'tis not for money,

Nor clothes, good master, but your good word for
me.
Gos. That thou shalt have, Clause; for I think
thee honest.
Clause. To-morrow, then, dear master, take the
trouble
Of walking early unto Beggars' Bush;
And, as you see me, among others, brethren
In my affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.
Gos. But what will that advantage thee?
Clause. Oh, much, sir.
'Twill give me the pre-eminence of the rest,
Make me a king among 'em, and protect me
From all abuse such as are stronger might
Offer my age. Sir, at your better leisure,
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.
Gos. 'Troth, thou mak'st me wonder!
Have you a king and commonwealth among you?
Clause. We have, and there are states are go-
vern'd worse.
Gos. Ambition among beggars?
Clause. Many great ones
Would part with half their states,[7] to have the
place,
And credit, to beg in the first file, master.
But shall I be so much bound to your furtherance
In my petition?
Gos. That thou shalt not miss of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it:
I will be early there.
Clause. Heav'n bless my master! [*Exeunt.*

[7] *States.*] Estates.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Beggars' Bush, near Bruges.

Enter HIGGEN, FERRET, PRIGG, CLAUSE, JACULIN, SNAP, GINKS, *and other Beggars.*

Hig. Come, princes of the ragged regiment;
You of the blood, Prigg, my most *upright* lord,[8]
And these, what name or title e'er they bear,
Jarkman, or *patrico*, *cranke*, or *clapperdudgeon*,
Frater, or *abram-man*;[9] I speak to all

[8] *Upright lord.*] In the edition of 1778 the explanations of the canting terms are collected together at the end; but as many readers will not take the trouble of referring to such a glossary, they are here placed at the bottom of the page, as in Seward's edition. If the reader think the time ill bestowed upon illustrating this cant language, I refer to the words of the Jarkman in Ben Jonson's Masque of the Gypsies Metamorphosed. "If any man doubt of the significancy of the language, we refer him to the third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the laws of *canting*, and published in the gypsies' tongue."

"*Upright man* [which is left unexplained in the last editions], is the chief of all the ragged regiment: he walks like a commander, with a short truncheon in his hand, which he calls his *filchman*; pretends himself to be a decayed soldier, and claims a share in all the booties which any other inferior rogues do get: he hath all the *morts* and *doxies* at his back, and can command any other of the gang at pleasure."—*English Rogue*, II. 121.

[9] A *jarkman* is one that can write and read; yea, some of them have a smattering in the Latine tongue; which learning of theirs advances them in office amongst the beggars, as to be clerk of their hall, or the like. His employment is to make *gybes*, with *jarks* to them, which are counterfeit licences with seals."—*Ibid.*

That stand in fair election for the title
Of King of Beggars, with the command adjoining;
Higgen, your orator, in this inter-regnum,

p. 123. "These counterfeit *jerkes* (or seales) are graven with the point of a knife, upon a sticke's end, whose roundnesse may well be perceived from the circle of a well-turned seale; these for the most part bearing the ill-favoured shape of a *buhar's nab*, or a *prancer's nab*, (a dog's head, or a horse's,) and sometimes an unicorne's, and such like: the counterfeit jerke having no circle about the edges. Besides, in the passeport you shall lightly finde these words, viz. 'For Solomon saith, Who giveth to the poore, lendeth the Lord,' &c. 'And that constables shall help them to lodgings: And that curates shall perswade their parishioners, &c.' —*Dekkar's Villanies Discovered*, 1616, Sign. O 2. This author calls these rogues "Benfeakers of Jarkes." "In S. dwelt a benfeaker (he says) who took two shillings and sixpence for every passport that went out of his beggarly office: he counterfeited the seale of L. D."—*Ibid.*

"A *patrico* is their priest; every hedge is his parish, and every wandering rogue and whore his parishioner."—*English Rogue*, II. 123. "The parties (says Deckar) to be wedded, find out a dead horse, or any other beast, and standing one on one side, and the other on the other, the patrico bids them live together till death them part; and so, shaking hands, the wedding dinner is kept at the next ale-house they stumble into; where the music is nothing but knocking with cannes, and their dancing none but drunken brawls."

"Counterfeit *cranks* are such as pretend to have the falling sickness, and, by putting a piece of white soap into the corner of their mouths, will make the froth to come boiling forth, to cause pity in the beholders: they stare wildly with their eyes, to appear as if distracted; and go half naked, to move the greater compassion."—*English Rogue*, II. 122. Theobald absurdly interprets a crank, a genteel impostor, appearing in diverse shapes.

"A *clapperdogeon* is, in English, a beggar born: some call him a *palliard*, of which sorts there are two; first, natural; secondly, artificiall. This fellow, above all others that are in the regiment of rogues, goeth best armed against the cruelty of winter: He should be wise, for he loves to keepe himselfe warme, wearing a patched *castor* (a cloake) for his upper robe; under that a *togmans* (a gown,) with highe *stampers* (shoes,) the soles

That whilom was your *dommerer*,[1] doth beseech
you
All to stand fair, and put yourselves in rank,
That the first comer may, at his first view,

an inch thick, pegged, or else patches at his girdle, ready to be clapt on; a great *scue* (a browne dish) hanging at his girdle, and a tassell of thrummes to wipe it; a brace of greasie nightcaps on his head, and over them (lest he should catch a knavish colde) a hat (or *nabcheate;*) a good *filch* (or staffe) in his hand, having a little yron pegge in the end of it; a *bugher* (a little dogge) following him, with a smugge doxie, attired fit for such a roguish companion."—*Dekkar's Villanies Discovered*, sign. O 2. *vers.*

"A *frater* is one that, with a counterfeit patent, goeth about with a wallet at his back, and a black box at his girdle, to beg for some hospital or spittle-house."—*Engl. Rogue*, II. 121.

"The *abram cove* is a lusty strong rogue, who walketh with a *slade* about his *quarrons* (a sheete about his body,) *trining* (hanging) to his hammes, bandelier-wise, for all the world, as cut-purses and theeves weare their sheetes to the gallowes, in which their truls are to burie them. Oftentimes (because he scornes to follow any fashions of hose) he goes without breeches; a cut jerkin, with hanging sleeves, in imitation of our gallants, but no sattin or chamblet elbowes, for both his legges and armes are bare; having no *commission* to cover his body, that is to say, no shirt: a face staring like a Saracen; his hayre long and filthily knotted, for he keepes no barber; a good *filch* (or staffe) of growne ash, or else hazell, in his *fambler* (in his hand,) and sometimes a sharp sticke, on which he hangeth *ruffe-pecke* (bacon.) These, walking up and down the country, are more terrible to women and children than the name of Rawhead and Bloody-bones, Robin Good-fellow, or Hobgoblin. Some of these abrams have the letters E. and R. upon their armes; some have crosses, and some other mark, all of them carrying a blue colour: some weare an yron ring, &c. If you examine them how these letters or figures are printed upon their armes, they will tell you it is the marke of Bedlam."—*Dekkar*, sign. N 4. This description of beggars is admirably drawn by Shakspeare in his King Lear, where Edgar counterfeits madness, and is in every respect an *abram-man*.

[1] "Of these *dommerars* (who counterfeit dumbness) I never met but one, and that was at the house of one M. L. of L. This dommerar's name was W. Hee made a strange noise, shewing, by fingers acrosse, that his tongue was cut out at Chalkhill. In his

Make a free choice, to say up the question.[2]
Fer. Prigg. 'Tis done, Lord Higgen.
Hig. Thanks to Prince Prigg, Prince Ferret.
Fer. Well, pray, my masters all, Ferret be chosen;
Ye're like to have a merciful mild prince of me.
Prigg. A very tyrant I, an arrant tyrant,
If e'er I come to reign (therefore look to't!)
Except you do provide me *hum* enough,
And *lour* to *bouze*[3] with! I must have my capons
And turkies brought me in, with my green geese,
And ducklings in the season; fine fat chickens;
Or, if you chance where an eye[4] of tame pheasants
Or partridges are kept, see they be mine:
Or straight I seize on all your privilege,

hand he carried a sticke aboute a foote in length, and sharpe at both ends, which he would thrust into his mouth, as if hee meant to shew the stumpe of his tongue. But in doing so hee did of purpose hit his tongue with the sticke, to make it bleed, which, filling up his mouth, you could not for bloud perceive any tongue at all, because hee had turned it upwards, and with his sticke thrust it into his throate. But I caused him to be held fast by the strength of men, untill such time that, opening his teeth with the end of a small cudgel, I pluckt forth his tongue, and made him speak."—*Dekkar*, sign. O 2. *vers.*

[2] *To* say up *the question.*] Mr Seward reads, "*To* save us further *question.*" His alteration, though sense, is unwarranted and licentious; yet *to say up* is uncouth and obscure; though it may signify, deciding the *question*, by *saying* which he (the first comer) thinks the honestest of them.—Ed. 1778.

This is undoubtedly the proper explanation, nor is it peculiarly uncouth or obscure.

[3] *Hum*, strong liquor—*lour*, money—*bouze*, strong drink. The two latter explanations are from Dekkar.

[4] *An* eye *of tame pheasants.*] A brood of pheasants: So *eyases*, or *eyesses*, are young nestlings; and an *eyrie*, or *airie*, as it is more commonly spelt, is also a brood of birds, commonly hawks.

Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit,
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellies,
Forc'd eyes and teeth,[5] with your dead arms; not
leave you
A dirty clout to beg with on your heads,
Or an old rag with butter, frankincense,
Brimstone and resin, birdlime, blood, and cream,
To make you an old sore;[6] not so much soap
As you may foam with i' the falling-sickness;[7]
The very bag you bear, and the brown dish,
Shall be escheated. All your daintiest *dells*[8] too
I will deflower, and take your dearest *doxies*[9]

[5] *Forc'd eyes* and teeth.] Seward reads, "forc'd tongues," supposing that the allusion is to the tricks of dommerars, (described in note 1. on page 119,) and his variation is adopted by the last editors. But, as Mason observes, "they all forget that it was not in the power of Prigg, however tyrannical, to prevent their making what use they pleased of their own features. What he threatens to call in, are the artificial implements of imposture which beggars employ for the purpose of appearing blind or deformed."

[6] Dekkar gives a long receipt how the artificial sores are produced, but it is too disgusting to be repeated here. The ingredients recommended by him are unslaked lime and soap. "A browne paper with butter and waxe being applied, they are cured."—Sign. O.

[7] See the description of Cranks in a former note.

[8] *Dells.*] "Young ripe wenches, who have not lost their virginity, which the upright-man (*i. e.* the vilest, stoutest rogue in the pack) has a right to the enjoyment of; after which they are used in common by the whole fraternity."—*Collection of Canting words at the end of Bailey's Dictionary.*

[9] *Doxies.*] "Such as have been deflowered by the upright-men, and are after common to any of the brotherhood."—*Engl. Rogue*, I. 124. "At her backe she carrieth a great packe, covered with a patched safeguard, under which she conveyeth all such things as shee filcheth. Her skill sometimes is to tell fortunes, to helpe the diseases of women and children. As she walkes

From your warm sides; and then some one cold
night
I'll watch you what old barn you go to roost in,
And there I'll smother you all i' th' musty hay.

Hig. This is tyrant-like indeed: But what would
Ginks,
Or Clause be here, if either of them should reign?

Clause. Best ask an ass, if he were made a camel,
What he would be; or a dog, an he were a lion!

Ginks. I care not what you are, sirs, I shall be
A beggar still, I'm sure;—I find myself there.[1]

Enter GOSWIN.

Snap. Oh, here a judge comes.

Hig. Cry, a judge, a judge!

Gos. What ail you, sirs? what means this out-
cry?

Hig. Master,

she makes bals, or shirt-strings, (but now commonly they knit,) and weares in her hat a needle, with a thread at it. An excellent *angler* she is; for when her *cove mawnds* (begs) at any doore, if any poultrie ware be picking up their crummes near them, she feedeth them with bread, and hath a thread tyed to a hooked pin, baited for the nonce, which the chicken swallowing, is choaked, and conveyed under the *castor* (cloak.) Chickens, linnen, or woollen, or any thing that is worth the catching, comes into her net."—This is Dekkar's description of a clapperdogeon's doxy.

[1] *I find myself there.*] Ginks was a nobleman in disguise; he seems therefore to regret his long continuance in beggary, and to fear it will be for life. *I find myself there*, or in that state.
Seward.

"I find myself there," that is, I find it the fittest condition for me, and that a beggar's is my proper station. Ginks speaks this merely in the character of a beggar who did not aspire to the crown. *Mason.*

A sort[2] of poor souls met; God's fools, good master;
Have had some little variance 'mongst ourselves
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his call:[3] Now, 'cause we thought
We ne'er should 'gree on't ourselves, because indeed
'Tis hard to say; we all dissolv'd[4] to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your mastership,

[2] *A sort.*] *i. e.* A company. As in Every Man out of his Humour: "I speak it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but there's he and the count Frugale, Signior Illustre, Signior Luculento, and a *sort* of them," &c. Act II. sc. 3.

[3] — *in his* call.] *i. e.* calling. In the second folio this word is unnecessarily substituted for the one in the text.

[4] *We all* dissolv'd.] I rather think this is a mistake of the press, than a designed blunder, which would be proper to an ignorant clown, but not to so arch a beggar as Higgen, whose congratulatory speech, in the two next pages, has as much burlesque humour in it as almost any thing even in Hudibras; who evidently imitated it in his description of his hero's beard. In the latter part of it there is a banter on Shakspeare's prophecy of Queen Elizabeth and King James, at the end of Harry the Eighth, but so elegant and pretty, that it could give no offence. *Seward.*

Mr Seward alters *dissolv'd* to *resolv'd;* but Higgen speaks barbarously here, because, on the appearance of a stranger, he assumes the style of a beggar, *e. g.* *'termine it,* in the next line or two. So afterwards (and it is acknowledged to be part of their table of laws) to

——— *keep afoot*
The humble and the common style of begging,
Lest men discover us.——Ed. 1778.

So, in the *maund* or begging phrase of the clapperdogeons: "An the urship of God look out with your merciful eyne, one pitiful look upon sore, lame, grieved, and *impudent* (for impotent) people," &c.—*Dekkar,* Sign. O 3. That the mistake in the text was an intended one cannot, therefore, be doubted.

Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind serves
you,
Right, and no otherwise we ask it: Which,
Which does your worship think is he? Sweet
master,
Look o'er us all, and tell us; we are seven of us,
Like to the seven wise masters, or the planets.

Gos. I should judge this the man, with the
grave beard;
And if he be not——

Clause. Bless you, good master, bless you!

Gos. I would he were. There's something too
amongst you,
To keep you all honest. [*Gives money, and exit.*

Snap. King of Heav'n go with you!

All. Now good reward him;
May he never want it, to comfort still the poor,
In a good hour!

Fer. What is't? see: Snap has got it.

Snap. A good crown, marry.

Prigg. A crown of gold.

Fer. For our new king: Good luck!

Ginks. To the common treasury with it; if't
be gold,
Thither it must.

Prigg. Spoke like a patriot, Ginks! [5]
King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first, Clause,
After this golden token of a crown.
Where's orator Higgen with his gratuling[6] speech
now,
In all our names?

Fer. Here he is, pumping for it.

[5] *Spoke like a patriot,* Ferret—] So in the old copies. Corrected by Seward.

[6] *Gratuling.*] So the old copies. Modern editors alter the word, unnecessarily, to *gratulating*.

Ginks. He has cough'd the second time; 'tis but once more,
And then it comes.
Fer. So, out with all! Expect now——
Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable Clause,
Our king and sovereign, monarch o' the *maunders*,[7]
Thus we throw up our *nab-cheats*,[8] first for joy,
And then our *filches*;[9] last, we clap our *fambles*,[1]
Three subject signs, we do it without envy;
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em; all will say so,
Nay swear't; 'tis for the king; but let that pass.
When last in conference at the *bouzing-ken*,[2]
This other day we sat about our dead prince,
Of famous memory, (rest go with his rags!)

[7] *Maunders.*] Beggars.—*English Rogue*, I. 46.

[8] *Nab-cheats.*] Hats or caps.—*Dekkar*, Sign. M 2.

[9] *Filch.*] A staff. "Every one carries a short staffe in his hand, which is called a *filch*, having in the *nab* or head of it a *ferme*, (that is to say, a hole,) into which, upon any piece of service, when he goes a filching, he putteth a hook of yron, with which he angles at a window, in the dead of night, for shirts, smockes, or any other linnen or woollen; and for that reason is the staffe tearmed a filch. So that it is as certain that he is an angler for *duds* (clothes,) who hath a *ferme* in the *nab* of his *filch*, as that he is a theefe who, upon the highway, cryes 'stand,' and takes a purse. This staffe serveth to more uses than either the crosse-staffe or the Jacobs, but the uses are not so good nor so honest; for this filching staffe, being artificially handled, is able now and then to *mill a grunter*, a *bleating cheate*, a *red-shanke*, a *tib of the buttry*, and such like, or to *fib a cove's quarrons in the rome-pad, for his loure in his bung*; that is to say, to kill a pigge, a sheepe, a ducke, a goose, and such like, or to beat a man by the highway for the money in his purse."——*Dekkar's Villanies Discovered*, Sign. P.

[1] *Fambles.*] Hands.—*Dekkar*, Sign. M 3.

[2] *Bouzing-ken.*] Ale-house.—*Ibid.* From *bouze*, drink, and *ken*, a house.

And that I saw thee at the table's end
Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one crutch,
Lift the other like a sceptre at my head,
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be king,
And now thou art so. But what need presage
To us, that might have read it in thy beard,
As well as he that chose thee? By that beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty.
Oh, happy beard! but happier prince, whose beard
Was so remark'd, as marked out our prince,
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it
May live as safe as under Beggars' Bush,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

All. Excellent, excellent orator! Forward, good Higgen!
Give him leave to spit. The fine well-spoken Higgen!

Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-beard,
Under whose gold and silver reign, 'twas said,
So many ages since, we all should smile.
No impositions, taxes, grievances,
Knots in a state, and whips unto a subject,
Lie lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd[3] out:
If now the beard be such, what is the prince
That owes the beard?[4] A father? no, a grand-father,
Nay, the great-grand-father of you his people!
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,
When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you

[3] *Kemb'd.*] *i. e.* Combed. It is generally so written in our ancient authors.—*Reed.* First folio, *hem'd.* Corrected in the second.

[4] *That* owes *the beard.*] *Owe* in the sense of *own*, or possess, is very common in all the old writers. *Seward.*

The fattest of your puddings: Under him,
Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs and butter,
In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy
His own dear *dell, doxy,* or *mort* [5] at night
In his own straw, with his own shirt or sheet,
That he hath *filch'd* that day; ay, and possess
What he can purchase, *back* or *belly cheats,*[6]
To his own *prop*:[7] He will have no purveyors [8]
For pigs and poultry.

Clause. That we must have, my learned orator,
It is our will; and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.

Hig. Do you hear?
You must hereafter *maund* on your own *pads,* [9] he
says.

Clause. And what they get there is their own; Besides,
To give good words.

[5] *Dell, doxy, or mort.*] The reader is acquainted with the two former. Morts are of two kinds: *Walking morts,* who have borne *lullaby-cheats,* or young children, but were never married; and *autem-morts,* who are married generally to rufflers, upright-men, wild rogues, &c. According to Dekkar, the former are older than doxies, and profess themselves to be widows.

[6] *Back or belly cheats.*] Stolen apparel. *Belly-cheats,* aprons. —*Dekkar.*

[7] *To his own* prop.] Either to his own support, or else, by abbreviation, to his own property. *Theobald.*
I have not been able to discover any authority for these explanations, but think the latter the more probable one.

[8] *He will have no* purveyors.] Officers sent out to provide victuals for the monarch, chiefly when on a progress through the country. They were extremely oppressive, and of course frequently exclaimed against, and satirized in contemporary authors. Osborne relates a singular anecdote of a purveyor in Queen Elizabeth's reign.—See his Works, Edit. 1811, p. 53.

[9] Maund *on your own* pads.] *i. e.* "*Beg* on your own *roads,* which are assigned to you."

Hig. Do you mark? To *cut bene whids*;[1]
That is the second law.
Clause. And keep afoot
The humble and the common phrase of begging,
Lest men discover us.
Hig. Yes, and cry sometimes,
To move compassion. Sir, there is a table,
That doth command all these things, and enjoins 'em
Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd plasters,
And their torn passports, with the ways to stammer,
And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame.
There, all the halting paces are set down,
I' th' learned language.
Clause. Thither I refer 'em;
Those you at leisure shall interpret to them:
We love no heaps of laws, where few will serve.
All. Oh, gracious prince! 'Save, 'save the good King Clause!
Hig. A song to crown him!
Fer. Set a centinel out first.
Snap. The word?
Hig. A *cove* comes,[2] and "*fumbumbis*" to it.
[*Exit* SNAP.

[1] To *cut bene whids.*] This phrase is explained by the foregoing line. So in Dekkar's Bellman of London, 1616, Sign. M 3. "Stowe you beene cofe, and cut benar whiddes," is explained, "Hold your peace, good fellow, and speake better words."

[2] *A* cove *comes, and* fumbumbis *to it.*] A *cove* signifies a man not of the gang. *Fumbumbis* is explained by Theobald, probably without any authority but the context, "to your guard and postures." But I think with the last editors, that it was "rather a fancied watch-word than a cant term."

SONG.

Cast our caps and cares away :
This is beggars' holyday !
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where's so happy a prince as he ?
Where the nation lives so free,
And so merry as do we ?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest :
To the field we are not press'd ;
Nor are call'd into the town,
To be troubled with the gown.
Hang all offices, we cry,
And the magistrate too, by.
When the subsidy's increas'd,
We are not a penny sess'd ;
Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a straw.
All which happiness, he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

Enter SNAP, *and then* HUBERT *and* HEMPSKIRKE, *disguised.*

Snap. *A cove ! fumbumbis !*
Prigg. To your postures ! arm !
Hub. Yonder's the town : I see it.
Hemp. There's our danger,
Indeed, afore us, if our shadows [3] save not.
Hig. Bless your good worships !

[3] *Shadows.*] *i. e.* Disguises.—Ed. 1778.

Fer. One small piece of money——
Prigg. Among us all poor wretches.
Clause. Blind and lame.
Ginks. For his sake that gives all.
Hig. Pitiful worships!
Snap. One little doit.

Enter JACULIN.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you?
Fer. To buy a little bread.
Hig. To feed so many
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.
Prigg. Here be seven of us.
Hig. Seven, good master! oh, remember seven!
Seven blessings——
Fer. Remember, gentle worship.
Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly sins.
Prigg. And seven sleepers.[4]
Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing——
Alas, we had not a charity these three days.
Hub. There's amongst you all.
Fer. Heav'n reward you!
Prigg. Lord reward you!
Hig. The prince of pity bless thee!
Hub. Do I see? or is't my fancy that would have it so?
Ha, 'tis her face! Come hither, maid.
Jac. What ha' you,
Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n bun meat.

[4] *Seven sleepers.*] The legends relate that seven Christians, having fled from the persecution of the emperor Decian into a cave, slept there for the space of from two to four centuries, (chronologists wavering between these periods,) and awoke time enough to be visited by the emperor Theodosius. After they had related their miraculous nap, they sunk upon the ground and died.

You do not love me, do you? Catch me a butter-
fly,
And I'll love you again. When? can you tell?
Peace, we go a-birding. I shall have a fine thing!
[*Exit.*

Hub. Her voice too says the same; but, for my
head,
I would not that her manners were so chang'd.—
Hear me, thou honest fellow! what's this maiden,
That lives amongst you here?

Ginks.[5] Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. How? nothing but signs?

Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. This is strange!
I would fain have it her, but not her thus.

Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-
dude—dumb, sir.

[*Exeunt all the beggars but* SNAP.

Hub. 'Slid, they did all speak plain ev'n now,
methought.—
Dost thou know this same maid?

Snap. Whi-whi-whi-whi-which, gu-gu-gu-gu-
God's fool? She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the
barn yonder, by be-be-be-be-Beggars' Bush bo-
bo-Bush, her name is mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-Minche.[6]
So was her mo-mo-mo-mother's too-too.

Hub. I understand no word he says.—How long
Has she been here?

[5] Ginks is evidently the *dommerar* of the party, which office the orator Higgen formerly held, according to his speech at the beginning of this scene. He still pretends to stammer.

[6] *Her name is* my-my——match.] We at first thought *match* to be a corruption of *Madge;* but as Jaculin is in other parts of the play called *Minche,* we suppose it merely a typographical error.—Edit. 1778.

Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled,[7] an she ha' go-go-go-good luck.

Hub. I must be better informed, than by this way.
Here was another face too, that I mark'd
Of the old man's: But they are vanish'd all
Most suddenly: I will come here again.
Oh, that I were so happy as to find it
What I yet hope, it is put on![8]

Hemp. What mean you, sir,
To stay there with that stammerer?

Hub Farewell, friend!— [*Exit* SNAP.
It will be worth return, to search. Come,
Protect us our disguise now! Pr'ythee, Hemp-skirke,
If we be taken, how dost thou imagine
This town will use us, that hath stood so long
Out against Wolfort?

Hemp. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their walls a-sunning, to make crows' meat.
If I were not assur'd o' th' burgomaster,
And had a pretty 'scuse[9] to see a niece there,
I should scarce venture.

Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports. Good luck, and enter!
[*Exeunt*.

[7] *Nigled*.] To *niggle*, to company with a woman.—*Dekkar*.

[8] *Put on!*] Assumed.

[9] *'Scuse*.] An abbreviation of *excuse*. The second folio and all other editions read *excuse*.

SCENE II.

Bruges.—The Exchange.

Enter GOSWIN.

Gos. Still blow'st thou there? And, from all other parts,
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?
There's a conspiracy of winds and servants,
If not of elements, to ha' me break!
What should I think? Unless the seas and sands
Had swallow'd up my ships, or fire had spoil'd
My warehouses, or death devour'd my factors,[1]
I must ha' had some returns.

Enter two Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Save you, sir.
Gos. 'Save you.
1 *Mer.* No news yet o' your ships?
Gos. Not any yet, sir.
1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*
Gos. 'Tis true, sir.—What a voice was here now?
This was one passing-bell; a thousand ravens
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruins.
2 *Mer.* Goswin, good day! These winds are very constant.
Gos. They are so, sir, to hurt——
2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters
Lately from England, nor from Denmark?
Gos. Neither.

[1] *Factors.*] First folio—*facto.*

2 Mer. This wind brings them. Nor no news over land,
Through Spain, from the Straits?
Gos. Not any.
2 Mer. I am sorry, sir. [*Exit.*
Gos. They talk me down; and, as 'tis said of vultures,
They scent a field fought, and do smell the carcasses
By many hundred miles: So do these my wrecks,
At greater distances. Why, thy will, Heav'n,[2]
Come on, and be! Yet, if thou please preserve me
But in my own adventure here at home,
Of my chaste love, to keep me worthy of her,
It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill fortunes:
I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,
Methinks, with less than that, that ruins all.[3]
[*Exit.*

[2] *Why, thy will, Heaven, &c.*] This speech, as pointed in the old books, is rather obscure, but the meaning we take to be simply this: "Thy will, Heaven, be done! yet, if thou please to preserve me in my venture at home, that will counterbalance all my wrecks at sea. With less than that failure, I cannot be undone; but *that* would ruin me indeed."—Edit. 1778.

The latter part of this explanation is properly corrected in the following note.

[3] *I am not broken yet.*] Goswin means to say, that the hour of his bankruptcy was not yet arrived; and his resources were such that nothing ought to sink him but a general ruin. I cannot agree with the editors in thinking that he alludes to Gertrude in these two lines, though he does in those which precede them.—*Mason.*

SCENE III.

The same.—A Room in the House of Vandunke.

Enter VANDUNKE, HUBERT, HEMPSKIRKE, MARGARET, *and Boors.*

Vand. Captain, you're welcome; so is this your friend,
Most safely welcome; though our town stand out
Against your master, you shall find good quarter:
The troth is, we not love him.—Meg,[4] some wine
Let's talk a little treason, if we can
Talk treason 'gainst the traitors; by your leave, gentlemen,
We, here in Bruges, think he does usurp,
And therefore I'm bold with him.
Hub. Sir, your boldness
Haply[5] becomes your mouth, but not our ears,
While we're his servants; and as we come here,
Not to ask questions, walk forth on your walls,
Visit your courts of guard, view your munition,
Ask of your corn-provisions, nor inquire
Into the least, as spies upon your strengths;
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in passage or discourse, but what
We may with gladness, and our honesties, hear;
And that shall seal our welcome.

[4] *Meg.*] We have followed the first [folio] copy in the several names Vandunke's wife is called by. The latter editions, in all places, call her *Margaret*, at length; never making use of the familiar abbreviations.—Edit. 1778.

[5] *Haply.*] The oldest folio reads *happely*, undoubtedly meant to be read as a dissyllable in this place; though *happily*, the reading of the second folio, likewise means *accidentally*.

Vand. Good: Let's drink then.—
Madge, fill out!—I keep mine old pearl still,
captain.
Marg. I hang fast, man.
Hemp. Old jewels commend their keeper, sir.
Vand. Here's to you with a heart, my captain's
friend,
With a good heart! and if this make us speak
Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,
Forgotten: Drown all memory, when we drink!
Hub. 'Tis freely spoken, noble Burgomaster;
I'll do you right.
Hemp. Nay, sir, Minheer Vandunke
Is a true statesman.
Vand. Fill my captain's cup there!—
Oh, that your master Wolfort had been an honest
man!
Hub. Sir!
Vand. Under the rose.
Hemp. Here's to you, Marget.
Marg. Welcome, welcome, captain
Vand. Well said, my pearl, still.
Hemp. And how does my niece?
Almost a woman, I think? This friend of mine
I drew along with me, through so much hazard,
Only to see her: She was my errand.
Vand. Ay, a kind uncle you are—(fill him his
glass)—
That in seven years could not find leisure——
Hemp. No,
It's not so much.
Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't:
It was before the Brabander 'gan his war,
For moon-shine i' the water there,[6] his daughter
That ne'er was lost: Yet you could not find time

[6] An allusion to the well-known fable of the wolf who was led

1

To see a kinswoman: But she is worth the seeing, sir,
Now you are come. You ask if she were a woman?
She is a woman, sir,—(fetch her forth, Margee!)—
And a fine woman, and has suitors. [*Exit* MARG.

Hemp. How?
What suitors are they?

Vand. Bachelors; young burghers:
And one, a gallant; the young prince of merchants
We call him here in Bruges.

Hemp. How? a merchant?
I thought, Vandunke, you had understood me better,
And my niece too, so trusted to you by me,
Than to admit of such in name of suitors.

Vand. Such? He is such a such, as, were she mine,
I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.

Hemp. But the same things, sir, fit not you and me. [*Exit.*

Vand. Why, give's some wine, then; this will fit us all. [*Drinks.*
Here's to you still, my captain's friend, all out!
And still, 'would Wolfort were an honest man!
Under the rose I speak it.—But this merchant
Is a brave boy: He lives so, i' the town here,
We know not what to think on him: At some times
We fear he will be bankrupt; he does stretch,
Tenter[7] his credit so; embraces all;

by the fox to a well, where, seeing the moon reflected in the water, he plunged in, taking the reflection for a cheese.

[7] *Tenter his credit so.*] *i. e.* Stretches it to the utmost extent, as cloth is expanded upon tenter-hooks.

And, to't, the winds have been contrary long.
But then, if he should have all his returns,
We think he would be a king, and are half sure
on't.—
Your master is a traitor for all this,
Under the rose—(here's to you!)—and usurps
The earldom from a better man.

Hub. Ay, marry, sir,
Where is that man?

Vand. Nay, soft! An I could tell you,
'Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand!
I love not Wolfort: Sit you still with that.—
Here comes my captain again, and his fine niece,
And there's my merchant; view him well.—Fill
wine here!

Enter Hempskirke, Gertrude, *and* Goswin.

Hemp. You must not only know me for your
uncle
Now, but obey me: You, go cast yourself
Away, upon a dunghill here! a merchant!
A petty fellow! one that makes his trade
With oaths and perjuries!

Gos. What is that you say, sir?
If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you'd speak to me, sir.

Hemp. Sir, I do say, she is no merchandize;
Will that suffice you?

Gos. Merchandize, good sir?
Tho' you be kinsman to her, take no leave thence
To use me with contempt: I ever thought
Your niece above all price.

Hemp. And do so still, sir.
I assure you, her rate's at more than you are
worth.

Gos. You do not know what a gentleman's worth, sir,
Nor can you value him.
Hub. Well said, merchant!
Vand. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.
Hemp. A gentleman?
What, of the wool-pack? or the sugar-chest?
Or lists of velvet? Which is't, pound, or yard,
You vent your gentry by?
Hub. Oh, Hempskirke, fie!
Vand. Come, do not mind 'em; drink!—He is no Wolfort,
Captain, I advise you.
Hemp. Alas, my pretty man,
I think't be angry, by its look: Come hither,
Turn this way a little: If it were the blood
Of Charlemagne, as't may, for aught I know,
Be some good botcher's issue, here in Bruges——
Gos. How?
Hemp. Nay, I'm not certain of that; of this I am,
If it once buy and sell, its gentry's gone.
Gos. Ha, ha!
Hemp. You're angry, though you laugh.
Gos. No, now 'tis pity
Of your poor argument. Do not you, the lords
Of land, (if you be any,) sell the grass,
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese——
Vand. And butter:
Remember butter; do not leave out butter.
Gos. The beefs and muttons, that your grounds are stor'd with?
Swine, with the very mast, beside the woods?
Hemp. No, for those sordid uses we have tenants,
Or else our bailiffs.

Gos. Have not we, sir, chapmen,
And factors, then, to answer these? Your honour,
Fetch'd from the heralds' A B C, and said over
With your court faces, once an hour, shall never
Make me mistake myself. Do not your lawyers
Sell all their practice, as your priests their prayers?
What is not bought and sold? The company
That you had last, what had you for't, i'faith?

Hemp You now grow saucy.

Gos. Sure,[8] I have been bred
Still with my honest liberty, and must use it.

Hemp. Upon your equals then.

Gos. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.

Hemp. Do you hear? No more!

Gos. Yes, sir, this little, I pray you,
And it shall be aside; then, after, as you please!
You appear the uncle, sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your scorns
With so much scoffing, and so much shame,
As each strive which is greater: But, believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk.
Do not presume, because you see me young;
Or cast despites on my profession,
For the civility and tameness of it.
A good man bears a contumely worse
Than he would do an injury. Proceed not
To my offence: Wrong is not still successful;

[8] Sure *I have been bred.*] This reading, if admitted, would make him doubt whether he had been bred with an honest liberty or no. But I believe it a mere typographical error. *Seward.*

Mr Seward reads, SIR, *I have been bred,* &c. *Sure* does not imply *doubt,* but *affirmation.* We have therefore followed the old copies.—Edit. 1778.

Indeed it is not. I would approach your kinswoman
With all respect done to yourself and her.
[*Takes hold of* GERTRUDE'S *hand.*

Hemp. Away, companion![9] handling her? take that. [*Strikes him.*

Gos. Nay, I do love no blows, sir: There's exchange!
[*He gets* HEMPSKIRKE'S *sword, and cuts him on the head.*

Hub Hold, sir!

Marg. Oh, murder!

Gert. Help my Goswin.

Marg. Man![1]

Vand. Let 'em alone. My life for one!

Gos. Nay, come,
If you have will.

Hub. None to offend you I, sir.

Gos. He that had, thank himself! Not hand her? Yes, sir,
And clasp her, and embrace her; and (would she
Now go with me) bear her thro' all her race,
Her father, brethren, and her uncles, arm'd,
And all their nephews, tho' they stood a wood
Of pikes and wall of cannon!—Kiss me, Gertrude!
Quake not, but kiss me!

Vand. Kiss him, girl; I bid you.—
My merchant-royal! Fear no uncles! Hang 'em,
Hang up all uncles! Are we not in Bruges,
Under the rose, here?

Gos. In this circle, love,

[9] *Away, companion.*] A common term of contempt in our authors' days.

[1] *Man.*] *i. e.* Husband, with which signification it is still used in Scotland.

Thou art as safe as in a tower of brass.
Let such as do wrong, fear.

Vand. Ay, that is good;
Let Wolfort look to that.

Gos. Sir, here she stands,
Your niece, and my belov'd. One of these titles
She must apply to: If unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown, or voice, or other art,[a] shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in't!—Come, my joy,
Say thou art mine aloud, love, and profess it.

Vand. Do; and I drink to it.

Gos. Pr'ythee say so, love.

Gert. 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes;—
(Do not you play the tyrant, sweet!)—they speak it.

Hemp. I thank you, niece.

Gos. Sir, thank her for your life;
And fetch your sword within.

[a] *Other* art.] So the old copies. Mr Theobald altered the last word to act. But, as Mr Mason observes, "ancient dramatic writers frequently use these two words to express the same idea." The editors of the edition of 1750 introduced, and those of 1778 continued the same alteration in the following passage of the Custom of the Country:

"Tho' my desires were loose, from unchaste *art*,
Heaven knows I am free."

And in the following lines of Shakspeare *act* is used in the sense of *art*.

"——— so work the honey bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The *act* of order to a peopled kingdom."
Henry V. Act V. Sc. II.

Mr Malone, however, in a note on this passage, explains *act* to signify statute or law.

Hemp. You insult too much
With your good fortune, sir.
[*Exeunt* GOS. *and* GERT.

Hub A brave clear spirit!—
Hempskirke, you were to blame: A civil habit
Oft covers a good man; and you may meet,
In person of a merchant, with a soul
As resolute and free, and all ways worthy,
As else in any file of mankind. Pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?

Hemp. 'Tis done now;
Ask no more of it; I must suffer. [*Exit.*

Hub. This
Is still the punishment of rashness—sorrow.
Well, I must to the woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my inquiries further.

Vand. Ha!
A looking-glass![3]

Hub. How now, brave Burgomaster?

Vand. I love no Wolforts, and my name's Vandunke.

Hub. Van-drunk it's rather. Come, go sleep within.

Vand. Earl Florez is right heir; and this same Wolfort,—
Under the rose I speak it——

Hub. Very hardly.[4]

Vand. Usurps; and a rank traitor, as e'er breath'd,

[3] *A looking-glass.*] Does not Vandunke here, now grown quite fuddled, call for an utensil at this day known among drinkers by the name of a *looking-glass*?—Edit. 1778.

The interpretation of the editors is certainly right, as the word is used with the same meaning in the old English translation of Drunken Barnaby's Journal, edit. 1805, p. 41.

[4] *Very hardly.*] i. e. You speak it with great difficulty.

And all that do uphold him. Let me go;
No man shall hold me [up],[5] that upholds him.
Do you uphold him?

Hub. No.

Vand. Then hold me up. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter GOSWIN *and* HEMPSKIRKE.

Hemp. Sir, I presume you have a sword of your own,
That can so handle another's.

Gos. 'Faith, you may, sir.

Hemp. And you've made me have so much better thoughts of you,
As I am bound to call you forth.

Gos. For what, sir?

Hemp. To the repairing of mine honour, and hurt here.

Gos. Express your way.

Hemp. By fight, and speedily.

Gos. You have your will. Require you any more?

Hemp. That you be secret, and come single.

Gos. I will.

Hemp. As you're the gentleman you would be thought!

Gos. Without the conjuration: And I'll bring
Only my sword, which I will fit to yours.
I'll take its length within.

Hemp. Your place now, sir?

Gos. By the sand-hills.

[5] *No man shall hold me.*] So both the old folios, which Seward seldom deigned to consult. He says the old reading was, "No man shall hold *he*." Probably the passage stood so in the edition of 1711. He very triumphantly introduces, as a new reading, "No man shall hold *me up*." The latter particle undoubtedly is properly inserted, as appears by Vandunke's next speech.

Hemp. Sir, nearer to the woods,
If you thought so, were fitter.
Gos. There, then.
Hemp. Good.
Your time?
Gos. 'Twixt seven and eight.
Hemp. You'll give me, sir,
Cause to report you worthy of my niece,
If you come, like your promise.
Gos. If I do not,
Let no man think to call me unworthy first!
I'll do't myself, and justly wish to want her.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Village near Bruges.

Enter three or four Boors.

1 *Boor.* Come, English beer, hostess, English beer by th' barrel![6]
2 *Boor.* Stark[7] beer, boy, stout and strong beer! So, sit down, lads,

[6] *English beer by th'* belly.] So the old folios. Corrected by Sympson.

[7] Stark *beer.*] i. e. Strong, in the Dutch and German languages, as well as in old English and Scotch. The old folio reads *start.* Corrected in the second. English strong beer differed from *ale*, in

And drink me upsey-Dutch![8] Frolic, and fear not.

being made only from hops. Both seem to have been in high repute, as will appear from the following passage, in a letter from Howel to his father, dated Paris, Dec. 10, 1622: "When I was indifferently well recovered, some of the doctors and chirurgeons that tended me gave me a visit; and, among other things, they fell into discourse of wines, which was the best, and so by degrees they fell upon other beverages; and one doctor in the company, who had been in England, told me that we have a drink in England called ale, which, he thought, was the wholesomest liquor that could go into one's guts; for whereas the body of man is supported by two columns, viz. the natural heat and radical moisture, he said, there is no drink conduceth more to the preservation of the one, and the increase of the other, than ale; for while the Englishmen drank only ale, they were strong, able, brawny men, and could draw an arrow an ell long; but when they fell to wine and beer, they are found to be much impaired in their strength and age: so the ale bore away the bell among the doctors."

[8] *Upsey-Dutch.*] This odd expression occurs in the Alchemist of Ben Jonson, act iv. scene vi, upon which passage Mr Whalley gives us the following note:

"Mr Sympson asks, 'What is *upsee-Dutch?*' to which Mr Seward replies, 'I wish I could answer Mr Sympson's question; but I can find no such word in any dictionary or glossary of mine.' The expression, with a little difference, occurs again in the fourth scene of the fourth act of the same play, and is applied to a wassel:

> 'Prig. ——— *I for the structure,*
> *Which is the bowl*
> Hig. *Which must be* upsey-English,
> *Strong, lusty London beer*'

"Indeed, no dictionary or glossary will help us to the phrase; but I will endeavour to assign a meaning, which, as it gives a consistent sense to these different places, may probably be the true one. It is a proverbial expression, and is used as proverbs frequently are, in some little latitude of sense. In Jonson, '*tis upsey-Dutch*, signifies it is like a drunken Dutchman's eye; *your eye is dull, and hath a heavy cast*, like a Dutchman's in liquor, or, as we say proverbially, 'Who is seas over.' That is the original of the phrase. *Upsee* is a corruption from the Dutch *op-zee*, which is literally *over-sea*; and 'tis probable we borrowed that proverb

Enter HIGGEN, *like a sow-gelder, singing.*

Hig. *Have ye any work for the sow-gelder, hoa?*
My horn goes to high, to low, to high, to low!
Have ye any pigs, calves, or colts,
Have ye any lambs in your holts,
To cut for the stone?
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any braches[9] *to spade,*
Or e'er a fair maid

from Holland. In Fletcher, the phrase to drink *upsee-Dutch*, means to drink as Dutchmen, or the same liquor which they do, till we are drunk like them. The other term must in like manner be explained by the epithet English; so that *upsey-English* is drinking the liquor which Englishmen usually get drunk with; and that is truly explained in the following line to be strong beer."

To this explanation of Mr Whalley's we shall only add, that the word *upsee* appears to have been well understood in our authors' time, as applicable to drunkenness. In a pamphlet by Thomas Dekkar, entitled, The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London, 1606, 4to., we find the following passage, p. 3. "The day was proclaymed holiday in all the wardes. Every prisoner swore, if he would stay amongst them, they would take no order about their debts, because they would lye by it too; and for that purpose swarmed about him like bees about comfit-makers, and were drunke according to all the learned rules of drunkenness, as *upsy-freeze*, crambo, parmizant, &c.; the pimples of this rank and full-humor'd joy rising thus in their faces," &c. *Reed.*

Also, in the same author's Gul's Hornbook—"Teach me, thou sovereign skinker, how to take the German's *upsy-freeze*, the Danish rousa, the Switzer's stoop of rhenish," &c. And in Massinger's Virgin Martyr—"Bacchus, the god of brewed wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, *upsy-freezy* tipplers, and supernaculum takers." It is to be lamented that Mr Gifford, in his excellent edition of Massinger, has left these, and innumerable other phrases, unexplained, for no other reason than their occurring in scenes of ribaldry.

[9] *Braches.*] There has been great controversy respecting the true meaning of this word, among the commentators of Shakspeare. The present passage evidently supports the interpretation

That would be a nun?
Come, kiss me, 'tis done.
Hark, how my merry horn doth blow,
To high, to low, to high, to low!

1 *Boor.* Oh, excellent! Two-pence a-piece, boys, two-pence a-piece!
Give the boy some drink there! Piper, whet your whistle!
Canst tell me a way now, how to cut off my wife's concupiscence?

Hig. I'll sing you a song for't.

SONG.

Take her, and hug her,
And turn her, and tug her,
And turn her again, boy, again;
Then if she mumble,
Or if her tail tumble,
Kiss her amain, boy, amain!

Do thy endeavour
To take off her fever,
Then her disease no longer will reign
If nothing will serve her,
Then thus to preserve her,
Swinge her amain, boy, amain!

Give her cold jelly,
To take up her belly,
And once a day swinge her again.
If she stand all these pains,
Then knock out her brains,
Her disease no longer will reign.

of Warton, who explains the word to mean a male hound in general, which he supports by some very convincing quotations from ancient authors. See, however, "The Scornful Lady," vol. II. p. 141.

1 *Boor*. More excellent, more excellent, sweet sow-gelder!

2 *Boor*. Three-pence a-piece, three-pence a-piece!

Hig. Will you hear a song how the devil was gelded?

3 *Boor*. Ay, ay; let's hear the devil roar, sow-gelder.

SONG.—*By* HIGGIN.[1]

He ran at me first in the shape of a ram,
And over and over the sow-gelder came;
I rose and I halter'd him fast by the horn,
I pluck'd out his stones, as you'd pick out a corn.
Baa! quoth the devil, and forth he slunk,
And left us a carcass of mutton that stunk.

The next time, I rode a good mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a calf;
I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil;
He was here at his best but a sucking devil.[2]
Maa! yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after for excellent veal.

Some half a year after, in the form of a pig,
I met with the rogue, and he look'd very big;
I catch'd at his leg, laid him down on a log,
Ere a man could fart twice, I had made him a hog.
Owgh! quoth the devil, and forth gave a jerk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of the perk.[3]

[1] This was one of the songs recovered by the editors of the second folio, as it is not to be found in the first.

[2] *A sucking devil.*] So the old copy. Modern editors read, unwarrantably—a *young* sucking devil. Three lines after, they omit the article *the*, and read—" in form of a pig."

[3] *Perk.*] *i. e.* Pork, for the rhyme's sake.

Enter PRIGG *and* FERRET, *disguised as a juggler and a piper:*

Prigg. Will ye see any feats of activity,
Some slight of hand, leger-de-main? Hey pass,
Presto, be gone there?

2 Boor. Sit down, juggler.

Prigg. Sirrah, play you your art well. Draw near, piper!
Look you, my honest friends, you see my hands;
Plain dealing is no devil. Lend me some money;
Twelve-pence a-piece will serve.

1, 2 Boor. There, there!

Prigg. I thank ye,
Thank ye heartily! When shall I pay ye?

All the Boors. Ha, ha, ha! by th' mass, this was a fine trick.

Prigg. A merry slight toy. But now I'll shew your worships
A trick indeed.

Hig. Mark him well now, my masters.

Prigg. Here are three balls; these balls shall be three bullets,
One, two, and three: *Ascentibus, malentibus.*
Presto, be gone! They are vanish'd. Fair play, gentlemen!
Now, these three, like three bullets, from your three noses
Will I pluck presently. Fear not; no harm, boys.
Titire, tu patulæ.

[*Pulls the Boors' noses, while* FERRET *picks their pockets.*

1 Boor. Oh, oh, oh!

Prigg. Recubans sub jermine fagi.

2 Boor. You pull too hard; you pull too hard!

Prigg. Stand fair then.
Silver-tram trim-tram.

3 *Boor*. Hold, hold, hold!

Prigg. Come aloft, bullets three, with a whim-wham!—
Have ye their monies?

[*Apart to* HIGGEN *and* FERRET.

Hig. Yes, yes.

1 *Boor*. Oh, rare juggler!

2 *Boor*. Oh, admirable juggler!

Prigg. One trick more yet.
Hey, come aloft! *Sa, sa, flim, flum, taradumbis!*
East, west, north. south, now fly like Jack with a *bumbis!*
Now all your money's gone: Pray search your pockets.

1 *Boor*. Humh!

2 *Boor*. He!

3 *Boor*. The devil a penny's here!

Prigg. This was a rare trick.

1 *Boor*. But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.

Prigg. I'll do ye that too. Look upon me earnestly,
And move not any ways your eyes from this place,
This button here. Pow, whir, whiss! Shake your pockets.

1 *Boor*. By th' mass, 'tis here again, boys.

Prigg. Rest ye merry!
My first trick has paid me.

All the Boors. Ay, take it, take it,
And take some drink too.

Prigg. Not a drop now, I thank you.—
Away, we are discover'd else.

[*Exeunt* HIG. PR. FER.

Enter CLAUSE, *like a blind aquavitæ-man, and a boy, who sings this song.*

Bring out your cony-skins, fair maids, to me,
And hold 'em fair, that I may see:

Grey, black, and blue: For your smaller skins,
I'll give ye looking-glasses, pins:
And for your whole cony, here's ready, ready money.
Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin
With thy black, black, black coney-skin;
And Mary then, and Jane will follow
With their silver-hair'd skins, and their yellow.
The white cony-skin I will not lay by,
For, though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye;
The grey, it is warm, but yet for my money,
Give me the bonny, bonny black cony.
Come away, fair maids, your skins will decay:
Come and take money, maids; put your ware away.
Cony-skins! cony-skins! Have ye any cony-skins?
I have fine bracelets, and fine silver pins.

Clause. Buy any brand-wine, buy any brand-wine?[4]

Boy. Have ye any cony-skins?

2 *Boor.* My fine canary bird, there's a cake for thy worship.

1 *Boor.* Come, fill, fill, fill, fill, suddenly! Let's see, sir,
What's this?

Clause. A penny, sir.

1 *Boor.* Fill till't be six-pence,
And there's my *pig.*[5]

Boy. This is a counter, sir.

1 *Boor.* A counter! Stay ye; what are these then?
Oh, execrable juggler! Oh, damn'd juggler!
Look in your hose, hoa! this comes of looking forward.

[4] *Brand wine.*] *Brandy*, and other spirits, are called *brand wine* in the Low Countries and Germany.

[5] *Pig.*] Sixpence. So explained by Theobald.

3 *Boor*. Devil a Dunkirk! What a rogue's this juggler!
This hey pass, repass! he has repass'd us sweetly.

2 *Boor*. Do ye call these tricks?

Enter HIGGEN, *disguised as a buyer of old gold and silver lace.*

Hig. Have ye any ends of gold or silver?

2 *Boor*. This fellow comes to mock us. Gold or silver? cry copper!

1 *Boor*. Yes, my good friend,
We have e'en an end of all we have.

Hig. 'Tis well, sir;
You have the less to care for. Gold and silver!
[*Exit*.

Enter PRIGG, *disguised as an old clothes-man.*

Prigg. Have ye any old cloaks to sell, have ye any old cloaks to sell? [*Exit*.

1 *Boor*. Cloaks! Look about ye, boys; mine's gone!

2 *Boor*. A pox juggle 'em![6]
Pox on their prestoes! Mine's gone too!

3 *Boor*. Here's mine yet.

1 *Boor*. Come, come, let's drink then. More brand-wine!

Boy. Here, sir.

1 *Boor*. If e'er I catch your sow-gelder, by this hand I'll strip him.

[6] *A —— juggle 'em!*
—— o' their prestoes!] This *hiatus* very frequently occurs in our authors' plays. We suppose they wrote, *A* pox, *&c.*, and that a false delicacy in the editors induced them to leave the *hiatus*.—Edit. 1778.—These omissions were not occasioned by the delicacy of the editors, but by the severe scrutiny of the plays, when under the hands of the Master of the Revels.

Were ever fools so ferkt?[7] We have two cloaks yet,
And all our caps; the devil take the flincher.
All the Boors. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw!

Enter HEMPSKIRKE.

Hemp. Good den,[8] my honest fellows!
You're merry here, I see.
3 Boor. 'Tis all we have left, sir.
Hemp. What hast thou? Aquavitæ?
Boy. Yes.
Hemp. Fill out then;
And give these honest fellows round.
All the Boors. We thank ye.
Hemp. May I speak a word in private to ye?
All the Boors. Yes, sir.
Hemp. I have a business for you, honest friends,
If you dare lend your help, shall get you crowns.
Clause Ha!
Lead me a little nearer, boy.
1 Boor. What is't, sir?
If it be any thing to purchase money,
(Which is our want) command us.
All the Boors. All, all, all, sir.
Hemp. You know the young spruce merchant in Bruges?
2 Boor. Who? Master Goswin?
Hemp. That; he owes me money,
And here in town there is no stirring of him.
Clause. Say you so? [*Aside.*

7 *Ferkt.*] *i. e.* Cheated, fobbed.—Edit. 1778.

8 *Good* do'n.] So the old copies. Seward reads, *Good ev'n*, and the last editors introduced the word in the text, which, however, does not mean "Good day," as they suppose, but "Good evening."

Hemp. This day, upon a sure appointment,
He meets me a mile hence, by the chase-side,
Under the row of oaks; do you know it?
All the Boors. Yes, sir.
Hemp. Give 'em more drink!—There, if you dare but venture,
When I shall give the word, to seize upon him,
Here's twenty pound.
3 *Boor.* Beware the juggler!
Hemp. If he resist, down with him, have no mercy.
1 *Boor.* I warrant you, we'll hamper him.
Hemp. To discharge you,
I have a warrant here about me.
3 *Boor.* Here's our warrant;
This carries fire i' th' tail. [*Shewing his cudgel.*
Hemp. Away with me then; the time draws on.—
I must remove so insolent a suitor,
And, if he be so rich, make him pay ransom
Ere he see Bruges tow'rs again. Thus wise men
Repair the hurts they take by a disgrace,
And piece the lion's skin with the fox's case.
Clause. I'm glad I've heard this sport yet. [*Aside.*
Hemp. There's for thy drink. Come, pay the house within, boys,
And lose no time.
Clause. Away, with all our haste too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Forest near Bruges.

Enter GOSWIN.

Gos. No wind blow fair yet? No return of monies,
Letters, nor any thing to hold my hopes up?
Why, then, 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably,
My credit I was built on, sinking with me!
Thou boist'rous North wind, blowing my misfortunes,
And frosting all my hopes to cakes of coldness,
Yet stay thy fury! Give the gentle South
Yet leave to court those sails that bring me safety!
And you, auspicious fires,[9] bright twins in Heav'n,
Dance on the shrouds! He blows still stubbornly,
And on his boist'rous rack[1] rides my sad ruin.
There is no help, there can be now no comfort;
To-morrow, with the sun-set, sets my credit.

[9] *And you, auspicious fires, &c.*] The bright twins in heaven are Castor and Pollux, who were supposed to have been converted into stars, and form the constellation Gemini. When certain electrical exhalations appeared in a storm, about the shrouds of a ship, it was formerly considered as a fortunate omen, and attributed to the presence of Castor and Pollux. *Mason.*

The same superstition prevails still in the Mediterranean; only the auspicious Pagan twins have been converted into the Christian San Elmo, whose proper name is said to have been San Pedro Gonzales Telmo. The same lights are also denominated Corpo Santo.

[1] *Rack.*] The present passage supports Mr Malone's interpretation of this word strongly: "A body of clouds, or rather the *course of clouds in motion.*"

Oh, misery! thou curse of man, thou plague,
I'th' midst of all our strength,[1] thou strikest us!
My virtuous love is lost too: All, what I have
been,
No more hereafter to be seen than shadow!
To prison now! Well, yet there's this hope left
me;
I may sink fairly under this day's venture,
And so to-morrow's cross'd, and all those curses.
Yet manly I'll invite my fate: Base Fortune
Shall never say, she 'as cut my throat in fear.
This is the place his challenge call'd me to,
And was a happy one at this time for me;
For let me fall before my foe i' th' field,
And not at bar, before my creditors!

Enter HEMPSKIRKE.

He has kept his word. Now, sir, your sword's
tongue only,
Loud as you dare; all other language——
Hemp. Well, sir,
You shall not be long troubled. Draw!
Gos. 'Tis done, sir;
And now, have at you!
Hemp. Now!

Enter Boors.

Gos. Betray'd to villains! Slaves, ye shall buy
me bravely!
And thou, base coward—— [*Fight.*

[1] Of *all our strength.*] The monosyllable *of* was added in the second folio. In the next line the first reads *toss'd.*

Enter CLAUSE *and Beggars.*

Clause. Now upon 'em bravely!
Conjure 'em soundly, boys! [*Beating them.*
Boors. Hold, hold!
Clause. Lay on, still!
Down with that gentleman-rogue, swinge him to syrup!—
Retire, sir, and take breath.—Follow, and take him;
Take all; 'tis lawful prize.
Boors. We yield.
Clause Down with 'em
Into the wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em,[3] swinge 'em!
Knock me their brains into their breeches!
Boors. Hold, hold! [*Exeunt all but* GOSWIN.
Gos. What these men are I know not; nor for what cause
They should thus thrust themselves into my danger,
Can I imagine—but, sure, Heav'n's hand was in't!—
Nor why this coward knave should deal so basely,
To eat me up with slaves. But, Heav'n, I thank thee!
I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end
Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine honour.
'Would all my other dangers here had suffer'd!
With what a joyful heart should I go home then?
Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his sentence,

[3] *Tew 'em.*] *i. e.* Beat him. This phrase is still in use in various parts of the island, and is a metaphor taken from tewing leather, a technical term among tanners.

Or hears his passing-bell—but there's my hope still.[4]

Enter CLAUSE.

Clause. Blessing upon you, master!
Gos. Thank you. Leave me;
For, by my troth, I've nothing now to give thee.
Clause. Indeed, I do not ask, sir; only it grieves me
To see you look so sad. Now, goodness keep you
From troubles in your mind!
Gos. If I were troubled,
What could thy comfort do? Pr'ythee, Clause, leave me.
Clause. Good master, be not angry; for what I say
Is out of true love to you.
Gos. I know thou lov'st me.
Clause. Good master, blame that love then, if I prove so saucy
To ask you why you're sad.
Gos. Most true, I am so;
And such a sadness I have got will sink me.
Clause. Heav'n shield it, sir!
Gos. Faith, thou must lose thy master.
Clause. I had rather lose my neck, sir. 'Would I knew——

[4] *Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his sentence,*
Or hears his passing-bell, but there's my hope still.] This is obscure, but we apprehend the meaning to be, that Goswin still hopes for assistance from Heaven.—Edit. 1778.

The obscurity is in a great measure removed by the insertion of a sign of interrogation, and by laying the accent upon the word *there*, the same sense is produced as explained in the note. *Where* is used, as in innumerable other passages, for *whereas.*

Gos. What would the knowledge do thee good (so miserable,
Thou canst not help thyself) when all my ways,
Nor all the friends I have——

Clause. You do not know, sir,
What I can do: Cures, sometimes, for men's cares,
Flow where they least expect 'em.

Gos. I know thou wouldst do;
But farewell, Clause, and pray for thy poor master.

Clause. I will not leave you.

Gos. How?

Clause. I dare not leave you, sir, I must not leave you,
And, 'till you beat me dead, I will not leave you.
By what you hold most precious, by Heav'n's goodness,
As your fair youth may prosper, good sir, tell me!
My mind believes yet something's in my pow'r
May ease you of this trouble.

Gos. I will tell thee.
For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my credit,
Ta'en up of merchants to supply my traffics,
The winds and weather envying of my fortune,
And no return to help me off yet shewing,
To-morrow, Clause, to morrow, which must come,
In prison thou shalt find me, poor and broken.[5]

Clause. I cannot blame your grief, sir.

Gos. Now, what say'st thou?

Clause. I say, you should not shrink; for he that gave you,
Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you off, sir;
When friends and all forsake you, yet he sees you.

Gos. There's all my hope.

Clause. Hope still, sir. Are you tied

[5] *Broken.*] *i. e.* Bankrupt.

Within the compass of a day, good master,
To pay this mass of money?
Gos. Ev'n to-morrow.
But why do I stand mocking of my misery?
Is't not enough the floods and friends forget me?
Clause. Will no less serve?
Gos. What if it would?
Clause. Your patience!
I do not ask to mock you. 'Tis a great sum,
A sum for mighty men to start and stick at;
But not for honest. Have you no friends left you,
None that have felt your bounty, worth this duty?
Gos. Duty? Thou know'st it not.
Clause. It is a duty,
And as a duty, from those men have felt you,
Should be return'd again. I have gain'd by you;
A daily alms these seven years you have shower'd
on me:[6]
Will half supply your want?
Gos. Why dost thou fool me?
Canst thou work miracles?
Clause. To save my master,
I can work this.
Gos. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.
Clause. For doing good?
Gos. What pow'r hast thou?
Clause. Inquire not,
So I can do it, to preserve my master.
Nay, if it be three parts——
Gos. Oh, that I had it!
But, good Clause, talk no more; I feel thy charity,
As thou hast felt mine: But, alas——
Clause. Distrust not;
'Tis that that quenches you: Pull up your spirit,

6 *Shower'd on me.*] The editors of the second folio first inserted the monosyllable *on.*

Your good, your honest, and your noble spirit;
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people
Can save you, rest assur'd! You have forgot, sir,
The good you did, which was the pow'r you gave
me:
You shall now know the king of beggars' trea-
sure;
And let the winds blow as they list, the seas roar,
Yet here to-morrow you shall find your harbour.
Here fail me not, for, if I live, I'll fit you.

Gos. How fain I would believe thee!

Clause. If I lie, master,
Believe no man hereafter.

Gos. I will try thee;
But he knows, that knows all——

Clause. Know me to-morrow,
And if I know not how to cure you, kill me.
So, pass in peace, my best, my worthiest master!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the same.

Enter Hubert, *like a huntsman.*

Hub. Thus have I stol'n away disguis'd from
Hempskirke,
To try these people; for my heart yet tells me
Some of these beggars are the men I look for.
Appearing like myself, they have no reason,
(Tho' my intent is fair, my main end honest)
But to avoid me narrowly. That face too,
That woman's face, how near it is! Oh, may it

But prove the same, and, Fortune, how I'll bless
thee!
Thus, sure, they cannot know me, or suspect me,
If to my habit I but change my nature,
As I must do. This is the wood they live in;
A place fit for concealment; where, till fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em.
[*Exit.*

Enter HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRET, GINKS, *and the rest, with the Boors.*

Hig. Come, bring 'em out, for here we sit in
justice.
Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel:
And now attend your sentence!—That ye are
rogues,
And mischievous base rascals,—(there's the point
now)—
I take it, is confess'd.
Prigg. Deny it if ye dare, knaves!
Boors. We are rogues, sir.
Hig. To amplify the matter then; rogues ye
are,
And *lamb'd* [7] ye shall be ere we leave ye.
Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. And, to the open handling of our justice,
Why did ye this upon the proper person
Of our good master? Were ye drunk when ye did
it?
Boors. Yes, indeed, were we.
Prigg. Ye shall be beaten sober.
Hig. Was it for want ye undertook it?

[7] *Lambed.*] Theobald explains this word "soundly beaten," and it is used in this sense in many parts of England at this day.

Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. Ye shall be swing'd abundantly.
Prigg. And yet, for all that,
Ye shall be poor rogues still.
Hig. Has not the gentleman,—
(Pray mark this point, brother Prigg)—that noble gentleman,
Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,
By employing some at sea, some here, some there,
According to your callings?
Boors. 'Tis most true, sir.
Hig. Is not the man an honest man?
Boors. Yes, truly.
Hig. A liberal gentleman? And, as ye are true rascals,
Tell me but this,—have ye not been drunk, and often,
At his charge?
Boors. Often, often.
Hig. There's the point, then!
They've cast themselves, brother Prigg.
Prigg. A shrewd point, brother.
Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the cause is open;
I'm somewhat weary.
Prigg. Can ye do these things,
Ye most abominable stinking rascals,
Ye turnip-eating rogues?
Boors. We're truly sorry.
Prigg. Knock at your hard hearts, rogues, and presently
Give us a sign you feel compunction:
Every man up with's cudgel, and on his neighbour
Bestow such alms, 'till we shall say sufficient,
(For there your sentence lies) without partiality,
Either of head, or hide, rogues, without sparing,

Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead else.
You shall know your doom.[8]

Hig. One, two, and three, about it!

[*Boors beat one another.*

Prigg. That fellow in the blue has true compunction;
He beats his fellow bravely. Oh, well struck, boys!

Enter CLAUSE.

Hig. Up with that blue breech! Now plays he the devil!
So, get ye home, drink small beer, and be honest.
Call in the gentleman.

Clause. Do, bring him presently;
His cause I'll hear myself.

Hig. Prigg. With all due reverence,
We do resign, sir.

Enter HEMPSKIRKE.

Clause. Now, huffing sir,[9] what's your name?

Hemp. What's that to you, sir?

Clause. It shall be, ere we part.

Hemp. My name is Hempskirke.
I follow the earl, which you shall feel.

Clause. No threat'ning,
For we shall cool you, sir. Why didst thou basely
Attempt the murder of the merchant Goswin?

Hemp. What pow'r hast thou to ask me?

[8] *You shall know your doom.*] The last editors expunge the word *shall;* but *doom,* as I conceive, refers to the notice Higgen immediately gives when the beating was to commence.

[9] *Huffing sir.*] *i. e.* Proud, strutting sir. Cotgrave explains "*Femmes à la grande gorre, huffing* or flaunting wenches, costlie or statelie dames."

Clause I will know it,
Or flay thee till thy pain discover it.
Hemp. He did me wrong, base wrong.
Clause. That cannot save you.
Who sent you hither? and what further villainies
Have you in hand?
Hemp. Why wouldst thou know? What profit,
If I had any private way, could rise
Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?
Be sorry for what thou'st done, and make amends, fool!
I'll talk no further to thee, nor these rascals.
Clause. Tie him to that tree.
[*They tie him to a tree.*
Hemp. I have told you whom I follow.
Clause. The devil you should do, by your villainies.—
Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.
Hig. I undertake it: Turn him to the sun, boys;
Give me a fine sharp rush.—Will you confess yet?
Hemp. You have robb'd me already; now you'll murder me.
Hig. Murder your nose a little. Does your head purge, sir?
To it again; 'twill do you good.
Hemp. Oh,
I cannot tell you any thing.
Clause. Proceed then! [*To* HIGGEN, *&c.*
Hig. There's maggots in your nose; I'll fetch 'em out, sir.
Hemp. Oh, my head breaks!
Hig. The best thing for the rheum, sir,
That falls into your worship's eyes.
Hemp. Hold, hold!
Clause. Speak then.
Hemp. I know not what

Hig. It lies in's brain yet;
In lumps it lies: I'll fetch it out the finest!
What pretty faces the fool makes! Heigh!
Hemp. Hold,
Hold, and I'll tell ye all. Look in my doublet,
And there, within the lining, in a paper,
You shall find all.
Clause. Go, fetch that paper hither,
And let him loose for this time.
[*They untie him.—Exit* FERRET.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Good even, my honest friends!
Clause. Good even, good fellow!
Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? True as steel, boys!
That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,
And with my quarter-staff, tho' the devil bid stand,
Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again;
Prick ye the fearful hare through cross-ways, sheep-walks,
And force the crafty Reynard climb the quick-sets;
Rouse ye the lofty stag, and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,
'Till, in his funeral tears, he fall before me?
The pole-cat, martern,[1] and the rich-skin'd lucern,[2]

[1] *Martern.*] A large species of the weesel, [more commonly called martin,] the fur of which is held in high estimation.—Edit. 1778.

[2] *Lucern.*] This animal is nearly the size of a wolf. It is covered with an exceeding rich fur, the colour between red and brown, and something mailed like a cat, intermixed with black spots.—Edit. 1778.

I know to chase; the roe, the wind out-stripping;
Isgrim [3] himself, in all his bloody anger,
I can beat from the bay; and the wild Sounder
Single,[4] and with my arm'd staff turn the boar,
'Spite of his foamy tushes, and thus strike him,
'Till he fall down my feast.

Clause. A goodly fellow.

Hub. What mak'st thou here, ha? [*Aside.*

Clause. We accept thy fellowship.

Hub. Hempskirke, thou art not right, I fear; I fear thee. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FERRET, *with a letter.*

Fer. Here is the paper; and as he said we found it.

Clause. Give me it; I shall make a shift yet, old as I am,

[3] *Isgrim.*] The reader need not be told that Isgrim, or Isengrin, is the name of the wolf, and Reynard that of the fox, in the romance which bears the name of the latter, and which has now enjoyed an uninterrupted popularity for six centuries past.

[4] ——— *And the wild* Sounder
Single, and with my arm'd staff turn the boar.] *Sounder* is a name given to the *wild boar,* as Isgrim to the wolf.

Mr Seward objects to this passage, for being tautologous; and therefore reads,

——— *and the wild sounder*
Single, and with my boar-staff arm'd, THUS turn,
Spite of his foamy tushes, and THUS *strike him.*

But if he thinks this language exceptionable, in what light must he look upon that of Shakspeare, speaking of the same animal:

"To fly the *boar,* before the *boar* pursues,
"Were to incense the *boar* to follow us?"

As we cannot conceive this tautology is by any means so inelegant, or objectionable, as Mr Seward's *thus* and *thus,* we have adhered to the old reading, believing it to be the genuine text.—Ed. 1778.

To find your knavery. You are sent here, sirrah,
To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion
To bring 'em back, by poison to dispatch 'em.[5]
Hub. By poison? ha? [*Aside.*
Clause. Here is another, Hubert;
What is that Hubert, sir?
Hemp. You may perceive there.
Clause. I may perceive a villainy, and a rank one.
Was he join'd partner of thy knavery?
Hemp. No;
He had an honest end, (would I had had so!)[6]
Which makes him 'scape such cut-throats.
Clause. So it seems;
For here thou art commanded, when that Hubert
Has done his best and worthiest service this way,
To cut his throat; for here he's set down dangerous.
Hub. This is most impious. [*Aside.*
Clause. I am glad we've found you.
Is not this true?
Hemp. Yes; what are you the better?
Clause. You shall perceive, sir, ere you get your freedom.—
Take him aside; and, friend, we take thee to us,
Into our company. Thou dar'st be true unto us?

5 ——— *You are sent here, sirrah,*
To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion
To bring 'em back, by poison to dispatch 'em.] The last editors think this passage incorrect, if not corrupt. But the obscurity only depends upon the somewhat inverted phraseology of the second line. No further explanation, much less alteration, seems necessary.

6 *I had had so.*] First folio, "I *have* had so." Corrected in the second.

Hig Ay, and obedient too?
Hub. As you had bred me.
Clause Then, take our hand; thou'rt now a servant to us.
Welcome him all!
Hig Stand off, stand off! I'll do it.—
We bid you welcome three ways; first, for your person,
Which is a promising person; next, for your quality,[7]
Which is a decent, and a gentle quality;
Last, for the frequent means you have to feed us:
You can steal, 'tis to be presum'd?
Hub. Yes, venison,
Or, if I want——
Hig. 'Tis well; you understand right,
And shall learn[8] daily. You can drink too?
Hub. Soundly.
Hig. And you dare know a woman from a weather-cock?
Hub. Yes, if I handle her.
Clause. Now swear him.[9]

[7] *Next for your quality.*] i. e. Profession—that of a huntsman. So in The Old Law

> " *Courtier.* I have no *quality.*
> " *Simonides.* Nor I, unless drinking may be reckoned for one."

Mr Gifford's observation, (Massinger, vol. II. p. 339, and III. 141,) that the term *quality* in this sense was chiefly appropriated to the occupation of a player, would require some further instances to prove its correctness.

[8] *Learn.*] So the oldest folio. The second, and all subsequent editions, unnecessarily change the word to *practise.*

[9] There is here a great confusion in the first folio. The oath and its explanation are transferred from the present place to the end of the speech of Hubert, on page 173. " Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge you soundly, an ye play tricks with me,"

Hig.[1] I crown thy *nab* with a *gage* of *bene-bowse*,
And *stall* thee by the *salmon* into the *clowes*:
To *maund* on the *pad*, and *strike all the cheats*;
To *mill* from the *ruffmans commission* and *slates*;
Twang dells in the *strommel*; and let the *queere-cuffin*,
And *harmanbecks trine*, and *trine* to the *ruffin*!
Clause. Now interpret this unto him.
Hig. I pour on thy pate a pot of good ale,
And by the rogues' oath[2] a rogue thee instal:
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;
To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the sheets;

and the words of Clause, "Now swear him," are there repeated. The present regulation was introduced into the second folio, and proves what has been asserted before, that considerable pains were taken with that edition, and that manuscripts of the plays were on many occasions consulted.

[1] The literal translation of this oath is as follows:—"I crown thy *head* with a *quart-pot* of *good drink*, and *receive* thee by the *beggar's oath* among the *thieves*, to *beg* on the *road*, and *steal every thing you meet with*; (strike all the cheats, in the original of the latter word, of which the names of many animals and goods are compounded, is right;) to *steal* from the *hedges shirts* and *sheets*; *lie with maids* in the *straw*; and let the *justice* and *constables hang*, and go to the *devil*." Some necessary alterations were made in the edition of 1778; as *gage* for *gag*, *bene* for *ben*, *strommel* for *stiromel*, and *harmanbeck trine* for *Herman Beckstrine*. There was no occasion to change *salmon* for *salomon*, as the word is spelt in the foregoing manner by Dekkar, in the Canting Rythmes:

"Cyarum, by *salmon*, and thou shalt pek my jyre."

[2] *O'th'.*] Former editions. Mr Theobald and I concurred in the emendation. *Seward.*

The first folio says *oth*, without apostrophes: the word intended therefore was obvious, even if the cant term *salamon* had not pointed it out.—Edit. 1778. This is a plain proof that the editors of 1750 either did not possess, or disdained the trouble of looking into the first folio.

And lie with thy wench in the straw till she
twang;
Let the constable, justice, and devil go hang!
You're welcome, brother!
All. Welcome,[3] welcome, welcome!
But who shall have the keeping of this fellow?
Hub. Thank ye, friends!
And I beseech ye, if ye dare but trust me,
(For I have kept[4] wild dogs and beasts for wonder,
And made 'em tame too) give into my custody
This roaring rascal: I shall hamper him,
With all his knacks and knaveries, and, I fear me,
Discover yet a further villainy in him.
Oh, he smells rank o' th' rascal!
Clause. Take him to thee;
But, if he 'scape——

[3] All. *Welcome, welcome, welcome! But who shall have the keeping*
Of this fellow?
Hub. Thank ye, friends;
And I beseech ye, *if*, &c.] Old folio.—Modern editions, from the second,—

ALL. *Welcome, welcome, welcome;*
But who shall have the keeping
Of this fellow?
Hub. SIR, *if you dare*, &c.

Some words were here retrieved from the first folio in the edition of 1778, but an unnecessary alteration was adopted. The words "But who shall have the keeping of this fellow?" were given to Clause, whereas he would not ask such a question, having the command in his hands. Before this question the words of Hubert, "Thank ye, friends," were placed, and consequently the beginning of his next speech altered thus: "*I do* beseech you," &c.; but there is no great impropriety in his thanking for the welcome, and requesting the charge of the prisoner at one and the same time.

[4] *For* if *I have kept.*] The *if* hurts the sense here, and seems evidently to have crept into this line from that above. *Seward.*

Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him.—
Come, sir, I'll tie you to my leash.[5]

Hemp. Away, rascal!

Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge you soundly,
An you play tricks with me.

Clause. So, now come in;
But ever have an eye, sir, to your prisoner.

Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he get from me.

Clause. Go, get some victuals and some drink, some good drink;
For this day we'll keep holy to good fortune.
Come, and be frolic with us!

Hig. You are a stranger, brother, I pray lead;
You must, you must, brother. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Bruges. A Room in the House of Vandunke.

Enter GOSWIN *and* GERTRUDE.

Gert. Indeed you're welcome: I have heard your 'scape,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves you,
Truly and dearly loves you, give her joy leave
To bid you welcome. What is't makes you sad, man?
Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?
Beshrew my heart, not willingly.

[5] Come, *sir, I'll tie you to my leash.*] The first folio reads, "Roome, sir." Corrected in the second.

Gos. No, Gertrude.

Gert. Is't the delay of that you long have look'd for,—
A happy marriage? Now I come to urge it;
Now when you please to finish it.

Gos. No news yet?

Gert. Do you hear, sir?

Gos. Yes.

Gert. Do you love me?

Gos. Have I liv'd
In all the happiness fortune could seat me,[6]
In all men's fair opinions——

Gert. I have provided
A priest, that's ready for us.

Gos. And can the devil,
In one ten days, that devil Chance, devour me?

Gert. We'll fly to what place you please.

Gos. No star prosperous?
All at a swoop?[7]

Gert. You do not love me, Goswin,
You will not look upon me!

Gos. Can men's prayers,
Shot up to Heav'n with such a zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?
Gyves[8] I must wear, and cold must be my comfort;
Darkness, and want of meat! Alas, she weeps too,
Which is the top of all my sorrows.—Gertrude!

[6] *In all the happiness fortune could* seat me.] *i. e.* Seat me in, place me in.

[7] *All at a* swoop.] A metaphor taken from hawking. The descent of the bird upon his prey is called the *swoop*.

[8] *Geyves.*] So the old folio. The second *jyves*. This word is usually wrote *gyves*, and means *chains*. It occurs very frequently in the writers of Queen Elizabeth and James the First's times.
Reed.

Gert. No, no, you will not know me; my poor beauty,
Which has been worth your eyes——

Gos. The time grows on still;
And, like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin
Come rolling over me.

Gert. Yet will you know me?

Gos. For a hundred thousand crowns!

Gert. Yet will you love me?
Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting?

Gos. For a hundred thousand crowns——

Gert. Farewell, dissembler!

Gos. Of which I have scarce ten! Oh, how it starts me!

Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my ruin——

Gos. I had forgot myself. Oh, my best Gertrude,
Crown of my joys and comforts!

Gert. Sweet, what ails you?
I thought you had been vex'd with me.

Gos. My mind, wench,
My mind, o'erflow'd with sorrow, sunk my memory

Gert. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your sorrows
As your delights? You love no other woman?

Gos. No, I protest.

Gert. You have no ships lost lately?

Gos. None, that I know of.

Gert. I hope you have spilt no blood, whose innocence
May lay this on your conscience.

Gos. Clear, by Heav'n.

Gert. Why should you be thus, then?

Gos. Good Gertrude, ask not;
Ev'n by the love you bear me!

Gert. I am obedient.
Gos. Go in, my fair; I will not be long from you—
Nor long, I fear, with thee! At my return,
Dispose me as you please.
Gert. The good gods guide you! [*Exit.*
Gos. Now for myself, which is the least I hope for,
And, when that fails, for man's worst fortune, pity! [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. The Exchange.

Enter GOSWIN *and four Merchants.*

Gos. Why, gentlemen, 'tis but a week more; I entreat you
But seven short days; I am not running from ye;
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my adventures fail. You have ships abroad,
Endure the beating both of wind and weather:[9]
I'm sure 'twould vex your hearts, to be protested;
Ye're all fair merchants.

[9] *Wind or weather.*] So the first folio. Corrected in the second.

1 *Mer.* Yes, and must have fair play;
There is no living here else: One hour's failing
Fails us of all our friends, of all our credits.
For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell me,
I must wrong others in't.
Gos. No mercy in ye?
2 *Mer.* 'Tis foolish to depend on others' mercy!
Keep yourself right, and even cut your cloth, sir,
According to your calling. You have liv'd here
In lord-like prodigality, high, and open,
And now you find what 'tis: The liberal spending
The summer of your youth, which you should glean in,
And, like the labouring ant, make use and gain of,
Has brought this bitter, stormy winter on you,
And now you cry.
3 *Mer.* Alas, before your poverty,
We were no men, of no mark, no endeavour;
You stood alone, took up all trade, all business
Running through your hands, scarce a sail at sea
But loaden with your goods: We, poor weak pedlars,
When by your leave, and much entreaty to it,
We could have stowage for a little cloth,
Or a few wines, put off,[1] and thank'd your worship.
Lord, how the world's chang'd with you! Now I hope, sir,
We shall have sea-room.
Gos. Is my misery
Become my scorn too? Have ye no humanity?
No part of men left? Are all the bounties in me
To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?

[1] *Put off.*] *i. e.* Pulled off our hats.—*Mason.*

4 Mer. Well, get your monies ready: 'Tis but two hours;
We shall protest you else, and suddenly.
Gos. But two days!
1 Mer. Not an hour. You know the hazard.
[*Exeunt.*
Gos. How soon my light's put out! Hard-hearted Bruges!
Within thy walls may never honest merchant
Venture his fortunes more! Oh, my poor wench too!

Enter CLAUSE.

Clause. Good fortune, master!
Gos. Thou mistak'st me, Clause;
I am not worth thy blessing.
Clause. Still a sad man?

Enter HIGGEN *and* PRIGG, *like porters, bringing in bags of money.*

No belief, gentle master? Come, bring it in then;
And now, believe your beadsman.[a]
Gos. Is this certain?
Or dost thou work upon my troubled sense?
Clause. 'Tis gold, sir;
Take it, and try it.
Gos. Certainly, 'tis treasure.
Can there be yet this blessing?

[a] *Your* beadsman.] "A beadsman is one who offers up prayers to heaven for the welfare of another. Many of the ancient petitions to great men were addressed to them by their poor daily orators and beadsmen."—*Douce's Illustrations*, I. 31.
The word is derived from the catholic practice of counting the prayers with the beads of their rosaries.

Clause. Cease your wonder!
You shall not sink for ne'er a sous'd flap-dragon,
For ne'er a pickled pilcher[3] of 'em all, sir.
'Tis there; your full sum, a hundred thousand
crowns:
And, good sweet master, now be merry. Pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting knaves,[4] that know no goodness;
And cheer your heart up handsomely.
Gos. Good Clause,
How cam'st thou by this mighty sum? If
naughtily,
I must not take it of thee; 'twill undo me.
Clause. Fear not; you have it by as honest
means
As though your father gave it. Sir, you know not
To what a mass the little we get daily,
Mounts in seven years. We beg it for Heav'n's
charity,
And to the same good we are bound to render it.
Gos. What great security?
Clause. Away with that, sir!
Were not you more than all the men in Bruges,
And all the money in my thoughts——

[3] *For ne'er a sous'd flap-dragon,*
For ne'er a pickled pilcher, &c.] "A flap-dragon is some small combustible body fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the flap-dragon from doing mischief."—*Johnson.*

What is now more commonly called flap-dragon is a dish of brandy with raisins immersed in it. The brandy is set on fire, and the company amuse themselves by snatching the raisins without burning their fingers. A pilcher, or pilchard, is a fish smaller than a herring.——See a note on Wit Without Money, vol. II. p 69.

[4] Pelting *knaves.*] Mean, despicable, wretched fellows. Shakspeare, in King Lear, speaks of "low *pelting* farms;" in Measure for Measure, of a "petty *pelting* officer;" and in the Midsummer Night's Dream, of a "*pelting* river."

Gos. But, good Clause,
I may die presently.
Clause. Then, this dies with you!
Pay when you can, good master; I'll no parchments:
Only this charity I shall entreat you,
Leave me this ring.
Gos. Alas, it is too poor, Clause.
Clause. 'Tis all I ask; and this withal, that when
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor petition.
Gos. There; I confirm it; [*Gives the ring.*
And may my faith forsake me when I shun it!
Clause. Away; your time draws on. Take up the money,
And follow this young gentleman.
Gos. Farewell, Clause,
And may thy honest memory live ever!
Clause. Heav'n bless you, and still keep you! Farewell, master! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Forest near Bruges.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. I have lock'd my youth up close enough for gadding,
In an old tree, and set watch over him.

Enter JACULIN.

Now for my love, for sure this wench must be she;
She follows me.—Come hither, pretty Minche!

Jac. No, no, you'll kiss.
Hub. So I will.
Jac. I'deed la?
How will you kiss me, pray you?
Hub. Thus—Soft as my love's lips! [*Kisses her.*
Jac. Oh!
Hub. What's your father's name?
Jac. He's gone to heav'n.
Hub. Is it not Gerrard, sweet?
Jac. I'll stay no longer;
My mother's an old woman, and my brother
Was drown'd at sea, with catching cockles.—Oh, love!
Oh, how my heart melts in me! How thou fir'st me!
Hub. 'Tis certain she.—Pray let me see your hand, sweet.
Jac. No, no, you'll bite it.
Hub. Sure I should know that gymmal! [5]
Jac. 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my ring too.
Oh, Hubert, Hubert!
Hub. Ha! methought she nam'd me.—
Do you know me, chick?
Jac. No, indeed; I never saw you;
But, methinks, you kiss finely.
Hub. Kiss again then!—
By Heav'n, 'tis she.
Jac. Oh, what a joy he brings me!

[5] *Sure I should know that* gymmal.] *Gymmal* was a common word in our authors' time, signifying, as it is afterwards explained, a *ring*. It is still used on board ship, where the *rings* that fasten the box which contains the compass are at this day known among sailors by the name of *gymmals*.—Edit. 1778.

The word is still in common use in the west of England. Minsheu explains it as follows: "A gimmal, or gemmow ring, from the Gal. *gemeau*, Lat. *gemellus*, double, or twinnes, because they be rings with two or three links;" and Cotgrave interprets "*alliances*, gimmoules, or gimmoule-rings."

Hub. You are not Minche.
Jac. Yes, pretty gentleman;
And I must be married to-morrow to a capper.[6]
Hub. Must you, my sweet? and does the capper love you?
Jac. Yes, yes; he'll give me pie, and look in mine eyes thus.——
'Tis he; 'tis my dear love! Oh, blest fortune!
[*Aside.*
Hub. How fain she would conceal herself, yet shews it!—
Will you love me, and leave that man? I'll serve—[7]
Jac. Oh, I shall lose myself! [*Aside.*
Hub. I'll wait upon you,
And make you dainty nosegays.
Jac. And where will you stick 'em?
Hub. Here in thy bosom, sweet; and make a crown of lilies
For your fair head.
Jac. And will you love me, 'deed la?
Hub. With all my heart.
Jac. Call me to-morrow then,
And we'll have brave cheer, and go to church together.
'Give you good ev'n, sir!
Hub. But one word, fair Minche!
Jac. I must be gone a-milking.
Hub. You shall presently.
Did you ne'er hear of a young maid called Jaculin?
Jac. I am discovered!—Hark in your ear; I'll tell you.

[6] *A capper.*] One who makes or sells caps.—*Johnson.*

[7] *I'll serve.*] So the old editions. The modern copies, "I'll serve *you.*"

You must not know me; kiss, and be constant ever. [*Exit.*

Hub. Heav'n curse me else! 'Tis she; and now I'm certain
They are all here. Now for my other project!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Bruges.—The Exchange.

Enter GOSWIN, *four Merchants*, HIGGEN, *and* PRIGG.

1 *Mer.* Nay, if 'twould do you courtesy—

Gos. None at all, sir:
Take it, 'tis yours; there's your ten thousand for you;
Give in my bills.—Your sixteen.

3 *Mer.* Pray be pleased, sir,
To make a further use.

Gos. No.

3 *Mer.* What I have, sir,
You may command. Pray let me be your servant.

Gos. Put your hats on: I care not for your courtesies;
They're most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

2 *Mer.* I have a freight of pepper——

Gos. Rot your pepper!
Shall I trust you again? There's your seven thousand.

4 *Mer.* Or if you want fine sugar, 'tis but sending.

Gos. No, I can send to Barbary; those people,
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms.

These carry to Vanlock, and take my bills in;
To Peter Zuten these; bring back my jewels.—
Why are these pieces?[8] [*Guns fired.*

Enter Sailor.

Sail. Health to the noble merchant!
The Susan is return'd.
Gos. Well?
Sail. Well, and rich, sir,
And now put in.
Gos. Heav'n, thou hast heard my prayers!
Sail. The brave Rebecca too, bound from the Straits,
With the next tide, is ready to put after.
Gos. What news o' th' Fly-boat?
Sail. If this wind hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy; she 'scaped fairly.
Gos. How, pr'ythee, sailor?
Sail. Thus, sir: She had fight,
Seven hours together, with six Turkish galleys,
And she fought bravely, but at length was boarded,
And overlaid with strength; when presently
Comes boring up the wind Captain Vannoke,
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from prison:
He knew the boat, set in, and fought it bravely;
Beat all the galleys off, sunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a service to you sent her home, sir.
Gos. An honest noble captain, and a thankful!
There's for thy news: Go, drink the merchant's health, sailor.
Sail. I thank your bounty, and I'll do it to a doit, sir. [*Exit Sailor.*

[8] *Why are these pieces?*] The sense, which is now so clear, was obscure to me till Mr Sympson added the marginal note.
Seward.

1 *Mer.* What miracles are pour'd upon this fellow!

Gos. This year,[9] I hope, my friends, I shall 'scape prison,
For all your cares to catch me.

2 *Mer.* You may please, sir,
To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have, goods, monies, are at your service.

Gos. I thank you;
When I have need of you I shall forget you!
You're paid, I hope?

All. We joy in your good fortunes.

Enter VANDUNKE.

Vand. Come, sir, come, take your ease; you must go home with me;
Yonder's one weeps and howls.

Gos. Alas, how does she?

Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.

Gos. Why soon, sir?

Vand. Why, when you have her in your arms: This night, my boy,
She is thy wife.

Gos. With all my heart I take her.

Vand. We have prepared; all thy friends will be there,
And all my rooms shall smoke to see the revel.
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my service
Wait on the knave her uncle. I have heard all,
All his baits for my boy; but thou shalt have her.—
Hast thou dispatch'd thy business?

[9] *This year.*] First folio,—*Ye are.* Second,—*here.* Corrected in 1750.

Gos. Most.

Vand. By the mass, boy,
Thou tumblest now in wealth, and I joy in it;
Thou'rt the best boy that Bruges ever nourish'd.
Thou hast been sad; I'll cheer thee up with sack,
And, when thou art lusty, I'll fling thee to thy mistress;
She'll hug thee, sirrah.

Gos. I long to see it.—

[*To* HIGGEN *and* PRIGG.

I had forgot you: There's for you, my friends;
You had but heavy burdens. Commend my[1] love,
My best love, all the love I have,
To honest Clause; shortly I'll thank him better.

[*Exit.*

Hig. By th' mass, a royal merchant! Gold by th' handful!
Here will be sport soon, Prigg.

Prigg. It partly seems so;
And here will I be in a trice.

Hig. And I, boy.
Away apace; we are look'd for.

Prigg. Oh, these bak'd meats!
Methinks I smell them hither.

Hig. Thy mouth waters. [*Exeunt.*

[1] ——— *Commend my love*
To *my best love.*] So the old copies. Mr Seward reads,
——— *Commend my love,*
Commend *my best love, all the love,* &c.

And the last editors, still more licentiously,—

——— *Commend my love,*
To my best friend, *my best love, all the love,* &c.

I have contented myself with omitting the monosyllable *to*, at the beginning of the second line.

SCENE IV.

The Forest.

Enter HUBERT *and* HEMPSKIRKE.

Hub. I must not.
Hemp. Why? 'Tis in thy power to do it,
And in mine to reward thee to thy wishes.
Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.
Hemp. Gentle huntsman,
Tho' thou hast kept me hard; tho' in thy duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, thou hast us'd me stubbornly,
I can forgive thee freely.
Hub. You the earl's servant?
Hemp. I swear, I'm near as his own thoughts to him;
Able to do thee——
Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.
Hemp. If thou dar'st but try——
Hub. I thank you heartily; you will be
The first man that will hang me; a sweet recompence!
I could do't (but I do not say I will)
To any honest fellow that would think on't,
And be a benefactor.
Hemp. If it be not recompens'd, and to thy own desires;
If, within these ten days, I do not make thee——
Hub. What? a false knave?
Hemp. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, conceive me rightly; any thing
Of profit or of place that may advance thee——

Hub. Why, what a goosecap wouldst thou make me? Don't I know
That men in misery will promise any thing,
More than their lives can reach at?

Hemp. Believe me, huntsman,
There shall not one short syllable that comes from me pass
Without its full performance.

Hub. Say you so, sir?
Have you e'er a good place for my quality?

Hemp. A thousand; chases, forests, parks; I'll make thee
Chief ranger over all the games.

Hub. When?

Hemp. Presently.

Hub. This may provoke me: And yet, to prove a knave too——

Hemp. 'Tis to prove honest; 'tis to do good service,
Service for him thou'rt sworn to, for thy prince.
Then, for thyself that good.[a]——What fool would live here,
Poor, and in misery, subject to all dangers
Law and lewd people can inflict, when bravely,
And to himself, he may be law and credit?

Hub. Shall I believe thee?

Hemp. As that thou hold'st most holy.

Hub. You may play tricks.

Hemp. Then let me never live more.

Hub. Then you shall see, sir, I will do a service
That shall deserve indeed.

Hemp. 'Tis well said, huntsman,
And thou shalt be well thought of.

[a] *Then for thyself that good.*] Then consider the good that will result for thy own advantage.

Hub. I will do it:
'Tis not your letting free, for that's mere nothing,
But such a service, if the earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.

Hemp. What is't, huntsman?

Hub. Do you know any of these people live here?

Hemp. No.

Hub. You're a fool then: Here be those, to have 'em,
(I know the earl so well) would make him caper

Hemp. Any of the old lords that rebell'd?

Hub. Peace; all:
I know 'em ev'ry one, and can betray 'em.

Hemp. But wilt thou do this service?

Hub. If you'll keep
Your faith, and free word to me.

Hemp. Wilt thou swear me?

Hub. No, no, I will believe you. More than that too,
Here's the right heir.

Hemp. Oh, honest, honest huntsman!

Hub. Now, how to get these gallants, there's the matter.
You will be constant? 'tis no work for me else.

Hemp. Will the sun shine again?

Hub. The way to get 'em!

Hemp. Propound it, and it shall be done.

Hub. No sleight,
(For they are devilish crafty, it concerns 'em)
Nor reconcilement,[3] (for they dare not trust neither)
Must do this trick.

Hemp. By force?

Hub. Ay, that must do it;

[3] Reconcilement.] *i. e. Pretended* reconcilement.—Ed. 1778.

And with the person of the earl himself:
Authority, (and mighty,) must come on 'em,
Or else in vain: And thus I'd have you do it.
To-morrow night be here; a hundred men will
bear 'em,
So he be there, for he's both wise and valiant,
And with his terror will strike dead their forces.
The hour be twelve o'clock. Now, for a guide,
To draw ye without danger on those persons,
The woods being thick, and hard to hit, myself,
With some few with me, made unto our purpose,
Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye
By the great oak.

Hemp. I know it. Keep thy faith, huntsman,
And such a shower of wealth——

Hub. I warrant ye:
Miss nothing that I tell you.

Hemp. No.

Hub. Farewell.
You have your liberty; now use it wisely,
And keep your hour. Go close about the wood
there,
For fear they spy you.

Hemp. Well.

Hub. And bring no noise with you.

Hemp. All shall be done to th' purpose. Fare-
well, huntsman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CLAUSE, HIGGEN, PRIGG, GINKS, SNAP, *and* FERRET.

Clause. Now, what's the news in town?

Ginks. No news, but joy, sir;
Every man wooing of the noble merchant,
Who has[4] his hearty commendations to you.

[4] *Who has his hearty,* &c.] Seward takes this for an imperfect

Fer. Yes, this is news; this night he's to be married.

Ginks. By th' mass, that's true; he marries Vanduuke's daughter,
The dainty black-ey'd belle.[5]

Hig. I would my clapper[6]
Hung in his baldrick![7] Ah, what a peal could I ring!

Clause. Married?

sentence as it stands at present, and proposes to read, "Who does," or "Who sends." The phrase in the text is by no means unusual, and should not be disturbed.

[5] *Black-eyed* belle.] The editors of 1750 propose to read *dell*, the cant word for a maid, and the variation is a more specious one than most others which come from their mint. But the old reading is sense, and has therefore been retained in the text.

[6] *Clapper.*] A clapper, or clap-dish, is a kind of wooden cup, with a moveable cover to it. Originally it was appropriated for lepers, who clapped down the cover, to give notice of their approach, and from this the instrument obtained its name. It afterwards became common among beggars and vagrants of all kinds. Upon the Continent, I have frequently seen old women come out of alms-houses on the road, (which probably were once allotted to lepers,) with such dishes, striking the cover down, and begging for their hospitals. From this word the cant term *clapper-dudgeon* is derived.

[7] Baldrick.] *Baldrick*, or *bawderick*, i. e. *belt*, from the old French word *baudrier*, a *piece of dressed leather*, *girdle*, or *belt*, made of such leather; and that comes from the word *baudroyer*, to *dress leather*, *curry*, or *make belts*. Monsieur Menage says, this comes from the Italian *baldringus*, and that from the Latin *balteus*, from whence the *Baltic* Sea has its name, because it goes round as a *belt*. This word *baudrier*, among the French, sometimes signified *a girdle*, in which people used to put their money. See Rabelais, iii. 37. Menag. Orig. Franc. Somn. Dict. Sax. Nicot. Dict. Aland's Notes on Fortescue, on the Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy, 1724, p. 52.—*Reed.*

The Baltic Sea has not its name from going round like a *belt*, for that is by no means the form of it. The name is entirely synonymous with "the *White* Sea."

Ginks. 'Tis very true, sir. Oh, the pies,
The piping hot mince-pies!
Prigg. Oh, the plum-pottage!
Hig. For one leg of a goose now would I venture a limb, boys:
I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance;
And, pox upon the boors,[8] too well they know it,
And therefore starve their poultry.
Clause. To be married
To Vandunke's daughter?
Hig. Oh, this precious merchant!
What sport he'll have! But, hark you, brother Prigg,
Shall we do nothing in the foresaid[9] wedding?
There's money to be got, and meat, I take it;
What think you of a morris?[1]
Prigg. No, by no means,
That goes no further than the street, there leaves us:
Now we must think of something that may draw us
Into the bowels of it, into th' buttery,
Into the kitchen, into the cellar; something
That that old drunken burgomaster loves:
What think you of a wassel?[2]

[8] Pox *upon the boors.*] In the old copy a blank is left for the word *pox*.

[9] *Foresaid.*] Modern editors read—"Aforesaid."

[1] *Morris.*] For the fullest information upon the subject of this dance, I refer the reader to the highly curious dissertation respecting it in the Illustrations upon Shakspeare by my friend Mr Douce.

[2] Wassel.] *Wassel*, or *wassail*, is a word still in use in the midland counties, and it signifies what is sometimes called *lamb's wool*; *i. e.* roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. It is sometimes also used for *general riot*, *intemperance*, or *festivity*. Ben Jonson personifies *wassel* thus: "Enter *Wassel*, like a neat

Hig. I think worthily.

Prigg. And very fit it should be: thou, and Ferret,
And Ginks, to sing the song; I for the structure,
Which is the bowl.

Hig. Which must be upsey-English,[3]
Strong lusty London beer. Let's think more of it.

Clause. He must not marry. [*Aside.*

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. By your leave, in private,
One word, sir, with you. Gerrard! Do not start me:[4]
I know you, and he knows you, that best loves you:
Hubert speaks to you, and you must be Gerrard;
The time invites you to it.

Clause. Make no show then.
I am glad to see you, sir; and I am Gerrard.
How stand affairs?

Hub. Fair, if you dare now follow.
Hempskirke I have let go, and these my causes
I'll tell you privately, and how I've wrought him:

sempster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl, dressed with ribbands and rosemary, before her." *Steevens.*

Such an interlude is plainly proposed in this place.—Ed. 1778.

The ceremony is best explained by the succeeding speeches of Prigg and Higgen.

[3] *Upsey-English.*] See note on page 175 of this play.

[4] Do not *start me.*] Mr Seward, concurring with Mr Theobald in opinion, reads, *Do not start*, MAN. The old lection seems to us perfect sense; meaning, "do not be *alarmed* AT me;" as we familiarly say, "do not *fly me*," for "do not *fly* FROM *me*." Goswin says above, speaking of his distressful situation, *Oh, how it starts me.*—Ed. 1778.

And then, to prove me honest to my friends,
Look upon these directions; you have seen his.
[*Walk aside.*

Hig. Then will I speak a speech, and a brave speech,
In praise of merchants.—Where's the ape?

Prigg. Pox take him,[5]
A gouty bear-ward[6] stole him t'other day!

Hig. May his bears worry him! That ape had paid it.
What dainty tricks,—(pox o' that whoreson bear-ward!)—
In his French doublet, with his bastard bullions;[7]
In a long stock tied up! Oh, how daintily
Would I have made him wait, and change a trencher,
Carry a cup of wine! Ten thousand stinks
Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lousy bear-ward!

Clause. 'Tis passing well; I both believe and joy in't,
And will be ready. Keep you here the mean-while,
And keep this in. I must a while forsake you.—
Upon mine anger, no man stir this two hours.

Hig. Not to the wedding, sir?

Clause. Not any whither.

[5] Pox *take him.*] Both here and in the next line but two a blank is left for the word *pox* in both the folios.

[6] *Bear-ward.*] *i. e.* A bear-leader.

[7] *Bastard bullions.*] So the first folio. The second, and all the subsequent editions, *blistered bullions.* "Perhaps," say the last editors, "a cant word for large buttons to the ape's French doublet." The reading of the folio is no doubt a corruption of the word introduced into the text. The word originally meant the knobs, like heads of nails, in steel armour.

Hig. The wedding must be seen, sir: we want meat too;
We're horrible out of meat.

Prigg. Shall it be spoken,
Fat capons shak'd their tails at us in defiance?
And turkey-tombs,[8] such honourable monuments?
Shall pigs, sir, that the parson's self would envy,
And dainty ducks——

Clause. Not a word more; obey me!

[*Exit* CLAUSE.

Hig. Why then, come, doleful death! This is flat tyranny;
And, by this hand——

Hub. What?

Hig. I'll go sleep upon't. [*Exit* HIG.

Prigg Nay, an there be a wedding, and we wanting,
Farewell, our happy days!--We do obey, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the House of Vandunke.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Well met, sir; you are for this lusty wedding?

2 *Mer.* I am so; so are you, I take it.

1 *Mer.* Yes;
And it much glads me, that to do him service,
Who is the honour of our trade, and lustre,
We meet thus happily.

[8] *Turkey tombs.*] *i. e.* Turkey pies.—*Seward.*

2 *Mer.* He's a noble fellow,
And well becomes a bride of such a beauty.
1 *Mer.* She's passing fair indeed. Long may their loves
Continue like their youths, in spring of sweetness!
All the young merchants will be here, no doubt on't;
For he that comes not to attend this wedding,
The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,
A loud wife, and a lazy!—Here's Vanlock.

Enter VANLOCK *and* FRANCES.

Vanl. Well overtaken, gentlemen: Save you!
1 *Mer.* The same to you, sir. Save you, fair mistress Frances!
I would this happy night might make you blush too.
Vanl. She dreams apace.
Fran. That's but a drowsy fortune.
2 *Mer.* Nay, take us with ye too; we come to that end:
I'm sure ye are for the wedding.
Vanl. Hand and heart, man;
And what their feet can do,[9] I could have tript it
Before this whoreson gout.

Enter CLAUSE.

Clause. Bless ye, masters!

[9] *And what* their *feet can do.*] *i. e.* "The feet of others." Mason proposes to read—"*these* feet," saying that Vanlock offers to dance as well as his feet will perm. But the ensuing words prove that his gout has prevented his tripping altogether.

Vanl. Clause! how now, Clause? thou art come to see thy master
(And a good master he is to all poor people)
In all his joy; 'tis honestly done of thee.
Clause. Long may he live, sir! but my business now is
If you would please to do it, and to him too—

Enter GOSWIN.

Vanl. He's here himself.
Gos. Stand at the door, my friends?
I pray walk in. Welcome, fair Mistress Frances!
See what the house affords; there's a young lady
Will bid you welcome.
Vanl. We joy your happiness!
[*Exeunt all but* CLAUSE *and* GOSWIN.
Gos. I hope it will be so.—Clause, nobly welcome!
My honest, my best friend, I have been careful
To see thy monies——
Clause. Sir, that brought not me;
Do you know this ring again?
Gos. Thou hadst it of me.
Clause. And do you well remember yet the boon you gave me,
Upon return of this?
Gos. Yes, and I grant it,
Be't what it will: Ask what thou canst, I'll do it,
Within my power.
Clause. You are not married yet?
Gos. No.
Clause. 'Faith, I shall ask you that, that will disturb you;
But I must put you to your promise.
Gos. Do;

And if I faint and flinch in't——

Clause. Well said, master!

And yet it grieves me too: And yet it must be.

Gos. Pr'ythee, distrust me not.

Clause. You must not marry!

That's part o' th' power you gave me; which, to make up,

You must presently depart, and follow me.

Gos Not marry, Clause?

Clause. Not, if you keep your promise,

And give me power to ask.

Gos. Pr'ythee, think better:

I will obey, by Heaven.

Clause. I've thought the best, sir.

Gos. Give me thy reason; dost thou fear her honesty?

Clause. Chaste as the ice, for any thing I know, sir.

Gos. Why should'st thou light on that then? to what purpose?

Clause. I must not now discover.

Gos. Must not marry?

Shall I break now, when my poor heart is pawn'd?

When all the preparation——

Clause. Now, or never.

Gos, Come, 'tis not that thou wouldst; thou dost but fright me.

Clause. Upon my soul it is, sir; and I bind you.

Gos. Clause, canst thou be so cruel?

Clause. You may break, sir;

But never more in my thoughts appear honest.

Gos. Didst ever see her?

Clause. No.

Gos. She's such a thing,—

Oh, Clause, she's such a wonder! Such a mirror,

For beauty and fair virtue, Europe has not!

Why hast thou made me happy to undo me?
But look upon her; then if thy heart relent not,
I'll quit her presently.—Who waits there?
Serv. [*Within.*] Sir!
Gos. Bid my fair love come hither, and the company.—
Pr'ythee, be good unto me; take a man's heart,
And look upon her truly; take a friend's heart,
And feel what misery must follow this!
Clause. Take you a noble heart, and keep your promise:
I forsook all I had, to make you happy.
Can that thing, call'd a woman, stop your goodness?

Enter GERTRUDE, VANDUNKE, *and the Merchants.*

Gos. Look, there she is; deal with me as thou wilt now;
Didst ever see a fairer?
Clause. She's most goodly.
Gos. Pray you stand still.
Gert. What ails my love?
Gos. Didst thou ever,
By the fair light of Heaven, behold a sweeter?
Oh, that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt him!
Look well, look narrowly upon her beauties.
1 *Mer.* Sure he has some strange design in hand, he starts so.
2 *Mer.* This beggar has a strong power o'er his pleasure.
Gos. View all her body.
Clause. 'Tis exact and excellent.
Gos. Is she a thing, then, to be lost thus lightly?
Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler;
And but to hear her speak, a paradise;
And such a love she bears to me, a chaste love,

A virtuous, fair, and fruitful love! 'Tis now too
I'm ready to enjoy it; the priest ready, Clause,
To say the holy words shall make us happy.
This is a cruelty beyond man's study!
All these are ready, all our joys are ready,
And all the expectation of our friends:
'Twill be her death to do it.

Clause. Let her die then!

Gos. Thou canst not; 'tis impossible!

Clause. It must be.

Gos. 'Twill kill me too; 'twill murder me! By Heaven, Clause,
I'll give thee half I have! Come, thou shalt save me!

Clause. Then you must go with me—(I can stay no longer)—
If you be true and noble. [*Exit.*

Gos. Hard heart, I'll follow!
Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry:
I have a weighty business—(give my cloak there)--

Enter Servant, with a cloak.

Concerns my life and state—(make no inquiry)—
This present hour befall'n me: With the soonest
I shall be here again. Nay, pray go in, sir,
And take them with you; 'tis but a night lost, gentlemen.

Vand. Come, come in; we'll not lose our meat yet,
Nor our good mirth; he cannot stay long from her,
I'm sure of that. [*Exit with Merchants, &c*

Gos. I will not stay, believe, sir.—
Gertrude, a word with you.

Gert. Why is this stop, sir?

Gos. I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,
And tell thee this, I'm ever thine! Farewell, wench! [*Exit.*

Gert. And is that all your ceremony? Is this a wedding?
Are all my hopes and prayers turn'd to nothing?
Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow,—
(Oh me!)[1]—'till to thy face I prove thee false. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Night.—The Forest.

Enter GERTRUDE, *masked, and a Boor, with a torch.*

Gert. Lead, if thou think'st we're right. Why dost thou make
These often stands?[2] Thou saidst thou knew'st the way.

Boor. Fear nothing; I do know it. 'Would 'twere homeward!

Gert. Wrought from me by a beggar? at the time

[1] *Oh me!*] In the second folio, which is followed in every following edition, these words are transposed to the end of the line.

[2] *These often stands?*] *i. e.* Frequent standing still.

That most should tie him? 'Tis some other love,
That hath a more command on his affections,
And he that fetch'd him a disguised agent,
Not what he personated; for his fashion
Was more familiar with him, and more powerful,
Than one that ask'd an alms: I must find out
One, if not both. Kind darkness, be my shroud,
And cover love's too-curious search in me;
For yet, Suspicion, I would not name thee!

Boor. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and dark.

Gert. What then?

Boor. Nay, nothing. Do not think I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are.

Gert. I am not. Forward!

Boor. Sure, but you are. Give me your hand; fear nothing.
There's one leg in the wood; do not pull backward!
What a sweat one on's are in; you or I!
Pray God it do not prove the plague; yet sure
It has infected me; for I sweat too;
It runs out at my knees: Feel, feel, I pray you

Gert. What ails the fellow?

Boor. Hark, hark, I beseech you:
Do you hear nothing?

Gert. No.

Boor. List! a wild hog;
He grunts! now 'tis a bear; this wood is full of 'em!
And now a wolf, mistress; a wolf, a wolf!
It is the howling of a wolf.

Gert. The braying of an ass, is it not?

Boor. Oh, now one has me!
Oh, my left ham! Farewell!

Gert. Look to your shanks,

Your breech is safe enough; the wolf's a fern-
brake.

Boor. But see, see, see! there is a serpent in it!
'T has eyes as broad as platters; it spits fire!
Now it creeps tow'rds us; help me to say my
prayers!
'T hath swallow'd me almost; my breath is stopt;
I cannot speak! Do I speak, mistress? tell me.

Gert. Why, thou strange timorous sot, canst
thou perceive
Any thing i' the bush but a poor glow-worm?

Boor. It may be 'tis but a glow-worm now; but
'twill
Grow to a fire-drake[3] presently.

Gert. Come thou from it!
I have a precious guide of you, and a courteous,
That gives me leave to lead myself the way thus.

Within. Holla!

Boor. It thunders; you hear that now?

Gert. I hear one holla.

Boor. 'Tis thunder, thunder! See, a flash of
lightning!
Are you not blasted, mistress? Pull your mask
off;
'T has play'd the barber with me here: I have lost
My beard, my beard! Pray God you be not
shaven;
Twill spoil your marriage, mistress.

Gert. What strange wonders
Fear fancies in a coward!

Boor. Now the earth opens!

[3] *A fire-drake.*] In the Glossæ of St Blasius, appended to *Gerberti Iter Aleman.*, a drake is described thus: "*Draco basiliscus regulus vel sibilus, eo quid sit rex serpentium, adeo ut eum videntes fugiant quia olfactu suo eos necat: a mustelis tamen vincitur.*" Fletcher often alludes to this terrific animal, as in Rule a Wife and have a Wife, Wild Goose Chace, the Captain, &c.

Gert. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.
Boor. Will you on then?
Gert. Both love and jealousy have made me bold:
Where my fate leads me, I must go. [*Exit.*
Boor. God be with you then!

Enter WOLFORT *and* HEMPSKIRKE, *with Soldiers.*

Hemp. It was the fellow sure, he that should guide me,
The huntsman, that did holla us.
Wol. Best make a stand,
And listen to his next.—Ha!
Hemp. Who goes there?
Boor. Mistress, I am taken.
Hemp. Mistress? Look forth, soldiers!
Wol. What are you, sirrah?
Boor. Truly, all is left
Of a poor boor, by day-light; by night, nobody.
You might have spar'd your drum, and guns, and pikes too,
For I am none that will stand out, sir, I.
You may take me in with a walking-stick,
Ev'n when you please, and hold me with a pack-thread.
Hemp. What woman was't you call'd to?
Boor. Woman! None, sir.
Wol. None! Did you not name mistress?
Boor. Yes, but she's
No woman yet: She should have been this night,
But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make hue and cry after.
I tell you true, sir; she should ha' been married to-day,
And was the bride and all; but in came Clause,
The old lame beggar, and whips up Master Goswin

Under his arm, away with him ; as a kite,
Or an old fox, would swoop[4] away a gosling.
Hemp. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she ! Niece !

Re-enter GERTRUDE.

Gert. Ha !
Hemp. She, sir :
This was a noble entrance to your fortune,
That, being on the point thus to be married,
Upon her venture here, you should surprise her.
Wol. I begin, Hempskirke, to believe my fate
Works to my ends.
Hemp. Yes, sir ; and this adds trust
Unto the fellow our guide, who assur'd me Florez
Liv'd in some merchant's shape,[5] as Gerrard did
In the old beggar's, and that he would use
Him for the train to call the other forth ;
All which we find is done.
Within. Holla !
Hemp. That's he again.
Wol. Good we sent out to meet him.
Hemp. Here's the oak.
Gert. Oh I am miserably lost, thus fall'n
Into my uncle's hands from all my hopes !
No matter now, whe'r[6] thou be false or no,
Goswin ; whether thou love another better,
Or me alone ; or whe'r thou keep thy vow
And word, or that thou come or stay ; for I
To thee from henceforth must be ever absent,
And thou to me. No more shall we come near

[4] *Swoop.*] See note on page 174 of this play.

[5] *Shop.*] So the first folio. Corrected in the second.

[6] *Whe'r.*] An abbreviation of whether.

To tell ourselves how bright each others eyes
were,
How soft our language, and how sweet our kisses,
Whilst we made one our food, th' other our feast;
Not mix our souls by sight, or by a letter,
Hereafter, but as small relation have,
As two new gone to inhabiting a grave—.[7]
Can I not think away myself and die? [*Exeunt.*

Enter HUBERT, HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRET, SNAP, *and* GINKS, *like Boors.*

Hub. I like your habits well; they're safe; stand close.

Hig. But what's the action we are for now, ha?
Robbing a ripper [8] of his fish?

Prigg. Or taking
A poulterer prisoner, without ransom, bullies?

Hig. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?

Fer. Or surprising a boor's *ken*, for *grunting-cheats*? [9]

Prigg. Or *cackling-cheats*?

---

[7] The above fourteen lines are now, for the first time, restored from the first folio, where they occur after the ensuing line,—"Can I not think away myself and die," which is, however, repeated at the end. This renders it probable that the lines were rejected by the author on a second revisal. "As two new gone to inhabiting a grave," is a very quaint line, which probably means "As two lately entered as inhabitants into one grave."

[8] *Robbing a* ripper *of his fish.*] *Ripper*, properly *ripier*, from the Latin *ripa*, is a word still used in the northern counties, and signifies a kind of travelling fishmonger, who carries fish from the coast, to sell in the inland parts.—Ed. 1778.

[9] *Granting-cheats.*] So the old copies. Corrected by Seward. —Ken, a house.—Grunting-cheats, pigs.—Cackling-cheats, cocks, or capons.—Margery-praters, hens.—Rogers and tibs of the buttery are both words for geese, according to Dekkar, but the English Rogue explains the former by cloak-bag.

Hig. Or *Margery-praters, rogers,*
And *tibs o' th' buttery?*
Prigg. Oh, I could drive a regiment
Of geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten leagues, with my hat and staff, and not a hiss
Heard, nor a wing of my troops disordered.
Hig. Tell us,
If it be *milling* of a *lag of duds,*[1]
The fetching-off a buck of clothes, or so?
We are horribly out of linen.
Hub. No such matter.
Hig. Let me alone for any farmer's dog,
If you have a mind to the cheese-loft; 'tis but thus—
And he's a silenc'd mastiff, during pleasure.
Hub. 'Would it would please you to be silent.
Hig. Mum.

Re-enter WOLFORT, HEMPSKIRKE, GERTRUDE, *Boor, &c.*

Wol. Who's there?
Hub. A friend; the huntsman.
Hemp. Oh, 'tis he.
Hub. I have kept touch, sir. Which is th' earl, of these?
Will he know[2] a man now?
Hemp. This, my lord, 's the friend
Hath undertook the service.
Hub. If it be worth
His lordship's thanks, anon, when it is done,
Lording, I'll look for't. A rude woodman!

[1] *Milling a lag of duds.*] Robbing a buck [basket or parcel] of clothes. *Dekkar's Villanies Discovered,* sign. M 3, as it is explained in the next line.

[2] *Will ye know.*] So the first folio. Corrected in the second.

I know how to pitch my toils, drive in my game;
And I have don't; both Florez and his father
Old Gerrard, with lord Arnold of Benthuisen,
Costin,[3] and Jaculin, young Florez' sister:
I have 'em all.

Wol. Thou speak'st too much, too happy,
To carry faith with it.

Hub. I can bring you
Where you shall see, and find 'em.

Wol. We will double
Whatever Hempskirke then hath promis'd thee.

Hub. And I'll deserve it treble. What horse ha' you?

Wol. A hundred.

Hub. That's well: Ready to take
Upon surprise of 'em?

Hemp. Yes.

Hub. Divide then
Your force into five squadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, ways thorough the wood,
That issue from the place where they are lodg'd:
Five several ways; of all which passages
We must possess ourselves, to round 'em in;
For by one starting-hole they'll all escape else.
I, and four boors here to me,[4] will be guides:
The squadron where you are myself will lead;
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted whoops and hollas, as I were
A-hunting for 'em; which will make them rest
Careless of any noise, and be a direction
To th' other guides how we approach 'em still.

Wol. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the soldier.

[3] *Costin.*] Old copies read—*Cozen.* He is, however, afterwards called by the name adopted in the text.

[4] *I, and four boors here to me,* &c.] *i. e.* In addition to me.

Make the division, Hempskirke.—You are my charge,
Fair one; I'll look to you.

Boor. Shall nobody need
To look to me. I'll look unto myself. [*Runs off.*

Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.

Hig. Say, 'tis done, boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter GERRARD, [CLAUSE,] *and* FLOREZ, [GOSWIN.]

Ger. By this time, sir, I hope you want no reasons
Why I broke off your marriage; for though I
Should as a subject study you my prince
In things indifficient, it will not therefore
Discredit you to acknowledge me your father,
By heark'ning to my necessary counsels.

Flo. Acknowledge you my father? Sir, I do; [*Kneels.*
And may impiety, conspiring with
My other sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a son's duty
In my obedience, and that [5] help'd forth
With all the cheerfulness——

[5] *And that* help'd forth.] Seward added a monosyllable to amend the metre, and read—" *too held forth,*" to assist the sense. But neither the one nor the other stand in need of his helping (or rather marring) hand. The word *obedience* is resolved into its

Ger. I pray you rise;
And may those powers that see and love this in you,
Reward you for it! Taught by your example,
Having receiv'd the rights due to a father,
I tender you th' allegiance of a subject;
Which as my prince accept of. [*Kneels.*
Flo. Kneel to me?[6] [*Raises him.*
May mountains first fall down beneath their valleys,
And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in nature so preposterous!
I must o'ercome in this; in all things else
The victory be yours. Could you here read me,
You should perceive how all my faculties
Triumph in my blest fate, to be found yours:
I am your son, your son, sir! And am prouder
To be so, to the father to such goodness,
(Which Heaven be pleased I may inherit from you!)
Than I shall ever of those specious titles
That plead for my succession in the earldom
(Did I possess it now) left by my mother.
Ger. I do believe it: But——
Flo. Oh, my lov'd father,
Before I knew you were so, by instinct,
Nature had taught me to look on your wants,
Not as a stranger's: And, I know not how,
What you call'd charity, I thought the payment
Of some religious debt Nature stood bound for:

component four syllables, as innumerable other words are in these and all other old plays, and "helped forth" is as good sense as "held forth."

[6] *Kneel to me.* &c.] In King and No King is a passage similar to this, where the reader will find it paralleled to one in Shakspeare's Coriolanus.—Ed. 1778.

And, last of all, when your magnificent bounty,
In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in
A flood of blessings, tho' my threat'ning wants,
And fear of their effects, still kept me stupid,
I soon found out it was no common pity
That led you to it.

Ger. Think of this hereafter,
When we with joy may call it to remembrance;
There will be a time, more opportune than now,
To end your story, with all circumstances.
I add this only: When we fled from Wolfort,
I sent you into England, and there plac'd you
With a brave Flanders merchant, call'd rich Goswin,
A man supplied by me unto that purpose,
As bound by oath ne'er to discover you;
Who, dying, left his name and wealth unto you,
As his reputed son, and yet receiv'd so.
But now, as Florez, and a prince, remember,
The country's, and the subject's general good,
Must challenge the first part in your affection;
The fair maid, whom you chose to be your wife,
Being so far beneath you, that your love
Must grant she's not your equal.

Flo. In descent,
Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors:
But for her beauty, chastity, and all virtues
Ever remember'd in the best of women,
A monarch might receive from her, not give,
Tho' she were his crown's purchase: In this only
Be an indulgent father; in all else
Use your authority.

Enter HUBERT, HEMPSKIRKE, WOLFORT, GERTRUDE, *and Soldiers.*

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,

The father and the son; the rest you shall have
As fast as I can rouze them.

Ger. Who's this? Wolfort?

Wol. Ay, cripple; your feign'd crutches will not help you,
Nor patch'd disguise, that hath so long conceal'd you;
It's now no halting: I must here find Gerrard,
And in this merchant's habit one call'd Florez,
Who would be an earl.

Ger. And is, wert thou a subject.

Flo. Is this that traitor Wolfort?

Wol. Yes; but you
Are they that are betray'd. Hempskirke!

Gert. My Goswin
Turn'd prince? Oh, I am poorer by this greatness,
Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes.

Flo. Gertrude!

Wol. Stay, sir; you were to-day too near her:
You must no more aim at those easy accesses,
'Less [7] you can do't in air, without a head;
Which shall be suddenly try'd.

Gert. Oh, take my heart first;
And, since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.

Wol. You know not your own value that entreat——

Ger. So proud a fiend as Wolfort!

Wol. For so lost
A thing as Florez.

Flo. And that would be so,
Rather than she should stoop again to thee!
There is no death, but's sweeter than all life,
When Wolfort is to give it. Oh, my Gertrude,
It is not that, nor princedom, that I go from;

[7] *'Less.*] For unless.

It is from thee! that loss includeth all.

Wol. Ay, if my young prince knew his loss, he'd say so;

Which, that he yet may chew on, I will tell him.
This is no Gertrude, nor no Hempskirke's niece,
Nor Vandunke's daughter: This is Bertha, Bertha!
The heir of Brabant, she that caus'd the war,
Whom I did steal, during my treaty there,
In your minority, to raise myself:
I then foreseeing 'twould beget a quarrel;
That, a necessity of my employment;
The same employment, make me master of strength;
That strength, the lord of Flanders; so of Brabant,
By marrying her: Which had not been to do, sir,
She come of years, but that the expectation,
First, of her father's death, retarded it;
And since, the standing-out of Bruges; where
Hempskirke had hid her, till she was near lost.
But, sir, we have recover'd her: Your merchantship
May break; for this was one of your best bottoms,
I think.

Ger. Insolent devil!

Enter HUBERT, *with* JACULIN, GINKS, *and* COSTIN.

Wol. Who are these, Hempskirke?

Hemp More, more, sir.

Flo. How they triumph in their treachery!

Hemp. Lord Arnold of Benthuisen, this Lord Costin,

This Jaculin, the sister unto Florez.

Wol. All found? Why, here's brave game; this was sport-royal,

And puts me in thought of a new kind of death
for 'em.
Huntsman, your horn! First, wind me Florez'
fall;
Next, Gerrard's; then, his daughter Jaculin's.
Those rascals, they shall die without their rights.[8]
Hang 'em, Hempskirke, on these trees. I'll take
Th' assay [9] of these myself.
Hub. Not here, my lord;
Let 'em be broken up upon a scaffold;
'Twill shew the better when their arbour's made.[1]
Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou hast
betray'd us,
But mock'st us too?
Ginks. False Hubert, this is monstrous!

[8] *Those* rascals *shall not die without their* rights.] The metaphor of hunting down deer is carried on through the whole speech of Wolfort. "Those rascals," means those insignificant fellows, for rascal deer are described by Puttenham, "young deer, lean, and out of season." At the end of the line Seward reads *rites;* an unnecessary alteration, for it may be said that it is the *right* of a deer to have the horn blown at the death.

[9] *I'll take th'* assay.] To take the assay, or say, as it is vulgarly termed, is to make a cut with a knife along the breast of the deer, when run down, in order to see whether it be fat or not; and the knife for that purpose is generally presented by the huntsman to the person in the field of highest rank, from whom he receives a fee for it. I'll take the assay of these myself, means, therefore, I will cut up these myself. *Mason.*

Dame Juliana Berners gives the following directions to a young huntsman:

"My childe, firste ye shal him serve when he shall be undon,
And this for to say, or ever ye him dyght,
Within his hornes to lay him upryght.
At the *assay* kitte him, that lordes may see
Anon fat or lene whether that he bee."

[1] *When their* arbour's *made.*] This is certainly a hunting phrase, but does not refer to the retreat or harbour in which the deer

Wol. Hubert?

Hemp. Who? this?

Ger. Yes, this is Hubert, Wolfort;
I hope he has help'd himself to a tree.

Wol. The first,
The first of any, and most glad I have you, sir:
I let you go before, but for a train.
Is't you have done this service?

Hub. As your huntsman;
But now as Hubert (save yourselves) I will——
The Wolf's afoot! Let slip! kill, kill, kill,
kill!

Enter, with a Drum, VANDUNKE, *Merchants,* HIGGEN, PRIGG, FERRET, *and* SNAP.

Wol. Betray'd?

Hub. No, but well catch'd; and I the huntsman.

Vand. How do you, Wolfort? Rascal! good knave Wolfort!
I speak it now without the rose! and Hempskirke,
Rogue Hempskirke! you that have no niece: this lady
Was stol'n by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Resign'd by me to the right owner here.
Take her, my prince!

shelters himself at night, as Mr Mason supposes, but, as well as the assay, to the process of cutting up the deer.

The Abbess of St Albans says,

"Take hede of the cutting of the same dere,
And begin first to make the *arbere.*"

That is, to extract the entrails of the animal. So in the Sad Shepherd, by Ben Jonson:

"*Marian.* When the *arbor's* made—
Robin Hood. Pulled down, and paunch turned out," &c.

Flo. Can this be possible?
Welcome, my love, my sweet, my worthy love!
Vand. I ha' giv'n you her twice; now keep her better: And thank
Lord Hubert, that came to me in Gerrard's name,
And got me out, with my brave boys, to march
Like Cæsar, when he bred his Commentaries;
So I, to breed my chronicle, came forth
Cæsar Vandunke, *et veni, vidi, vici!*
Give me my bottle, and set down the drum.—
You had your tricks, sir, had you? we ha' tricks too!
You stole the lady!
Hig. And we led your squadrons,
Where they ha' scratch'd their legs a little, with brambles,
If not their faces.
Prigg. Yes, and run their heads
Against trees.
Hig. 'Tis Captain Prigg, sir!
Prigg. And Colonel Higgen!
Hig. We have fill'd a pit with your people, some with legs,
Some with arms broken, and a neck or two
I think be loose.
Prigg. The rest too, that escap'd,
Are not yet out o' th' briars.
Hig. And your horses, sir,
Are well set up in Bruges all by this time.
You look as you were not well, sir, and would be
Shortly let blood: Do you want a scarf?
Vand. A halter!
Ger. 'Twas like yourself, honest, and noble Hubert!—
Canst thou behold these mirrors all together,
Of thy long, false, and bloody usurpation,
Thy tyrannous proscription, and fresh treason;

And not so see thyself, as to fall down,
And sinking force a grave, with thine own guilt,
As deep as hell, to cover thee and it?
Wol. No, I can stand, and praise the toils that took me;
And laughing in them die: They were brave snares!
Flo. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst repent
The wrongs thou hast done, and live.
Wol. Who? I repent,
And say I'm sorry? Yes, 'tis the fool's language,
And not for Wolfort.
Vand. Wolfort, thou'rt a devil,
And speak'st his language. Oh, that I had my longing!
Under this row of trees now would I hang him.
Flo. No, let him live until he can repent;
But banish'd from our state; that is thy doom.
Vand. Then hang his worthy captain here, this Hempskirke,
For profit of th' example.
Flo. No; let him
Enjoy his shame too, with his conscious life;
To shew how much our innocence contemns
All practice, from the guiltiest, to molest us.
Vand. A noble prince!
Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of hands, as they have done of hearts here,
And to their loves wish joy.[2]
Flo. As to mine own.
My gracious sister! worthiest brother!
Vand. I'll go afore, and have the bonfire made,
My fireworks, and flap-dragons, and good backrack;[3]

[2] *With joy.*] So the old copies. Corrected by Seward.

[3] *Backrack.*] The last editors explain this word to mean *salt fish*. This is very absurd, for Vandunke would hardly ask his friends to drink down salt-fish and other little fish in healths.

With a peck of little fishes, to drink down
In healths to this day! [*Exit.*

Hig. 'Slight, here be changes;
The bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, Prigg.

Prigg. Our company's grown horrible thin by it.
What think you, Ferret?

Fer. Marry, I do think,
That we might all be lords now, if we could stand
for't.

Hig. Not I, if they should offer it: I'll dis-
lodge first,
Remove the Bush to another climate.

Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy burgo-
master.
Here be friends ask to be looked on too,
And thank'd; who, tho' their trade and course of
life
Be not so perfect but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their king;
A place, I know not well how to resign,
Nor unto whom. But this I will entreat
Your grace; command them follow me to Bruges;
Where I will take the care on me to find
Some manly, and more profitable course,
To fit them as a part of the republic.

Flo. Do you hear, sirs? Do so.

Hig. Thanks to your good grace!

Prigg. To your good lordship!

Fer. May you both live long!

Ger. Attend me at Vandunke's, the burgo-
master's. [*Exeunt all but the Beggars.*

Mr Mason properly observes, that Backaract, or, more properly, Bacharach, is one of the most choice Rhenish wines, and obtained the name from a town in the Palatinate, where it is grown. The wine is mentioned in Alexander's Brome's Song on Canary:

> The *Bagrag* and Rhenish
> You must with ingredients replenish.

Hig. Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipp'd twice a-week,
Or turn the wheel for Crab the rope-maker;
Or learn to go along with him his course
(That's a fine course now) i' th' commonwealth.—Prigg,
What say you to it?
Prigg. It is the backward'st course
I know i' th' world.
Hig. Then Higgen will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?
Prigg. 'Faith hardly, very hardly.
Higg. Troth, I am partly of your mind, Prince Prigg.
And therefore, farewell, Flanders! Higgen will seek
Some safer shelter, in some other climate,
With this his tatter'd colony. Let me see;
Snap, Ferret, Prigg, and Higgen, all are left
Of the true blood: What, shall we into England?
Prigg. Agreed.
Hig. Then bear up bravely with your Brute,[4] my lads!
Higgen hath *prigg'd the prancers*[5] in his days,

[4] *Brute.*] Alluding to *Brute*, or *Brutus*, a Trojan, and descendant of Æneas, said to have landed, settled, and reigned in England.—Edit. 1778.

Mr Mason thinks this explanation a very strange idea; would read—"with your brutes;" and would have have this to mean "with your horses." But this is a much more strange explanation than the other; for the latter receives strong support from Higgen's offer to lead his companions into England, and heading them on the occasion, as Brute is said to have done the Trojans. Besides, Brute is in both folios spelt with a capital, and in the second even in italics. A similar allusion occurs in Middleton's Your Five Gallants: "Nor read we of it in the time of Brute: we're more brutish now."

[5] *Prigged the prancers.*] Stole the horses. Priggers of prancers were one of the twenty several orders in the community of beggars. See Dekkar, the *English Rogue*, II. 119, &c.

And sold good penny-worths: We will have a course;
The spirit of Bottom is grown bottomless.

Prigg. I'll *maund* no more, nor cant.

Hig. Yes, your sixpenny-worth
In private, brother: Sixpence is a sum
I'll steal you any man's dog for.

Prigg For sixpence more
You'll tell the owner where he is

Hig. 'Tis right:
Higgen must practise, so must Prigg to eat.
And write the letter, and gi the word——

EPILOGUE.

———————————But now
No more, as either of these[1] ——
Prigg. But as true beggars
As e'er we were——
Hig. We stand here for an epilogue.
Ladies, your bounties first! the rest will follow;
For women's favours are a leading alms:
If you be pleased, look cheerly, throw your eyes
Out at your masks.
Prigg. And let your beauties sparkle!
Hig. So may you ne'er want dressings, jewels, gowns,
Still in the fashion!
Prigg. Nor the men you love,
Wealth nor discourse to please you!
Hig. May you, gentlemen,
Never want good fresh suits, nor liberty!
Prigg. May every merchant here see safe his ventures!
Hig. And every honest citizen his debts in!
Prigg. The lawyers gain good clients!
Hig. And the clients
Good counsel!
Prigg. All the gamesters here, good fortune!
Hig. The drunkards, too, good wine!
Prigg. The eaters, meat
Fit for their tastes and palates!
Hig. The good wives
Kind husbands!
Prigg. The young maids choice of suitors!
Hig. The midwives merry hearts!
Prigg. And all good cheer!
Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Bush!
We are the Beggars, and your daily beadsmen,
And have your money; but the alms we ask,
And live by, is your grace: Give that, and then
We'll boldly say our word is, *come again!*

[1] *No more, as either of these.*] *i. e.* No more as Higgen or Prigg, but as *actors*; for from hence they become speakers of epilogue.—Ed. 1778. In the present edition, the epilogue is separated from the last scene for the first time.

THE

SPANISH CURATE.

BY

J. FLETCHER

THE

SPANISH CURATE.

This Comedy is the production of Fletcher alone, unassisted by Beaumont. The date of its production is accurately ascertained by Sir W Herbert's books of office, as quoted by Mr Malone. It was licenced by that knight, who was Master of the Revels, the 24th October, 1624, and was acted at Blackfriars, undoubtedly with great applause, for it stands at the head of the list of plays performed at court during the Christmas season of the same year It is one of the thirty-five plays which were first printed in 1647 in folio Immediately after the restoration, it resumed its popularity, and in 1659, the year before that event took place, when Mr Rhodes obtained a licence to collect a company of actors at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, Betterton first exhibited his capital talents in this comedy, and in the Loyal Subject and Wild-Goose Chace of our author In 1749, this excellent play was revived at Drury Lane Theatre; but since that period, like almost all other performances of these authors, it has lain entirely dormant, being superseded by the flippant sentiments and whining cant of modern comedy. The scene of Diego's mock testament was selected by Kirkman for one of the drolls which he collected for temporary stages at fairs. The editors of the last edition of our authors, observe, that "Dryden, in his Spanish Friar, and Congreve, in his Old Bachelor, are greatly indebted to the comedy now before us, and that it seems very evident that it afforded some materials towards framing a musical entertainment of a modern date, called the Padlock," (by Isaac Bickerstaff, 8vo. 1768).

The subject of the Spanish Curate, as Langbaine informs us, was taken from two novels of Gerardo, the plot of Don Henrique, Ascanio, Violante, and Jacintha, from his history of the celebrated Don John, and that of Leandro, Bartolus, Amaranta, and Lopez, from his novel entitled the Spanish Curate. Having no opportunity of consulting either of these works, I am unable to

determine how far Fletcher was indebted to the Spanish novelist. It may however be asserted with confidence, that the English poet has connected the two stories with his usual skill, and constructed a drama which, in point of entertainment, does not yield to many of his own performances, or those of his contemporaries. The language and versification possess his characteristic sweetness and facility in a high degree. The pretended resignation of the curate and sexton, and the reassumption of their offices; the mock-testament of the latter, and the jealousy and rage of the lawyer, are admirable instances of Fletcher's talent for humour, which is very different from that of Shakspeare and Jonson, but not less delightful than theirs. The altercation of the brothers, and the conference between Don Jamie and Violante, are the most striking scenes in the serious part of the comedy. Excepting Bartolus, Lopez, and Diego, there is less subject for commendation on the score of characters. The two brothers, Jacintha, Violante, and Ascanio, have numerous prototypes in the earlier plays of Fletcher.

PROLOGUE.

To tell ye, gentlemen, we have a play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to-day,
The name ye know, that's nothing to my story;
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of glory,
Of state, of bitterness—of wit, you'll say,
For that is now held wit that tends that way,
Which we avoid. To tell ye too, 'tis merry,
And meant to make you pleasant, and not weary:
The streams that guide ye, easy to attend:
To tell ye, that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not. Nay, to go thus far,
To swear it, if you swear against, is war.
To assure you any thing, unless you see,
And so conceive, is vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to itself; and pray,
Like a good bark, it may work out to-day,
And stem all doubts; 'twas built for such a proof,
And we hope highly: If she lie aloof
For her own vantage, to give wind at will,
Why, let her work, only be you but still,
And sweet-opinion'd; and we are bound to say,
You're worthy judges, and you crown the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Henrique,[1] *an uxorious lord, cruel to his brother.*
Don Jamie, *younger brother to Don Henrique.*
Bartolus, *a covetous lawyer, husband to Amaranta.*
Leandro, *a gentleman who wantonly loves the lawyer's wife.*
Angelo,[2] }
Milanes, } *three gentlemen, friends to Leandro.*
Arsenio, }
Ascanio, *son to Don Henrique.*
Octavio, *supposed husband to Jacintha.*
Lopez, *the Spanish Curate.*
Diego, *his sexton.*
Assistant, *which we call a judge.*
Alguazils, *whom we call serjeants.*
Andrea, *a servant of Don Henrique's.*
Four Parishioners, Apparitor, Singers, Servants.

Violante, *supposed wife to Don Henrique.*
Jacintha, *formerly contracted to Don Henrique.*
Amaranta, *wife to Bartolus.*
Egla, *a female Moor, servant to Amaranta.*

SCENE—Cordova.[3]

[1] This name Fletcher seems to have considered as if it consisted of two syllables only, as it undoubtedly does, if pronounced in the French, and not in the original Spanish manner.

[2] *Angelo.*] This character, Mr Theobald, with a freedom unknown to any editors but those of Beaumont and Fletcher's works in 1750, expunges from the drama; and yet he suffers the name *Angelo* to remain to those speeches which are allotted to him in the play.—Ed. 1778.

[3] "The principal actors were Joseph Taylor, John Lowin, Nicholas Toolie, William Eglestone, Thomas Polard. Robert Benfield."—Folio, 1679, when the dramatis personæ, as usual, were first collected. All these comedians, Polard excepted, performed in the plays of Shakspeare.

THE

SPANISH CURATE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter ANGELO, MILANES, *and* ARSENIO.

Ars. Leandro paid all.
Mil. 'Tis his usual custom,
And requisite he should. He has now put off
The funeral black your rich heir wears with joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead father.[1]
Your gathering sires so long heap muck together,

[1] ——————*He has now put off*
The funeral black your rich heir wears with joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead father.] This sentiment is shadowed out from one of the select sentences of Seneca, and Publ. Syrus.

Hæredis fletus *sub* personâ risus *est.*

Which Ben Jonson has thus very closely translated in his Fox.

——— *Tut! forget, sir.*
The weeping of an heir should still be laughter,
Under a visor. *Theobald.*

That their kind sons, to rid them of their care,
Wish them in heaven; or, if they take a taste
Of purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence. What is befallen
To his father in the other world, I ask not;
I am sure his prayer is heard. 'Would I could use one
For mine, in the same method.

Ars. Fie upon thee!
This is profane.

Mil. Good doctor, do not school me
For a fault you are not free from. On my life,
Were all heirs in Corduba put to their oaths,
They would confess, with me, 'tis a sound tenet:
I'm sure Leandro does.

Ars. He is the owner
Of a fair estate.

Mil And fairly he deserves it;
He's a royal fellow; yet observes a mean
In all his courses, careful too on whom
He showers his bounties. He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgment. This invites
The prime men of the city to frequent
All places he resorts to, and are happy
In his sweet converse.

Ars. Don Jamie, the brother
To the grandee Don Henrique, appears much taken
With his behaviour.

Mil. There is something more in't:
He needs his purse, and knows how to make use on't.
'Tis now in fashion for your Don, that's poor,
To vow all leagues of friendship with a merchant
That can supply his wants; and howsoe'er
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder brother

Don Henrique rich, and his revenues long since
Encreas'd[a] by marrying with a wealthy heir,
Call'd Madam Violante, he yet holds
A hard hand over Jamie, allowing him
A bare annuity only.

Ars. Yet, 'tis said,
He hath no child; and, by the laws of Spain,
If he die without issue, Don Jamie
Inherits his estate.

Mil. Why, that's the reason
Of their so many jars. Though the young lord
Be sick of th' elder brother, and in reason
Should flatter and observe him, he's of a nature
Too bold and fierce to stoop so, but bears up,
Presuming on his hopes

Ars. What's the young lad
That all of 'em make so much of?

Mil 'Tis a sweet one,
And the best condition'd youth I ever saw yet;
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him; and so modest,
That, in despite of poverty, he would starve
Rather than ask a courtesy. He's the son
Of a poor cast captain, one Octavio;
And she, that once was call'd the fair Jacintha,
Is happy in being his mother. For his sake,
Though in their fortunes fallen, they are esteem'd of
And cherish'd by the best.

Enter JAMIE, LEANDRO, *and* ASCANIO.

Oh, here they come.
I now may spare his character; but observe him,

[a] *Encreased.*] The first folio reads—Encreasing. Corrected in the second.

He'll justify my report.

Jam. My good Ascanio,
Repair more often to me; above women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.

Asc. My lord, your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd youth
To be both rude and saucy.

Lean. You cannot be
Too frequent, where you are so much desired.
And give me leave, dear friend, to be your rival
In part of his affection; I will buy it
At any rate.

Jam. Stood I but now possess'd
Of what my future hope presages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadst a patron
That would not say, but do. Yet, as I am,
Be mine: I'll not receive thee as a servant,
But as my son; and though I want myself
No page attending in the court of Spain
Shall find a kinder master.

Asc. I beseech you,
That my refusal of so great an offer
May make no ill construction; 'tis not pride
(That common vice is far from my condition)
That makes you a denial to receive
A favour I should sue for; nor the fashion
Which the country follows, in which to be a servant
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight
Of poverty, is held an argument
Of a base and abject mind. I wish my years
Were fit to do you service in a nature
That might become a gentleman (give me leave
To think myself one). My father served the king
As a captain in the field; and though his fortune
Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich

In reputation, and wounds fairly taken;
Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd;
I rather feel a strong desire, that sways me
To follow his profession; and if Heaven
Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud,
I' th' service of my country, should I be,
To trail a pike under your brave command!
There I would follow you as a guide to honour.
Though all the horrors of the war made up
To stop my passage.

Jam. Thou'rt a hopeful boy,
And it was bravely spoken: For this answer,
I love thee more than ever.

Mil. 'Pity, such seeds
Of promising courage should not grow and pros per!

Ang. Whatever his reputed parents be,
He hath a mind that speaks him right and noble.

Lean. You make him blush.—It needs not, sweet Ascanio;
We may hear praises when they are deserved,
Our modesty unwounded. By my life,
I would add something to the building up
So fair a mind; and if, till you are fit
To bear arms in the field, you'll spend some years
In Salamanca, I'll supply your studies
With all conveniencies.

Asc. Your goodness, signiors,
And charitable favours, overwhelm me.
If I were of your blood, you could not be
More tender of me: What then can I pay,
A poor boy and a stranger, but a heart
Bound to your service? With what willingness
I would receive, good sir, your noble offer,
Heaven can bear witness for me; but, alas,
Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes,
I must destroy the lives of my poor parents,

To whom I owe my being; they in me
Place all their comforts, and, as if I were
The light of their dim eyes, are so indulgent,
They cannot brook one short day's absence from
me;
And, what will hardly win belief, though young,
I am their steward and their nurse: The bounties
Which others bestow on me, serve to sustain 'em;
And to forsake them in their age, in me
Were more than murder.

Enter Henrique.

Ang. This is a kind of begging
Would make a broker charitable.
Mil. Here, sweetheart,
I wish that it were more. [*Gives him money.*
Lean. When this is spent,
Seek for supply from me.
Jam. Thy piety
For ever be remember'd! Nay, take all,
Though 'twere my exhibition to a ryal
For one whole year. [*Gives money.*
Asc. High Heavens reward your goodness!
Hen. So, sir, is this a slip of your own grafting,
You are so prodigal?
Jam. A slip, sir?
Hen. Yes,
A slip; or call it by the proper name,
Your bastard.
Jam. You're foul-mouth'd. Do not provoke
me:
I shall forget your birth if you proceed,
And use you, as your manners do deserve,
Uncivilly.
Hen. So brave! Pray you, give me hearing:

Who am I, sir?

Jam. My elder brother: One
That might have been born a fool, and so reputed,
But that you had the luck to creep into
The world a year before me.

Lean. Be more temperate.

Jam. I neither can nor will, unless I learn it
By his example. Let him use his harsh
Unsavoury reprehensions upon those
That are his hinds, and not on me. The land
Our father left to him alone, rewards him
For being twelve months elder: Let that be
Forgotten, and let his parasites remember
One quality of worth or virtue in him,
That may authorize him to be a censurer
Of me, or of my manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a tutor; till then, never.

Hen. From whom have you your means, sir?

Jam. From the will
Of my dead father; I am sure I spend not,
Nor give't, upon your purse.

Hen. But will it hold out
Without my help?

Jam. I am sure it shall; I'll sink else;
For sooner I will seek aid from a whore,
Than a courtesy from you.

Hen. 'Tis well; you are proud of
Your new exchequer; when you have cheated him,
And worn him to the quick, I may be found
In the list of your acquaintance.

Lean. 'Pray you, hold;
And give me leave, my lord, to say thus much,
And in mine own defence: I am no gull
To be wrought on by persuasion; nor no coward
To be beaten out of my means, but know to whom

And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my reason warrants.. You may be
As sparing as you please; I must be bold
To make use of my own, without your licence.

Jam. 'Pray thee let him alone; he's not worth thy anger.
All that he does, Leandro, is for my good:
I think there's not a gentleman of Spain
That has a better steward, than I have of him.

Hen. Your steward, sir?

Jam. Yes, and a provident one.
Why, he knows I'm given to large expence,
And therefore lays up for me: Could you believe else,
That he, that sixteen years hath worn the yoke
Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue,
His coffers full, his lands and vineyards fruitful
Could be so sold to base and sordid thrift,
As almost to deny himself the means
And necessaries of life? Alas, he knows
The laws of Spain appoint me for his heir;
That all must come to me, if I outlive him,
Which sure I must do, by the course of nature,
And the assistance of good mirth and sack,
However you prove melancholy.

Hen. If I live,
Thou dearly shalt repent this.

Jam. When thou'rt dead,
I am sure I shall not.

Mil. Now they begin to burn
Like opposed meteors.

Ars. Give them line [3] and way;
My life for Don Jamie.

Jam. Continue still

[3] *Give them line.*] A metaphor taken from angling

The excellent husband, and join farm to farm;
Suffer no lordship, that in a clear day
Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye,
To be another's; forget you are a grandee;
Take use upon use,[4] and cut the throats of heirs
With coz'ning mortgages: rack your poor tenants,
Till they look like so many skeletons
For want of food; and when that widows' curses,
The ruins of ancient families, tears of orphans,
Have hurried you to the devil, ever remember
All was raked up for me, your thankful brother,
That will dance merrily upon your grave,
And, perhaps, give a double pistolet
To some poor needy friar, to say a mass
To keep your ghost from walking.

Hen. That the law
Should force me to endure this!

Jam. Verily,
When this shall come to pass, as sure it will,
If you can find a loop-hole, though in hell,
To look on my behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your iron chests; and, once again,
Pluto's flame-colour'd daughter shall be free
To domineer in taverns, masques, and revels,
As she was used, before she was your captive.
Methinks, the mere conceit of it should make you
Go home sick and distemper'd; if it does,
I'll send you a doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your funeral.

Hen. You have said, sir:

4 *Take* use *upon* use.] In the phraseology of the age, use and usance signified interest of money. So in Shirley's excellent comedy of the Constant Maid, the usurer represents himself as

'—One that knows the use of money: d'ye mark? the *use*.
Bel. Yes; *use* upon *use*.

I will not fight with words, but deeds, to tame you;
Rest confident I will; and thou shalt wish
This day thou hadst been dumb! [*Exit.*
Mil. You have given him a heat,
But with your own distemper.
Jam. Not a whit;
Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cause and him: All plagues go with him!
Let's talk of something else. What news is stirring?
Nothing to pass the time?
Mil. 'Faith, it is said
That the next summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of touching the wars.
Lean. What have we to do with them? Let us discourse
Of what concerns ourselves. 'Tis now in fashion
To have your gallants set down, in a tavern,
What the archduke's purpose is the next spring, and what
Defence my lords the states prepare; what course
The emperor takes against the encroaching Turk;
And whether his moony standards are design'd
For Persia or Polonia: And all this
The wiser sort of state-worms seem to know
Better than their own affairs. This is discourse
Fit for the council it concerns: We are young,
And if that I might give the theme, 'twere better
To talk of handsome women.
Mil. And that's one
Almost as general.
Ars. Yet none agree
Who are the fairest.
Lean. Some prefer the French,
For their conceited dressings; some the plump

Italian *bona-robas*;[5] some the state
That ours observe; and I have heard one swear,
A merry friend of mine, that once in London
He did enjoy the company of a gamester,
A common gamester too, that in one night
Met him th' Italian, French, and Spanish ways,
And ended in the Dutch; for, to cool herself,
She kiss'd him drunk i' th' morning.

Jam. We may spare
The travel of our tongues in foreign nations,
When in Corduba, if you dare give credit
To my report, (for I have seen her, gallants)
There lives a woman, of a mean birth too,
And meanly match'd, whose all-excelling form
Disdains comparison with any she
That puts in for a fair one; and though you borrow
From every country of the earth the best
Of those perfections which the climate yields,
To help to make her up, if put in balance,
This will weigh down the scale.

Lean. You talk of wonders.

Jam. She is, indeed, a wonder, and so kept;
And, as the world deserved not to behold
What curious Nature made without a pattern,
Whose copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,
Sequester'd from the world.

Lean. Who is the owner
Of such a gem? I am fired.

Jam. One Bartolus,
A wrangling advocate.

Ars. A knave on record.

[5] *Bona-robas.*] *i. e.* Ladies of pleasure, in which sense the word is used by Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Nabbes, &c. Florio's definition is as follows: "*Buona-roba*, as we say good stuff; a good wholesome, plump-cheeked wench."—*Italian Dictionary*, 1598.

Mil. I am sure he cheated me of the best part
Of my estate.
Jam. Some business calls me hence,
And of importance, which denies me leisure
To give you his full character: In few words,
Though rich, he's covetous beyond expression;
And, to encrease his heap, will dare the devil,
And all the plagues of darkness; and, to these,
So jealous, as, if you would parallel
Old Argus to him, you must multiply
His eyes an hundred times: Of these none sleep:
He, that would charm the heaviest lid, must hire
A better Mercury than Jove made use of.
Bless yourselves from the thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour lost! So, farewell, signiors.
[*Exit.*
Ars. Leandro! In a dream? Wake, man, for shame.
Mil. Trained into a fool's paradise,[6] with a tale
Of an imagin'd form?
Lean. Jamie is noble,
And with a forged tale would not wrong his friend:
Nor am I so much fired with lust as envy,
That such a churl as Bartolus should reap
So sweet a harvest: Half my state to any,
To help me to a share!
Ars. Tush! do not hope for
Impossibilities.

[6] *Fool's paradise.*] By this was undoubtedly meant the celebrated land of Cockaigne, a favourite subject with the poets of France, England, Italy, and Germany. The original was probably the French fabliau, for the first time lately published in Meon's edition of Barbazan, vol. IV. p. 175, and translated by Way from Le Grand's abridgment, (II., 81.)—Fool's paradise is mentioned in Romeo and Juliet, the Sun's Darling, and other contemporary plays.

Lean. I must enjoy her;
And my prophetic love tells me I shall;
Lend me but your assistance.
Ars. Give it o'er.
Mil. I would not have thee fool'd.
Lean. I have strange engines
Fashioning here, and Bartolus on the anvil;
Dissuade me not, but help me.
Mil. Take your fortune;
If you come off well, praise your wit; if not,
Expect to be the subject of our laughter.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A mean Room in the House of Octavio.

Enter OCTAVIO *and* JACINTHA.

Jac. You met Don Henrique?
Oct. Yes.
Jac. What comfort bring you?
Speak cheerfully: How did my letter work
On his hard temper? I am sure I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the pen of sorrow,
That it must force compunction.
Oct. You are cozen'd:
Can you, with one hand, prop a falling tower,
Or, with the other, stop the raging main,
When it breaks in on the usurped shore,
Or any thing that is impossible?
And then conclude that there is some way left
To move him to compassion.
Jac. Is there a justice,

Or thunder, my Octavio, and he
Not sunk unto the centre?
Oct. Good Jacintha,
With your long practised patience, bear afflictions;
And, by provoking it, call not on Heaven's anger.
He did not only scorn to read your letter,
But, most inhuman as he is, he cursed you,
Cursed you most bitterly.
Jac. The bad man's charity!
Oh, that I could forget there were a tie
In me upon him! or the relief I seek,
If given, were bounty in him, and not debt,
Debt of a dear account!
Oct. Touch not that string,
'Twill but encrease your sorrow; and tame silence,
The balm of the oppress'd, which hitherto
Hath eased your grieved soul, and preserved your fame,
Must be your surgeon still.
Jac. If the contagion
Of my misfortunes had not spread itself
Upon my son Ascanio, though my wants
Were centuplied upon myself, I could be patient:
But he is so good, I so miserable,
His pious care, his duty, and obedience,
And all that can be wish'd for from a son,
Discharged to me, and I barred of all means
To return any scruple of the debt
I owe him as a mother, is a torment
Too painful to be borne.
Oct. I suffer with you
In that; yet find in this assurance comfort,
High Heaven ordains, whose purposes cannot alter,
Children, that pay obedience to their parents,
Shall never beg their bread.

Enter ASCANIO.

Jac. Here comes our joy.
Where has my dearest been?
Asc. I have made, mother,
A fortunate voyage, and brought home rich prize
In a few hours: The owners too contented,
From whom I took it. See, here's gold; good
store too;
Nay, pray you take it.
Jac. Mens' charities are so cold,
That, if I knew not thou wert made of goodness,
'Twould breed a jealousy in me, by what means
Thou camest by such a sum.
Asc. Were it ill got,
I am sure it could not be employed so well
As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends,
Raised by Heaven's mercy to me, not my merits,
Bestow'd it on me.
Oct. It were a sacrilege
To rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it
To thy use only.
Jac. Buy thee brave clothes with it,
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us
To our necessities. Why dost thou weep?
Asc. Out of my fear I have offended you;
For, had I not, I'm sure you are too kind
Not to accept the offer of my service,
In which I am a gainer. I have heard
My tutor say, of all aërial fowl,
The stork's the emblem of true piety;
Because, when age hath seized upon his dam,
And made unfit for flight, the grateful young one
Takes her upon his back, provides her food,
Repaying so her tender care of him
Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her.

Shall I then, that have reason and discourse,
That tell me all I can do is too little,
Be more unnatural than a silly bird?
Or feed or clothe myself superfluously,
And know, nay see, you want? Holy saints keep me![7]

Jac. Can I be wretched,
And know myself the mother to such goodness?

Oct. Come, let us dry our eyes; we'll have a feast,
Thanks to our little steward.

Jac. And, in him,
Believe that we are rich.

Asc. I'm sure I am,
While I have power to comfort you, and serve you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Don Henrique.

Enter HENRIQUE *and* VIOLANTE.

Viol. Is it my fault, Don Henrique, or my fate?
What's my offence? I came young to your bed,
I had a fruitful mother, and you met me
With equal ardour in your May of blood;[8]

[7] *Holy saints keep me.*] Seward reads—

——— *Holy saints keep me*
From such impiety!

thinking the original an imperfect sentence, and, as usual, sacrificing the due fidelity of an editor to his rage for producing regular metre where none was intended.

[8] *May of blood.*] This was a very usual phraseology in our au-

And why then am I barren?
Hen. 'Tis not in man
To yield a reason for the will of Heaven,
Which is inscrutable.
Viol. To what use serve
Full fortunes, and the meaner sort of blessings,
When that, which is the crown of all our wishes,
The period of human happiness,
One only child, that may possess what's ours,
Is cruelly denied us?
Hen. 'Tis the curse
Of great estates, to want those pledges which
The poor are happy in: They in a cottage,
With joy, behold the models of their youth;
And as their root decays, those budding branches
Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their age.
But this is the beginning, not the end,
Of misery to me, that, 'gainst my will,[9]
Since Heaven denies us issue of our own,
Must leave the fruit of all my care and travel
To an unthankful brother, that insults
On my calamity.
Viol. I will rather choose
A bastard from the hospital, and adopt him,
And nourish him as mine own.
Hen. Such an evasion,
My Violante, is forbid to us.
Happy the Roman state, where it was lawful,
If our own sons were vicious, to choose one
Out of a virtuous stock, though of poor parents,
And make him noble. But the laws of Spain,
Intending to preserve all ancient houses,

thor's age; and numerous instances are collected in the notes of Steevens and others, on Scene III. of the fifth act of Macbeth.

[9] *To me of that misery against my will.*] So the first folio incorrectly reads. The text is from the second, 1679.

Prevent such free elections; with this my brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold
To reign o'er me as a master.

Viol I will fire
The portion I brought with me, ere he spend
A ryal of it! No quirk left, no quiddit,[1]
That may defeat him?

Hen. Were I but confirm'd[2]
That you would take the means I use with patience,
As I must practise it with my dishonour,
I could lay level with the earth his hopes,
That soar above the clouds with expectation
To see me in my grave.

Viol. Effect but this,
And our revenge shall be to us a son
That shall inherit for us.

Hen. Do not repent
When 'tis too late.

Viol. I fear not what may fall,
He dispossess'd, that does usurp on all. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *No quiddit.*] i. e. Subtilties, shifts in the law. Hamlet exclaims in the church-yard—"Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his *quiddits* now, his quillets?" &c.

[2] *Confirm'd.*] i. e. Certain, a usual meaning of the word in the times of the author.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Street before the House of Lopez.

Enter LEANDRO[3] *disguised,* MILANES, *and* ARSENIO.

Mil. Can any thing but wonder——
Lean. Wonder on;
I am as ye see; and what will follow, gentlemen——
Ars. Why dost thou put on this form? what can this do?
Thou look'st most sillily.
Mil Like a young clerk,
A half-pin'd puppy, that would write for a ryal.
Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty?
To what use, what occasion?
Lean. Peace! ye are fools,
More silly than my outside seems; ye are ignorant,
They that pretend to wonders, must weave cunningly.
Ars. What manner of access can this get? or, if gotten,
What credit in her eyes?
Lean. Will ye but leave me?
Mil. Methinks, a young man, and a handsome gentleman,

[3] *Enter Leandro,* with a letter writ out.] This is a stage direction transcribed from the prompter's book, and a memorandum to him only, that Leandro should go on furnished with such a letter, to deliver to Lopez the Curate. *Theobald.*

(But sure thou art lunatic) methinks, a brave man,
That would catch cunningly the beams of beauty,
And so distribute 'em unto his comfort,
Should like himself appear, young, high, and buxom,
And in the brightest form.

Lean. Ye are cozen'd, gentlemen;
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it:
Thus as I am I will begin my voyage.
When you love, launch it out in silks and velvets;
I'll love in serge, and will out-go your sattins.
To get upon my great horse, and appear
The sign of such a man, and trot my measures,
Or fiddle out whole frosty nights, my friends,
Under the window, while my teeth keep tune,[4]
I hold no handsomeness. Let me get in,
There trot and fiddle, where I may have fair play.

Ars. But how get in?

Lean. Leave that to me; your patience;
I have some toys here that I dare well trust to:
I have smelt a vicar out, they call him Lopez.
You are ne'er the nearer now.

Mil. We do confess it.

Lean. Weak simple men! this vicar to this lawyer
Is the most inward Damon.

Ars. What can this do?

Mil. We know the fellow, and he dwells there.

Lean. So.

Ars. A poor thin thief. He help? he? hang the vicar!
Can reading of an homily prefer thee?[5]

[4] ——— *whilst my teeth keep* tune.] Theobald very unnecessarily alters *tune* to *time*.

[5] ——— *hang the vicar;*
Can reading of an ——— *prefer thee?*] 'Tis strange that

Thou art dead-sick in love, and he'll pray for thee.
Lean. Have patience, gentlemen. I say this vicar,
This thing, I say, is all one with the close Bartolus,
For so they call the lawyer. O'er his nature,[6]
(Which I have studied by relation,
And make no doubt I shall hit handsomely)
Will I work cunningly, and home: Understand me.
Next, I pray, leave me, leave me to my fortune;
Difficilia pulchra, that's my motto, gentlemen:
I'll win this diamond from the rock, and wear her,
Or ——

Enter LOPEZ *and* DIEGO.

Mil. Peace! the vicar. 'Send you a full sail, sir.
Ars. There's your confessor; but what shall be your penance?
Lean. A fool's head if I fail; and so forsake me.
You shall hear from me daily.
Mil. We will be ready. [*Exeunt* MIL. ARS.
Lop. Thin world, indeed.
Lean. I'll let him breathe, and mark him.
No man would think, a stranger, as I am,
Should reap any great commodity from his pig belly. [*Retires.*

none of all the editions should be able to furnish out the intermediate word to fill up the *hiatus* of this verse. As they are talking of the vicar, it is demonstrable it must have been *homily*, which makes both the metre and sense complete. *Theobald.*

The ensuing line is, in the first folio, erroneously given to Leandro.

6 ——— or *his nature*, &c.] So the old copies. Theobald, as well as the last editors, say—on *his nature*. The latter, however, propose to read *o'er* his nature, which, being much more likely than *on* to have been corrupted into *or*, is here adopted.

Lop. Poor stirring for poor vicars.
Die. And poor sextons.
Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no purpose;
Those that enjoy our lands, choke our devotions;
Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.
Die. If you live miserably, how shall we do, master,
That are fed only with the sound of prayers?
We rise and ring the bells to get good stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.
Lop. When was there a christ'ning, Diego?
Die. Not this ten weeks:
Alas, they have forgot to get children, master.
The wars, the seas, and usury undo us;
Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our plough-shares.
They eat nothing here but herbs, and get nothing but green sauce:
There are some poor labourers, that, perhaps,
Once in seven years, with helping one another,
Produce some few pin'd butter-prints,[7] that scarce hold
The christ'ning neither.
Lop. Your gallants, they get honour,
A strange fantastical birth, to defraud the vicar;
And the camp christens their issues, or the courtezans;
'Tis a lewd time.
Die. They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not die; there's nothing got by burials.
Lop. Diego, the air's too pure, they cannot perish;

[7] *Butter-prints.*] This is a favourite expression with Fletcher for a child; it occurs in the Chances, Wit Without Money, &c.

To have a thin stipend, and an everlasting parish,
Lord, what a torment 'tis!
Die. Good sensible master,
You are allow'd to pray against all weathers,
Both foul and fair, as you shall find occasion;
Why not against all airs?
Lop. That's not i' th' canons:
I would it had; 'tis out of our way forty pence.
Die. 'Tis strange; they are starved too, yet they will not die here;
They will not earth. A good stout plague amongst 'em,
Or half a dozen new fantastical fevers,
That would turn up their heels by wholesale, master,
And take the doctors too, in their grave counsels,
That there might be no natural help for money,
How merrily would my bells go then?
Lop. Peace, Diego;
The doctors are our friends; let's please them well,
For, though they kill but slow, they are certain, Diego.
We must remove into a muddy air,
A most contagious climate.
Die. We must, certain;
An air that is the nursery of agues;
Such agues, master, that will shake men's souls out,
Ne'er stay for possets, nor good old wives' plaisters.
Lop. Gouts and dead palsies.
Die. The dead does well at all times,
Yet gouts will hang an arse a long time, master.
The pox, or English surfeits, if we had 'em;
Those are rich marle, they make a church-yard fat;

And make the sexton sing; they never miss, sir.
Lop. Then wills and funeral sermons come in season,
And feasts that make us frolic.
Die. 'Would I could see 'em!
Lop. And though I weep i' th' pulpit for my brother,
Yet, Diego, here I laugh.
Die. The cause requires it.
Lop. Since people left to die, I am a dunce, Diego.
Die. 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lean. A precious pair of youths! I must make toward 'em. [*Coming forward.*
Lop. Who's that? Look out; it seems he would speak to us.
I hope a marriage, or some will to make, Diego.
Die. My friend, your business?
Lean. 'Tis to that grave gentleman.—
Bless your good learning, sir!
Lop. And bless you also!
He bears a promising face; there's some hope toward.
Lean. I have a letter to your worship. [*Gives a letter.*
Lop. Well, sir,
From whence, I pray you?
Lean. From Nova Hispania, sir,
And from an ancient friend of yours.
Lop. 'Tis well, sir;
'Tis very well.—The devil a one I know there.
Die. Take heed of a snap, sir; he has a cozening countenance.
I do not like his way.
Lop. Let him go forward.

Cantabit vacuus;[8] they that have nothing, fear nothing.
All I have to lose, Diego, is my learning;
And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut-shell. [*Reads the letter.*

Signior Lopez, since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet received no answer of any—Good and very good—*And although so great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you, must more prevail with me*—Better and better: The devil a man know I yet—*and therefore, with the present occasion offered, I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofore received from you, and do recommend my son, Leandro, the bearer, to you, with request that he may be admitted in that university, till such time as I shall arrive at home; his studies he will make you acquainted withal. This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness: And so, Heaven keep you. Yours, Alonzo Tiveria.*

Alonzo Tiveria! Very well.
A very ancient friend of mine, I take it;
For, till this hour, I never heard his name yet.

Lean. You look, sir, as if you had forgot my father.

Lop. No, no, I look as I would remember him;
For that I never remember'd, I cannot forget, sir.
Alonzo Tiveria?

Lean. The same, sir.

Lop. And now i' th' Indies?

Lean. Yes.

[8] *Cantabit vacuus* ——.] This hemistich is the beginning of a verse in Juvenal's Satyres.

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator. *Theobald.*

Lop. He may be any where,
For aught that I consider.
Lean. Think again, sir;
You were students both at one time in Salamanca,
And, as I take it, chamber-fellows.
Lop. Ha?
Lean. Nay, sure, you must remember.
Lop. 'Would I could!
Lean. I have heard him say you were gossips too.
Lop. Very likely;
You did not hear him say to whom? for we students
May oft-times over-reach our memories.—
Dost thou remember, Diego, this same signior?
Thou hast been mine these twenty years.
Die. Remember?
Why, this fellow would make ye mad. Nova Hispania?
And Signior Tiveria? What are these?
He may as well name ye friends out of Cataya.[9]
Take heed, I beseech your worship.—Do you hear, my friend,
You have no letters for me?
Lean. Not any letter;
But I was charged to do my father's love
To the old honest sexton, Diego. Are you he, sir?
Die. Ha! have I friends, and know 'em not? My name is Diego;
But if either I remember you or your father,
Or Nova Hispania (I was never there, sir,)
Or any kindred that you have—For Heaven sake, master,

[9] *Cataya.*] The ancient name for China, used by Marco Polo, Maundeville, and other ancient travellers.

Let's cast about a little, and consider;
We may dream out our time.
Lean. It seems I am deceived, sir:
Yet, that you are Don Lopez, all men tell me,
The curate here, and have been some time, sir
And you the sexton Diego, such I am sent to,
The letter tells as much. May be they are dead,
And you of the like names succeed. I thank ye, gentlemen;
Ye have done honestly in telling truth;
I might have been forward else; for to that Lopez,
That was my father's friend, I had a charge,
A charge of money to deliver, gentlemen;
Five hundred ducats, a poor small gratuity.
But since you are not he——
Lop. Good sir, let me think;
I pray ye be patient; pray ye, stay a little:[1]
Nay, let me remember; I beseech you stay, sir.
Die. An honest noble friend, that sends so lovingly;
An old friend too; I shall remember, sure, sir.[2]
Lop. Thou say'st true, Diego.
Die. 'Pray ye consider quickly;
Do, do, by any means. Methinks, already,
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.
Lean. He's old indeed, sir.
Die. With a goodly white beard
(For now he must be so; I know he must be)
Signior Alonzo, master.

[1] This line does not occur in the first folio, which, with regard to this play, is remarkably incorrect. It was restored in the second; and the reason why I consider the additions in this edition as from good authority will be found in the introduction.

[2] I shall *remember, sure, sir.*] Mr Theobald's edition robs this passage of great part of its humour, by reading, *you will* remember; but without noticing the variation.—Ed. 1778.

Lop. I begin to have him.
Die. He has been from hence about some twenty years, sir.
Lean. Some five-and-twenty, sir.
Die. You say most true, sir;
Just to an hour, 'tis now just five-and-twenty.
A fine straight timber'd man, and a brave soldier
He married—let me see——
Lean. De Castro's daughter.
Die. The very same.
Lean. [*Aside.*] Thou art a very rascal!
De Castro is the Turk to thee, or any thing.
The money rubs 'em into strange remembrances;
For as many ducats more they would remember Adam.
Lop. Give me your hand; you are welcome to your country;
Now I remember plainly, manifestly,
As freshly as if yesterday I had seen him.
Most heartily welcome! Sinful that I am,
Most sinful man! why should I lose this gentleman?
This loving old companion? We had all one soul, sir.
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome——
Lean. Farm, sir:
You say most true.
Lop. Alonzo Tiveria!
Lord, Lord, that time should play the treacherous knave thus!
Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain, sir.
I knew your mother too, a handsome gentlewoman;
She was married very young: I married 'em.
I do remember now the masques and sports then,
The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good faith, sir,

Now I look in your face—whose eyes are those, Diego?
Nay, if he be not just Alonzo's picture——

Lean. Lord, how I blush for these two impudents! [*Aside.*

Die. Well, gentleman, I think your name's Leandro.

Lean. It is, indeed, sir.—
Gra'-mercy, letter; thou hadst never known else. [*Aside.*

Die. I have dandled you, and kiss'd you, and play'd with you,
A hundred and a hundred times, and danced you,
And swung you in my bell-ropes—you loved swinging.

Lop. A sweet boy.

Lean. Sweet lying knaves! What would these do for thousands? [*Aside.*

Lop. A wondrous sweet boy then it was. See now,
Time, that consumes us, shoots him up still sweeter.
How does the noble gentleman? how fares he?
When shall we see him? when will he bless his country?

Lean. Oh, very shortly, sir. Till his return,
He has sent me over to your charge.

Lop. And welcome;
Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your friend, sir.

Lean. And to my study, sir, which must be the law.
To further which, he would entreat your care
To plant me in the favour of some man
That's expert in that knowledge: For his pains
I have three hundred ducats more; for my diet,
Enough, sir, to defray me; which I am charged
To take still, as I use it, from your custody:

I have the money ready, and I am weary.
Lop. Sit down, sit down; and, once more, you're most welcome.
The law you have hit upon most happily;
Here is a master in that art, Bartolus,
A neighbour by; to him I will prefer you;
A learned man, and my most loving neighbour.
I'll do you faithful service, sir.
Die. He's an ass, [*Aside to* LOPEZ.
And so we'll use him; he shall be a lawyer!
Lop. But, if ever he recover this money again—
Before, Diego,
And get some pretty pittance; my pupil's hungry.
Lean. 'Pray you, sir, unlade me.
Lop. I'll refresh you, sir:
When you want, you know your exchequer.
Lean. If all this get me but access, I am happy. [*Aside.*
Lop. Come; I am tender of you.
Lean. I'll go with ye.—
To have this fort betray'd, these fools must fleece me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Bartolus.

Enter BARTOLUS *and* AMARANTA.

Bar. My Amaranta, a retired sweet life,
Private, and close, and still, and housewifely,
Becomes a wife, sets off the grace of woman.
At home to be believ'd both young and handsome,
As lilies that are cased in crystal glasses,
Makes up the wonder; shew it abroad, 'tis stale,

And still, the more eyes cheapen it, 'tis more slubber'd.
And what need windows open to inviting,
Or ev'ning terraces, to take opinions,[3]
When the most wholesome air, my wife, blows inward,
When good thoughts are the noblest companions,
And old chaste stories, wife, the best discourses?—
But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature?

Ama. You know your own disease, distrust, and jealousy!
And those two give these lessons, not good meaning.
What trial is there of my honesty,
When I am mew'd[4] at home? To what end, husband,
Serve all the virtuous thoughts, and chaste behaviours,
Without their uses? Then they are known most excellent,
When by their contraries they are set off and burnished.

[3] *And what need windows open to inviting,
Or ev'ning terraces, to take* opinions?] Sympson reads, *to take* in minions.

A more absurd alteration can hardly be found even in the pages of the edition of 1750. *Opinion* is, in our old dramatists, again and again used for celebrity and reputation. Thus, in the meeting of the conspirators in Julius Cæsar, Metellus, speaking of Cicero, says,

"O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase a good *opinion.*"

"What need open windows," says the jealous lawyer, "to invite gazers, or walking on terraces to obtain the admiration of all, the celebrity of being considered as a beauty."

[4] *Mew'd at home.*] A phrase taken from hawking. The place of confinement for hawks was called the *mew.*

If you both hold me fair, and chaste, and virtuous,[5]
Let me go fearless out, and win that greatness:
These seeds grow not in shades and conceal'd places:
Set 'em i' th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.

Bar. Peace; you are too loud.

Ama. You are too covetous;
If that be rank'd a virtue, you have a rich one.
Set me, like other lawyers' wives, off handsomely,
Attended as I ought, and, as they have it,
My coach, my people, and my handsome women,
My will in honest things.

Bar. Peace, Amaranta!

Ama. They have content, rich clothes, and that secures 'em;
Binds to their careful husbands their observance;
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh,——

Bar. Thou shalt too.

Ama. And freely may converse with proper gentlemen,
Suffer temptations daily to their honour.

Enter Egla.

Bar. You are now too far again: Thou shalt have any thing,
Let me but lay up for a handsome office;
And then, my Amaranta——

Ama. Here's a thing now,

[5] *If you both hold me fair,* &c.] Mr Seward reads,

> *If ye both hold me fair, and* chaste, *and virtuous,*
> *Let me go fearless out, and win that* chasteness.

We shall not comment upon the impropriety, and consequent tautology, of this alteration; they are too glaring to escape the notice of the most inattentive.—Ed. 1778.

You place as pleasure to me; all my retinue,
My chambermaid, my kitchenmaid, my friend;
And what she fails in I must do myself.
A foil to set my beauty off; I thank you.
You will place the devil next for a companion.

Bar. No more such words, good wife.—What would you have, maid?

Egla. Master Curate, and the Sexton, and a stranger. sir,
Attend to speak with your worship.

Bar. A stranger?

Ama. You had best to be jealous of the man you know not.

Bar. Pr'ythee, no more of that.

Ama. 'Pray you, go out to 'em;
That will be safest for you, I am well here;
I only love your peace, and serve like a slave for it.

Bar. No, no, thou shalt not; 'tis some honest client,
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me.
Pr'ythee, go in, my duck; I'll but speak to 'em,
And return instantly.

Ama. I am commanded.
One day you will know my sufferance. [*Exit.*

Bar. And reward it. [*Locks the door.*
So, so; fast bind, fast find.—Come in, my neighbours;
My loving neighbours, pray ye come in; ye are welcome.

Enter LOPEZ, LEANDRO, *and* DIEGO.

Lop. Bless your good reverence!

Bar. Good day, good master Curate,
And neighbour Diego, welcome. What's your business?

And, 'pray ye, be short, good friends; the time is precious.—
Welcome, good sir.

Lop. To be short then with your mastership,
For, I know, your several hours are full of business,
We have brought you this young man, of honest parents,
And of an honest face——

Bar. It seems so, neighbours:
But to what end?

Lop. To be your pupil, sir;
Your servant, if you please.

Lean. I have travell'd far, sir,
To seek a worthy man.

Bar. Alas, good gentleman,
I am a poor man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a servant of your reckoning;
My house a little cottage, and scarce able
To hold myself, and those poor few live under it.
Besides, you must not blame me, gentleman,
If I were able to receive a servant,
To be a little scrupulous of his dealing;
For in these times——

Lop 'Pray let me answer that, sir:
Here are five hundred ducats, to secure him;
He cannot want, sir, to make good his credit,
Good gold, and coin.

Bar. And that's an honest pledge;
Yet, sure, that needs not, for his face and carriage
Seem to declare an in-bred honesty.

Lean. And (for I have a ripe mind to the law, sir,
In which, I understand, you live a master)
The least poor corner in your house, poor bed, sir,
(Let me not seem intruding to your worship)

With some books to instruct me, and your counsel,
Shall I rest most content with : Other acquaintance
Than your grave presence, and the grounds of law,
I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, sir ;
For, surely, mine own nature desires privacy.
Next, for your monthly pains, to shew my thanks,
I do proportion out some twenty ducats ;
As I grow riper, more : Three hundred now, sir,
To shew my love to learning and my master ;
My diet I'll defray too, without trouble.

Lop. Note but his mind to learning.

Bar. I do strangely ;
Yes, and I like it too—Thanks to his money. [*Aside.*

Die. 'Would he would live with me, and learn to dig too !

Lop. A wondrous modest man, sir.

Bar. So it seems.
His dear love to his study must be nourish'd,
Neighbour : He's like to prove——

Lop With your good counsel,
And with your diligence, as you will ply him.
His parents, when they know your care——

Bar. Come hither.

Die. An honester young man your worship ne'er kept ;
But he is so bashful——

Bar. Oh, I like him better.—
Say, I should undertake you, which, indeed, sir,
Will be no little straitness to my living,
Considering my affairs, and my small house, sir,
(For I see some promises, that pull me to you)
Could you content yourself, at first, thus meanly,
To lie hard, in an out-part of my house, sir?
For I have not many lodgings to allow you,

And study should be still remote from company;
A little fire sometimes too, to refresh you,
A student must be frugal; sometimes lights too,
According to your labour.

Lean. Any thing sir,
That's dry and wholesome. I am no bred wanton.

Bar. Then I receive you: But I must desire you
To keep within your confines.

Lean. Ever, sir;—
(There is the gold)—and ever be your servant.—
(Take it, and give me books)—May I but prove, sir,
According to my wish, and these shall multiply!

Lop. Do, study hard.—Pray you take him in, and settle him;
He's only fit for you. Shew him his cell, sir.

Die. Take a good heart; and, when you are a cunning lawyer,
I'll sell my bells, and you shall prove it lawful.

Bar. Come, sir, with me.—Neighbours, I thank your diligence.

Lop. I'll come sometimes, and crack a case with you.

Bar. Welcome. [*Exeunt* BART. *and* LEANDRO.

Lop. Here's money got with ease! here, spend that jovially,
And pray for the fool, the founder.[6]

Die. Many more fools,
I heartily pray, may follow his example!
Lawyers, or lubbers, or of what condition,
And many such sweet friends in Nova Hispania!

Lop. It will do well: Let 'em but send their monies,

[6] *Pray for the fool, the founder.*] This is another allusion to the custom of praying for the founders of colleges, monasteries, &c. See vol. II. p. 259.

Come from what quarter of the world, I care not,
I'll know 'em instantly; nay, I'll be akin to 'em;
I cannot miss a man that sends me money.
Let him law there! 'Long as his ducats last, boy,
I'll grace him, and prefer him.

Die. I'll turn trade, master,
And now live by the living; let the dead stink,
'Tis a poor stinking trade.

Lop. If the young fool now
Should chance to chop upon his fair wife, Diego?

Die. And handle her case, master; that's a law-point,
A point would make him start, and put on his spectacles;
A hidden point, were worth the canvassing.

Lop. Now, surely, surely, I should love him, Diego,
And love him heartily: Nay, I should love myself,
Or any thing that had but that good fortune;
For, to say truth, the lawyer is a dog-bolt,[7]
An arrant worm; and, though I call him worshipful,
I wish him a canoniz'd cuckold, Diego.
Now, if my youth do dub him——

Die. He is too demure, sir.

Lop. If he do sting her home——

Die. There's no such matter,
The woman was not born to so much blessedness:
He has no heat; study consumes his oil, master.

Lop. Let's leave it to the will of fate, and presently,
Over a cup of lusty sack, let's prophesy.

[7] *Dog-bolt.*] A term of reproach, frequently applied to a fool who is the butt of every conversation.

I am like a man that dream'd he was an emperor.
Come, Diego, hope! and, whilst he lasts, we'll lay
it on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter JAMIE, MILANES, ARSENIO, *and* ANGELO.[8]

Jam. Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder?
Mil. Yes, yes.
Jam. And you, Arsenio?
Ars. Yes; he's gone, sir,
Strangely disguis'd! he's set upon his voyage.
Jam. Love guide his thoughts! He's a brave
honest fellow.
Sit close, don lawyer! Oh, that arrant knave now,
How he will stink, will smoke again, will burst!
He's the most arrant beast——
Mil. He may be more beast.
Jam. Let him bear six, and six, that all may
blaze him![9]
The villany he has sowed into my brother,

[8] Angelo is not mentioned among the persons who enter in either of the folios; but this was probably an accidental omission, for he is one of the three inseparable friends, Milanes, Arsenio, and Angelo. Fletcher delights in bringing forward more than one attendant of the kind, as such characters require number to make them noticed at all. Seward and Theobald expunged Angelo from the drama, as they did the Old Crone in Philaster,—a highly reprehensible proceeding in any editor.

[9] *Let him bear six, and six that all may blaze him!*] The allusion is both to the branches of a stag's horns and to the terms of heraldry.—*Mason.*

And, from his state, the revenue he has reach'd at!
Pay him, my good Leandro! Take my prayers!
Ars. And all our wishes! Plough with his fine
white heifer!
Jam. Mark him, my dear friend, for a famous
cuckold!
Let it out-live his books, his pains, and, hear me,
The more he seeks to smother it with justice,

Enter ANDREA.

Let it blaze out the more!—What news, Andrea?
And. News I am loth to tell you; but I am
charged, sir.
Your brother lays a strict command upon you,
No more to know his house, upon your danger.
I am sorry, sir.
Jam. 'Faith, never be: I am glad on't.
He keeps the house of pride and foolery:
I mean to shun it; so return my answer:
'Twill shortly spew him out. Come, let's be merry,
And lay our heads together carefully,
How we may help our friend; and let's lodge near
him,
Be still at hand. I would not for my patrimony,
But he should crown his lawyer a learn'd monster!
Come, let's away; I'm stark mad 'till I see him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of Bartolus.

Enter Bartolus *and* Amaranta.

Ama. Why will you bring men in, and yet be jealous?
Why will you lodge a young man, a man able,
And yet repine?
Bar. He shall not trouble thee, sweet;
A modest poor slight thing! Did I not tell thee
He was only given to the book, and for that
How royally he pays? finds his own meat too.
Ama. I will not have him here: I know your courses,
And what fits you will fall into of madness.
Bar. I' faith, I will not, wife.
Ama. I will not try you.
Bar. He comes not near thee, shall not dare to tread
Within thy lodgings: In an old out-room,
Where logs and coals were laid——
Ama. Now you lay fire;
Fire to consume your quiet.
Bar. Didst thou know him,
Thou wouldst think as I do. He disquiet thee!
Thou may'st wear him next thy heart, and yet not warm him.
His mind, poor man, is o' th' law; how to live after,
And not on, lewdness. On my conscience,
He knows not how to look upon a woman,
More than by reading, what sex she is.

Ama. I do not like it, sir.
Bar. Dost thou not see, fool,
What presents he sends hourly in his gratefulness?
What delicate meats?
Ama. You had best trust him at your table;
Do, and repent it, do!
Bar. If thou be'st willing,
By my troth, I think he might come; he's so modest,
He never speaks. There's part of that he gave me;
He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and rise immediately;
Ev'n as he eats, he studies; he'll not disquiet thee.
Do as thou pleasest, wife.
Ama. What means this woodcock?[1]
[*Knock within.*
Bar. Retire, sweet; there's one knocks!—Come in. Your business?

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord Don Henrique would entreat you, sir,
To come immediately, and speak with him;
He has business of some moment.
Bar. I'll attend him.
I must be gone: I pr'ythee, think the best, wife;
At my return, I'll tell thee more. Good morrow!—
Sir, keep you close, and study hard: An hour hence
I'll read a new case to you. [*Exit.*
Lean. (*Within.*) I'll be ready.

[1] —— *this woodcock?*] It was a vulgar belief, in days of old, that a woodcock had no brains.

Ama. So many hundred ducats, to lie scurvily,
And learn the pelting law? This sounds but slenderly,
But very poorly. I would see this fellow,
Very fain see him, how he looks: I will find
To what end, and what study——There's the place:
I'll go o' th' other side, and take my fortune.
I think there is a window. [*Exit.*

Enter LEANDRO.

Lean. He's gone out.
Now, if I could but see her! She is not this way.
How nastily he keeps his house. My chamber,
If I continue long, will choke me up,
It is so damp. I shall be mortified
For any woman, if I stay a month here.
I'll in, and strike my lute; that sound may call her. [*Exit.*

Enter AMARANTA.

Ama. He keeps very close. Lord, how I long to see him!—
A lute struck handsomely! a voice too! I'll hear that.

A Song to the Lute within.

I.

Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since, thou know'st, I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours doth excel.

II.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair,
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighbouring air,
Else dull silence, sure, will starve me:
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrain'd, a heart is broken.[a]

These verses are no law, they sound too sweetly.
Now I am more desirous. [LEANDRO *peeping*.

Lean. 'Tis she, certain.

Ama. What's that, that peeps?

Lean. Oh, admirable face!

Ama. Sure, 'tis the man.

Lean. I will go out a little.

Ama. He looks not like a fool; his face is noble.
How still he stands!

Lean. I am strucken dumb with wonder:
Sure, all the excellence of earth dwells here!

Ama. How pale he looks! yet, how his eyes, like torches,
Fling their beams round! How manly his face shews!
He comes on: Surely, he will speak. He is made most handsomely.
This is no clerk behaviour. Now I have seen you,
I'll take my time! Husband, you have brought home tinder.
[*Exit. She drops her glove.*

Lean. Sure she has transform'd me; I had forgot my tongue clean.
I never saw a face yet, but this rare one,

[a] This song only occurs in the folio of 1679, and was therefore, by the last editors, transferred to the bottom of the page. There is, however, reason to believe that the insertions, and often the alterations in that folio, were made from authentic materials, and the song is highly characteristic of Fletcher.

But I was able boldly to encounter it,
And speak my mind; my lips were lock'd up here;
This is divine, and only serv'd with reverence!
Oh, most fair cover of a hand far fairer,
[Takes up the glove.
Thou blessed innocence, that guards that whiteness,
Live next my heart! I am glad I have got a relick;
A relick, when I pray to it, may work wonders.
[A noise within.
Hark, there's some noise! I must retire again.
This blessed apparition makes me happy:
I'll suffer, and I'll sacrifice my substance,
But I'll enjoy. Now, softly to my kennel. *[Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Don Henrique's *House.*

Enter HENRIQUE *and* BARTOLUS.

Hen. You know my cause sufficiently?
Bar. I do, sir.
Hen. And though it will impair my honesty,
And strike deep at my credit, yet, my Bartolus
There being no other evasion left to free me
From the vexation of my spiteful brother,

That most insultingly reigns over me,
I must and will go forward.

Bar. Do, my lord,
And look not after credit; we shall cure that;
Your bended honesty we shall set right, sir;
We surgeons of the law do desperate cures, sir;
And you shall see how heartily I'll handle it:
Mark, how I'll knock it home. Be of good cheer, sir;
You give good fees, and those beget good causes;
The prerogative of your crowns will carry the matter,
Carry it sheer.[3] The assistant sits to-morrow,
And he's your friend. Your monied men love naturally,
And as your loves are clear, so are your causes.

Hen. He shall not want for that.

Bar. No, no, he must not;
Line your cause warmly, sir; (the times are agueish)
That holds a plea in heart. Hang the penurious!
Their causes, like their purses, have poor issues.

Hen. That way I was ever bountiful.

Bar. 'Tis true, sir;
That makes you fear'd, forces the snakes to kneel to you.[4]

[3] —— *sheer.*] *i. e.* Clearly, without opposition. Sheer generally was used for transparent, pellucid, as in King Richard II.

"Thou *sheer*, immaculate, and silver fountain."

[4] ——*forces the* snakes *to kneel to you.*] Our authors, perhaps, by a bold metaphor, may mean poor servile wretches that creep like *snakes:* and when the snake erects its crest a little, and trails its hinder parts on the ground, it in some sort resembles the posture of kneeling.—*Theobald.*

This is undoubtedly the true explanation, though Mr Seward, from his abundant stock of conjectural emendations, proposes "rakes, jacks, or knaves." Snakes is applied in the same sense as we now use the word reptiles.

Live full of money, and supply the lawyer,
And take your choice of what man's lands you
please, sir,
What pleasures, or what profits, what revenges;
They are all your own. I must have witnesses
Enough, and ready.

Hen. You shall not want, my Bartolus.

Bar. Substantial, fearless souls, that will swear
suddenly,
That will swear any thing.

Hen. They shall swear truth too.

Bar. That's no great matter: For variety,
They may swear truth; else 'tis not much look'd
after.
I will serve process, presently and strongly,
Upon your brother, and Octavio,
Jacintha, and the boy. Provide your proofs, sir,
And set 'em fairly off; be sure of witnesses;
Though they cost money, want no store of wit-
nesses:
I have seen a handsome cause so foully lost, sir,
So beastly cast away, for want of witnesses——

Hen. There shall want nothing.

Bar. Then begone, be provident,
Send to the judge a secret way: You have me?
And let him understand the heart——

Hen. I shall, sir.

Bar. And feel the pulses strongly beat. I'll
study,
And at my hour,—but mark me! Go; be happy;
Go, and believe i' th' law!

Hen. I hope 'twill help me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Lopez.

Enter LOPEZ, DIEGO, *four Parishioners, and Singers.*

Lop. Ne'er talk to me, I will not stay amongst ye;
Debauch'd and ignorant lazy knaves I found ye,
And fools I leave ye. I have taught these twenty years,
Preach'd spoon-meat to ye, that a child might swallow;
Yet ye are blockheads still. What should I say to ye?
Ye have neither faith, nor money, left to save ye:
Am I a fit companion for such beggars?

1 *Par.* If the shepherd will suffer the sheep to be scabb'd, sir——

Lop. No, no, ye are rotten.

Die. 'Would they were, for my sake!

Lop. I have 'nointed ye, and tarr'd ye with my doctrine,
And yet the murrain sticks to ye, yet ye are mangy!
I will avoid ye.

2 *Par.* Pray you, sir, be not angry,
In the pride of your new cassock; do not part with us.
We do acknowledge you a careful curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with sermons;
A short slice of a reading serves us, sir.

We do acknowledge you a quiet teacher;
Before you'll vex your audience, you'll sleep with 'em;
And that's a loving thing.

3 *Par.* We grant you, sir,
The only benefactor to our bowling,
To all our merry sports the first provoker;
And, at our feasts, we know there is no reason
But you, that edify us most, should eat most.

Lop. I will not stay, for all this; ye shall know me
A man born to a more beseeming fortune,
Than ringing all-in to a rout of dunces.

4 *Par.* We will increase your tithes; you shall have eggs too,
Tho' they may prove most dangerous to our issues.

1 *Par.* I am a smith; yet thus far, out of my love,
You shall have the tenth horse I prick, to pray for:
I am sure, I prick five hundred in a year, sir.

2 *Par.* I am a cook, a man of a dry'd conscience,
Yet thus far I relent: You shall have tithe pottage.

3 *Par.* Your stipend shall be rais'd too, good neighbour Diego.

Die. Would ye have me speak for ye? I am more angry,
Ten times more vex'd; not to be pacified!
No, there be other places for poor sextons,
Places of profit, friends, fine stirring places,
And people that know how to use our offices,
Know what they were made for. I speak for such capons!
Ye shall find the key o' th' church under the door, neighbours;

Ye may go in, and drive away the daws.
Lop. My surplice, with one sleeve, ye shall find there,
For to that dearth of linen ye have driven me;
And the old cutwork cope, that hangs by geometry:
'Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very tender.
The remnant of the books lie where they did, neighbours,
Half puff'd away with the church-wardens' pipings,
Such smoky zeals they have against hard places.
The poor-man's box is there too: If ye find any thing
Beside the posy, and that half rubb'd out too,
For fear it should awake too much charity,
Give it to pious uses; that is, spend it.
Die. The bell-ropes, they are strong enough to hang ye,
So we bequeath ye to your destiny.
1 *Par.* 'Pray ye be not so hasty.
Die. I'll speak a proud word to ye:
Would ye have us stay?
2 *Par.* We do most heartily pray ye.
3 *Par.* I'll draw as mighty drink, sir——
Lop. A strong motive;
The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.
3 *Par.* And I'll send for my daughter.
Lop. This may stir too:
The maiden is of age, and must be edified.
4 *Par.* You shall have any thing.. . Lose our learned vicar?
And our most constant friend, honest, dear Diego?
Die. Yet all this will not do. I'll tell ye, neighbours,
And tell ye true: If ye will have us stay,
If ye will have the comforts of our companies,
Ye shall be bound to do us right in these points;

Ye shall be bound, and this the obligation:
Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties,[5]
And do not seek to draw out our undoings.
Marry try'd women, that are free, and fruitful;
Get children in abundance, for your christ'nings,
Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal justice.

Lop. Let weddings, christ'nings, churchings, funerals,
And merry gossipings, go round, go round still;
Round as a pig, that we may find the profit.

Die. And let your old men fall sick handsomely,
And die immediately; their sons may shoot up.
Let women die o' th' sullens too; 'tis natural;
But be sure their daughters be of age first,
That they may stock us still. Your queazy[6] young wives,
That perish undeliver'd, I am vex'd with,
And vex'd abundantly; it much concerns me;
There's a child's burial lost; look that be mended.

Lop. Let 'em be brought to bed, then die when they please.
These things consider'd, countrymen, and sworn to——

2 *Par.* All these, and all our sports again, and gambols.

3 *Par.* We must die, and we must live, and we'll be merry;
Every man shall be rich by one another.

2 *Par.* We are here to-morrow, and gone to-day. For my part,

[5] *Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit* duties.] Sympson alters *duties* to *dues*, which he "verily believes" the original word.

[6] *Queazy.*] A word still in use in some parts of England for a certain sickness at the stomach, occasioned by disgust at any thing. So in Ben Jonson's New Inn:

"Notes of a *queazy* and sick stomach, labouring
"With want of a due inquiry."

If getting children can befriend my neighbours,
I'll labour hard but I will fill your font, sir.
1 *Par.* I have a mother now, and an old father;
They are as sure your own, within these two months—
4 *Par.* My sister must be pray'd for too; she is desperate,
Desperate in love.
Die. Keep desperate men far from her,
Then 'twill go hard. Do ye see how melancholy?
Do ye mark the man? Do ye profess ye love him?
And would do any thing to stay his fury,
And are ye unprovided to refresh him?
To make him know your loves? Fy, neighbours!
2 *Par.* We'll do any thing.
We have brought music to appease his spirit;
And the best song we'll give him.
Die. Pray you, sit down, sir;
They know their duties now, and they stand ready
To tender their best mirth.
Lop. 'Tis well. Proceed, neighbours!
I am glad I have brought ye to understand good manners;
Ye had Puritan hearts a while, spurn'd at all pastimes;
But I see some hope now.
Die. We are set. Proceed, neighbours!

SONG.

I. *Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing,*
The young lasses skip and play;
Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground,
Our learned old vicar will stay.

II. *Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,*
And let the fat goose swim ;
For verily, verily, verily, ah,
Our vicar this day shall be trim.

III. *The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,*
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow ;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.

IV. *Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat*
To thee our most noble adviser ;
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,
And we ourselves will be wiser.

V. *We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,*
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker ;
We'll fall to our plough, and get children enow,
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.[7]

Enter ARSENIO *and* MILANES.

Ars. What ails this priest? how highly the thing takes it!
Mil. Lord, how it looks? Has he not bought some prebend!
Leandro's money makes the rascal merry,
Merry at heart. He spies us.
Lop. Begone, neighbours ;
Here are some gentlemen. Begone, good neighbours,
Begone, and labour to redeem my favour.

[7] This song was removed from the text in the last edition for the same reason as that on p. 270; and for the same reason it is now restored.

No more words, but begone. These two are gen-
tlemen;
No company for crusty-handed fellows.
Die. We will stay for a year or two, and try ye.
Lop. Fill all your hearts with joy; we will stay
with ye.
Begone; no more! I take your pastimes graci-
ously.—— [*Exeunt Parishioners.*
Would ye with me, my friends?
Ars. We would look upon you;
For, methinks, you look lovely.
Lop. You have no letters?
Nor any kind remembrances?
Mil. Remembrances?
Lop. From Nova Hispania, or some part re-
mote, sir;
You look like travelled men. May be, some old
friends,
That happily I have forgot; some signiors
In China or Cataya;[8] some companions——
Die. In the Mogul's court, or elsewhere.
Ars. They are mad, sure.
Lop. You came not from Peru?—Do they look,
Diego,
As if they had some mystery about 'em?
Another Don Alonzo, now!
Die. Ay, marry,
And so much money, sir, from one you know
not;
Let it be who it will!
Lop. They have gracious favours.[9]

[8] *In China or Cataya.*] The vicar is here made to betray his ignorance, for Cataya was only the more ancient name by which China was known in Europe. See p. 254 of this comedy.

[9] *Favours.*] *i. e.* Countenances, in which sense the word may be found in innumerable passages of Shakspeare and his contemporaries.

Would ye be private?

Mil. There's no need on't, sir;
We come to bring you a remembrance from a merchant.

Lop. 'Tis very well; 'tis like I know him.

Ars. No, sir,
I do not think you do.

Lop. A new mistake, Diego;
Let's carry it decently. [*Aside.*

Ars. We come to tell you,
You have received great sums from a young factor
They call Leandro, that has robb'd his master,
Robb'd him, and run away.

Die. Let's keep close, master;
This news comes from a cold country.

Lop. By my faith, it freezes. } *Aside.*

Mil. Is not this true? Do you shrink now, goodman curate?
Do I not touch you?

Lop. We have a hundred ducats
Yet left; we do beseech you, sir——

Mil. You'll hang, both!

Lop. One may suffice.

Die. I will not hang alone, master;
I had the least part, you shall hang the highest.
Plague o' this Tiveria, and the letter!
The devil sent it post, to pepper us,
From Nova Hispania! we shall hang at home now.

Ars. I see ye are penitent, and I have compassion;
Ye are secure both, do but what we charge ye;
Ye shall have more gold too, and he shall give it,
Yet ne'er endanger ye.

Lop. Command us, master,
Command us presently, and see how nimbly——

Die. And if we do not handsomely endeavour—
Ars. Go home, and till ye hear more, keep private;[1]
'Till we appear again, no words, good vicar!
There's something added.
Mil. For you too. [*Giving money.*
Lop. We are ready.
Mil. Go, and expect us hourly: If ye falter,
Though ye had twenty lives——
Die. We are fit to lose 'em.
Lop. 'Tis most expedient that we should hang both.
Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our fortune.
Mil. Farewell, and be your own friends.
Lop. We expect ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Court of Justice.

Enter OCTAVIO, JACINTHA, *and* ASCANIO.

Oct. We cited to the court!
Jac. It is my wonder.
Oct. But not our fear, Jacintha. Wealthy men,
That have estates to lose, whose conscious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horror
To have their actions sifted, or appear
Before the judge: But we, that know ourselves
As innocent as poor, that have no fleece
On which the talons of the griping law

[1] *Keep private.*] The modern editors, for the sake of the metre, read—keep *ye* private.

Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all
That can be urged against us.
Jac. I am confident
There is no man so covetous, that desires
To ravish our wants from us; and less hope
There can be so much justice left on earth,
Though sued and call'd upon, to ease us of
The burden of our wrongs.
Oct. What thinks Ascanio?
Should we be call'd in question, or accused
Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us
From tyrannous oppression?
Asc. I could pray
To him that ever has an open ear
To hear the innocent, and right their wrongs;
Nay, by my troth, I think I could out-plead
An advocate, and sweat as much as he
Does for a double fee, ere you should suffer
In an honest cause.

Enter Jamie *and* Bartolus.

Oct. Happy simplicity!
Jac. My dearest and my best one!—Don Jamie!
Oct. And the advocate that caused us to be summon'd.
Asc. My lord is moved; I see it in his looks:
And that man in the gown, in my opinion,
Looks like a progging knave.[a]
Jac. Peace, give them leave.
Jam. Serve me with process?

[a] *Looks like a* proaguing *knave.*] So the first folio reads; the second, *proguing.* Mr Theobald says *prog* is a cant word for provisions, and hence a progging knave may mean a hungry, hoarding-up rascal. Mr Mason says, "To progg is to steal;" but the former explanation seems to be the most apposite to the text.

Bar. My lord, you are not lawless.
Jam. Nor thou honest;
One that not long since was the buckram scribe,
That would run on men's errands for an asper,[3]
And, from such baseness, having raised a stock
To bribe the covetous judge, call'd to the bar.[4]
So poor in practice too, that you would plead
A needy client's cause for a starved hen,
Or half a little loin of veal, though fly-blown;
And these the greatest fees you could arrive at
For just proceedings: But, since you turn'd rascal—
Bar. Good words, my lord.
Jam. And grew my brother's bawd
In all his vicious courses, soothing him
In his dishonest practices, you are grown
The rich and eminent knave! In the devil's name,
What am I cited for?
Bar. You shall know anon;
And then too late repent this bitter language,
Or I'll miss of my ends.
Jam. Were't not in court,
I would beat that fat of thine, raised by the food
Snatch'd from poor clients' mouths, into a jelly:
I would, my man of law, but I am patient,
And would obey the judge.
Bar. 'Tis your best course.
'Would every enemy I have would beat me!
I would wish no better action.
Oct. 'Save your lordship.
Asc. My humble service.
Jam. My good boy, how dost thou?

[3] —— *on men's errands for an* asper.] An *asper* is a Turkish coin, worth about three farthings.

[4] —— call'd *to the bar.*] The first folio reads—*and* to the bar. Corrected in the second.

Why art thou call'd into the court?
Asc. I know not,
But 'tis my lord the Assistànt's pleasure
I should attend here.
Jam. He will soon resolve us.

Enter the Assistant, HENRIQUE, *Officer, and Witnesses. They take their places.*

Offi. Make way there for the judge.
Jam. How? my kind brother?
Nay then, 'tis rank, there is some villany towards.
Assist. This sessions, purchased at your suit, Don Henrique,
Hath brought us hither to hear and determine
Of what you can prefer.
Hen. I do beseech
The honourable court I may be heard
In my advocate.
Assist. 'Tis granted.
Bar. Hum! hum!
Jam. That preface,
If left out in a lawyer, spoils the cause,
Though ne'er so good and honest.
Bar. If I stood here
To plead in the defence of an ill man,
Most equal judge, or to accuse the innocent,
(To both which I profess myself a stranger)
It would be requisite I should deck my language
With tropes and figures, and all flourishes
That grace a rhetorician; 'tis confess'd
Adulterate metals need the goldsmith's art
To set 'em off; what in itself is perfect
Contemns a borrow'd gloss. This lord, my client,
Whose honest cause, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge justice, finding in his conscience
A tender scruple of a fault long since

By him committed, thinks it not sufficient
To be absolved of it by his confessor,
If that in open court he publish not
What was so long concealed.

Jam. To what tends this?

Bar. In his young years (it is no miracle
That youth and heat of blood should mix together)
He look'd upon this woman, on whose face
The ruins yet remain of excellent form;
He look'd on her, and loved her.

Jac. Ye good angels,
What an impudence is this!

Bar. And used all means
Of service, courtship, presents, that might win her
To be at his devotion: But in vain;
Her maiden fort, impregnable, held out
Until he promised marriage; and before
These witnesses a solemn contract pass'd,
To take her as his wife.

Assist. Give them their oath.

Jam. They are incompetent witnesses, his own creatures,
And will swear any thing for half a ryal.

Offi. Silence!

Assist. Proceed.

Bar. Upon this strong assurance,
He did enjoy his wishes to the full;
Which satisfied, and then, with eyes of judgment,
Hood-wink'd with lust before, considering duly
The inequality of the match, he being
Nobly descended and allied, but she
Without a name or family, secretly
He purchased a divorce, to disannul
His former contract, marrying openly
The lady Violante.

Jac. As you sit here
The deputy of the great king, who is
The substitute of that impartial judge,
With whom, or wealth, or titles, prevail nothing,
Grant to a much-wrong'd widow, or a wife,
Your patience, with liberty to speak
In her own cause; and let me, face to face
To this bad man, deliver what he is:
And if my wrongs, with his ingratitude balanced,
Move not compassion, let me die unpitied!
His tears, his oaths, his perjuries, I pass o'er;
To think of them is a disease; but death,
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,
(For innocence cannot justify what's false)
But all the advocate hath alledged concerning
His falsehood and my shame, in my consent,
To be most true. But now I turn to thee,
To thee, Don Henrique! and, if impious acts
Have left thee blood enough to make a blush,
I'll paint it on thy cheeks! Was not the wrong
Sufficient to defeat me of mine honour,
To leave me full of sorrow as of want,
The witness of thy lust left in my womb,
To testify thy falsehood, and my shame?
But, now so many years I had concealed
Thy most inhuman wickedness, and won
This gentleman to hide it from the world,
To father what was thine (for yet, by Heaven,
Though in the city he pass'd for my husband,
He never knew me as his wife)——

Assist. 'Tis strange!
Give him an oath.

Oct. I gladly swear, and truly.

Jac. After all this, I say, when I had borne
These wrongs with saint-like patience, saw another
Freely enjoy what was in justice mine,

Yet still so tender of thy rest and quiet,
I never would divulge it, to disturb
Thy peace at home; yet thou, most barbarous,
To be so careless of me, and my fame,
(For all respect of thine, in the first step
To thy base lust, was lost) in open court
To publish my disgrace; and, on record,
To write me up an easy-yielding wanton,
I think, can find no precedent! In my extremes,
One comfort yet is left, that though the law
Divorce me from thy bed, and made free way
To the unjust embraces of another,
It cannot yet deny that this my son
(Look up, Ascanio, since it is come out)
Is thy legitimate heir.[5]

Jam. Confederacy!
A trick, my lord, to cheat me! Ere you give
Your sentence, grant me hearing.

Assist. New chimæras?

Jam. I am, my lord, since he is without issue,
Or hope of any, his undoubted heir:
And this forged by the advocate, to defeat me
Of what the laws of Spain confer upon me,
A mere imposture, and conspiracy
Against my future fortunes.

Assist. You are too bold.
Speak to the cause, Don Henrique.

Hen. I confess
(Though the acknowledgment must wound my honour)
That all the court hath heard touching this cause,

[5] Nothing can so strongly prove that these plays were, in the original folio, printed from the prompter's books, than the direction placed opposite this speech—"Chessboord and men set ready," which was an order the prompter was to give to be ready for the ensuing scene.

Or with me, or against me, is most true;
The latter part my brother urged, excepted.
For what I now do is not out of spleen,
As he pretends, but from remorse of conscience,
And to repair the wrong that I have done
To this poor woman: And I beseech your lordship
To think I have not so far lost my reason,
To bring into my family, to succeed me,
The stranger issue of another's bed.
By proof, this is my son; I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire,
By a definitive sentence of the court,
He may be so recorded, and full power
To me to take him home.

Jac. A second rape
To the poor remnant of content that's left me,
If this be granted; and all my former wrongs
Were but beginnings to my miseries,
But this the height of all! Rather than part
With my Ascanio, I'll deny my oath,
Profess myself a strumpet, and endure
What punishment soe'er the court decrees
Against a wretch that hath forsworn herself,
Or played the impudent whore!

Assist. This tastes of passion,
And that must not divert the course of justice.
Don Henrique, take your son, with this condition,
You give him maintenance as becomes his birth;
And 'twill stand with your honour to do something
For this wrong'd woman: I will compel nothing,
But leave it to your will.—Break up the court!—
It is in vain to move me; my doom's pass'd,
And cannot be revoked. [*Exit.*

Hen. There's your reward.
[*Gives money to* BARTOLUS.

Bar. More causes, and such fees! Now to my wife;
I have too long been absent. Health to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Asc. You all look strangely, and, I fear, believe
This unexpected fortune makes me proud;
Indeed it does not: I shall ever pay you
The duty of a son, and honour you
Next to my father. Good my lord, for yet
I dare not call you uncle, be not sad:
I never shall forget those noble favours
You did me, being a stranger; and if ever
I live to be the master of a fortune,
You shall command it.

Jam. Since it was determined
I should be cozen'd, I am glad the profit
Shall fall on thee. I am too tough to melt;
But something I will do.

Hen. 'Pray you, take leave
Of your steward, gentle brother, the good husband
That takes up all for you.

Jam. Very well, mock on!
It is your turn: I may have mine. [*Exit.*

Oct. But do not
Forget us, dear Ascanio.

Asc. Do not fear it:
I every day will see you; every hour
Remember you in my prayers.

Jac. My grief's too great
To be express'd in words!

Hen. Take that, and leave us.
[*Gives money to* JAC.
Leave us without reply.—Nay, come back, sirrah;
[*Exit* JAC. ASC. *offers to follow.*
And study to forget such things as these,
As are not worth the knowledge.

Asc. Oh, good sir,
These are bad principles!
Hen. Such as you must learn
Now you are mine; for wealth and poverty
Can hold no friendship: And what is my will
You must observe and do, though good or ill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of Bartolus.

Enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. Where is my wife? 'Fore Heaven, I have done wonders,
Done mighty things to-day.—My Amaranta!—
My heart rejoices at my wealthy gleanings.
A rich litigious lord I love to follow,
A lord that builds his happiness on brawlings:
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing to have rich clients.—
Why, wife, I say!—How fares my studious pupil?
Hard at it still? You are too violent;
All things must have their rests, they will not last else;
Come out and breathe.
Lean. [*Within.*] I do beseech you, pardon me;
I am deeply in a sweet point, sir.
Bar. I'll instruct you:

Enter AMARANTA.

I say, take breath; seek health first, then your study.—

Oh, my sweet soul, I have brought thee golden
birds home,
Birds in abundance: I have done strange wonders!
There's more a-hatching too.

Ama. Have you done good, husband?
Then 'tis a good day spent.

Bar. Good enough, chicken.
I have spread the nets o' th' law, to catch rich
booties,
And they come fluttering in. How does my pupil,
My modest thing? Hast thou yet spoken to him?

Ama. As I pass'd by his chamber, I might see
him;
But he's so bookish——

Bar. And so bashful too;
I' faith, he is; before he'll speak, he'll starve there.

Ama. I pity him a little.

Bar. So do I too.

Ama. And if he please to take the air o' th' gardens,
Or walk i' th' inward rooms, so he molest not—

Bar. He shall not trouble thee; he dare not
speak to thee.—
Bring out the chess-board!—Come, let's have a
game, wife.

Enter EGLA, *with a Chess-board, and exit.*

I'll try your mastery; you say you're cunning.

Ama. As learned as you are, sir, I shall beat
you.

Enter LEANDRO.

Bar. Here he steals out; put him not out of
countenance;
Pr'ythee, look another way, he will be gone else.

Walk and refresh yourself; I'll be with you presently.

Lean. I'll take the air a little.

[*They play at chess.*

Bar. 'Twill be healthful.

Ama. Will you be there? Then, here, I'll spare you that man.

Lean. 'Would I were so near too, and a mate fitting. [*Aside.*

Ama. What think you, sir, to this? Have at your knight now.

Bar. 'Twas subtly play'd. Your queen lies at my service—
Pr'ythee, look off, he is ready to pop in again;
Look off, I say; dost thou not see how he blushes?

Ama. I do not blast him.

Lean. But you do, and burn too!
What killing looks she steals! [*Aside.*

Bar. I have you now close;
Now for a mate.

Lean. You are a blessed man, that may so have her.
Oh, that I might play with her! [*Aside.*

[*Knock within.*

Bar. Who's there? I come.—You cannot 'scape me now, wife.—
I come, I come. [*Knock.*

Lean. Most blessed hand, that calls him! [*Aside.*

Bar. Play quickly, wife.

Ama. 'Pray ye, give leave to think, sir.

Enter EGLA.

Egla. An honest neighbour that dwells hard by, sir,
Would fain speak with your worship about business.

Lean. The devil blow him off! [*Aside.*
Bar. Play.
Ama. I will study:
For if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me.
[*Knock.*
Bar. He knocks again; I cannot stay.—Leandro,
'Pray thee come near.
Lean. I am well, sir, here.
Bar. Come hither:
Be not afraid, but come.
Ama. Here's none will bite, sir.
Lean. God forbid, lady!
Ama. 'Pray, come nearer.
Lean. Yes, forsooth.
Bar. Pr'ythee observe these men, just as they stand here,
And see this lady do not alter 'em;
And be not partial, pupil.
Lean. No, indeed, sir.
Bar. Let her not move a pawn; I'll come back presently.—
Nay, you shall know I am a conqueror.—
Have an eye, pupil! [*Exit.*
Ama. Can you play at chess, sir?
Lean. A little, lady.
Ama. But you cannot tell me
How to avoid this mate, and win the game too?—
He has noble eyes!—[*Aside.*] You dare not friend me so far?
Lean. I dare do any thing that's in man's power, lady,
To be a friend to such a noble beauty.
Ama. This is no lawyer's language! I pray you tell me
Whither may I remove (you see I am set round)
To avoid my husband?

Lean. I shall tell you happily;
But happily you will not be instructed.
Ama. Yes, and I'll thank you too; shall I move this man?
Lean. Those are unseemly: Move one can serve you,
Can honour you, can love you.
Ama. 'Pray you tell quickly;
He will return, and then——
Lean. I'll tell you instantly:
Move me, and I'll move any way to serve you;
Move your heart this way, lady.
Ama. How?
Lean. 'Pray you hear me.
Behold the sport of love, when he's imperious;
Behold the slave of love!
Ama. Move my queen this way?—
(Sure he's some worthy man.) [*Aside.*] Then if he hedge me,[6]
Or here to open him——
Lean. Do but behold me;
If there be pity in you, do but view me!
But view the misery I have undertaken
For you, the poverty——
Ama. He will come presently.
Now play your best, sir: Though I lose this rook here,
Yet I get liberty.
Lean. I'll seize your fair hand,
And warm it with a hundred, hundred kisses!
The god of love warm your desires but equal!
That shall play my game now.
Ama. What do you mean, sir?
Why do you stop me?

[6] —— *hedge me.*] *i. e.* Inclose me. We still would say—"if he hedge me in."

Lean. That you may intend me.[7]
The time has blest us both: Love bids us use it.
I am a gentleman nobly descended,
Young to invite your love, rich to maintain it.
I bring a whole heart to you; thus I give it,
And to those burning altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine lips, where perpetual spring
grows. [*Kisses her.*
Ama. Take that; you are too saucy!
[*Strikes him with the chess-board, and throws down the men.*
Lean. How, proud lady?
Strike my deserts?
Ama. I was to blame.

Enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. What, wife, there!
Heaven keep my house from thieves!
Lean. I am wretched!
Open'd, discover'd, lost to all my wishes!
I shall be hooted at.
Bar. What noise was this, wife?
Why dost thou smile?
Lean. This proud thing will betray me. [*Aside.*
Bar. Why these lie here? What anger, dear?
Ama. Why, none, sir,
Only a chance; your pupil said he play'd well,
And so, indeed, he does; he undertook for you,
Because I would not sit so long time idle:
I made my liberty, avoided your mate,
And he again as cunningly endanger'd me;

[7] *That you may* intend *me.*] This verb, in the author's age' was used in several senses. Here it evidently signifies, "that you may pay attention to me, regard me."

Indeed, he put me strangely to't. When presently,
Hearing you come, and having broke his ambush too,
Having the second time brought off my queen fair,
I rose o' th' sudden smilingly to shew you;
My apron caught the chess-board and the men,
And there the noise was.

Bar. Thou art grown a master;
For all this I shall beat you.

Lean. [*Aside.*] Or I [you,] lawyer;[8]
For now I love her more! 'Twas a neat answer,
And by it hangs a mighty hope; I thank her;
She gave my pate a sound knock, that it rings yet,
But you shall have a sounder if I live, lawyer!
My heart aches yet; I would not be in that fear—

Bar. I am glad you are a gamester, sir; sometimes,
For recreation, we too shall fight hard at it.

Ama. He will prove too hard for me.

Lean. I hope he shall do;
But your chess-board is too hard for my head; line that, good lady. [*Aside.*

Bar. I have been atoning two most wrangling neighbours;
They had no money, therefore I made even.
Come, let's go in and eat; truly, I'm hungry.

Lean. I have eaten already; I must entreat your pardon.

Bar. Do as you please, we shall expect you at supper.—

[8] *Or I, lawyer.*] So the old copies. The word *you* was properly introduced by Seward, but he should have taken notice of its insertion.

He has got a little heart now; it seems handsomely.

Ama. You'll get no little head, if I don't look to you. [*Aside.*

Lean. If ever I do catch thee again, thou vanity—

Ama. I was to blame to be so rash; I'm sorry! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of Don Henrique.

Enter DON HENRIQUE, VIOLANTE, *and* ASCANIO.

Hen. Hear but my reasons!

Vio. Oh, my patience! hear 'em?
Can cunning falsehood colour an excuse
With any seeming shape of borrow'd truth,
T' extenuate this woful wrong, not error?[9]

Hen. You gave consent, that to defeat my brother,
I should take any course.

[9] *Extenuate this* woful *wrong, not error?*] Mr Theobald, desirous to improve the antithesis of this passage, reads—this "*wilful* wrong." But, as Mr Mason observes, "the original reading is better than the alteration; and if an antithesis is necessary, that between *wrong* and *error* is sufficiently strong without the addition of wilful."

Vio. But not to make
The cure more loathsome than the foul disease.
Was't not enough you took me to your bed,
Tired with loose dalliance, and with empty veins,
All those abilities spent before and wasted,
That could confer the name of mother on me,
But that (to perfect my account of sorrow
For my long barrenness) you must heighten it
By shewing to my face that you were fruitful,
Hugged in the base embraces of another?
If solitude, that dwelt beneath my roof,
And want of children, was a torment to me,
What end of my vexation, to behold
A bastard to upbraid me with my wants,
And hear the name of father paid to you,
Yet know myself no mother?
Hen. What can I say?[1]
Shall I confess my fault, and ask your pardon?
Will that content you?
Vio. If it could make void
What is confirm'd in court. No, no, Don Henrique,
You shall know that I find myself abused;
And add to that, I have a woman's anger;
And while I look upon this basilisk,
Whose envious[2] eyes have blasted all my comforts,

[1] *What can I say?*] These words have hitherto been printed as part of Violante's speech, and for that reason Seward and his successors read—"What can *you* say?" The present arrangement was proposed by Mason, and is supported by the circumstance, that, in the first folio, the next line does not begin with a capital, and that the disputed words begin a new line. If they were only a continuation of Violante's speech, such a break in the line would have been unnecessary.

[2] *Whose envious eyes.*] For *envious*, Mr Seward substitutes *venomous*; but, as usual, he is in the wrong, for there is an evident allusion to the supposed fascinating quality of envious and malicious persons.

Rest confident, I'll study my dark ends,
And not your pleasures.

Asc. Noble lady, hear me;
Not as my father's son, but as your servant,
Vouchsafe to hear me; for such in my duty
I ever will appear: And far be it from
My poor ambition ever to look on you,
But with that reverence which a slave stands bound
To pay a worthy mistress. I have heard
That dames of highest place, nay queens themselves,
Disdain not to be serv'd by such as are
Of meanest birth; and I shall be most happy,
To be employ'd when you please to command me,
Even in the coarsest office. As your page
I can wait on your trencher, fill your wine,
Carry your pantofles,[3] and be sometimes bless'd
In all humility to touch your feet:
Or if that you esteem that too much grace,
I can run by your coach, observe your looks,
And hope to gain a fortune by my service,
With your good favour; which now, as a son,
I dare not challenge.

Vio. As a son?

Asc. Forgive me!
I will forget the name; let it be death
For me to call you mother.

Vio. Still upbraided?

Hen. No way left to appease you?

[3] *Carry your* pantofles.] *i. e.* Slippers. The same office as belonging to a page is mentioned in Massinger's Unnatural Combat:

> "*Page.* ——— Ere I was
> *Sworn to the pantofle,* I have heard my tutor
> Prove it by logick, that a servant's life
> Was better than his master's."

Vio. None. Now hear me;
Hear what I vow before the face of Heaven,
And, if I break it, all plagues in this life,
And those that after death are fear'd, fall on me!
While that this bastard stays under my roof,
Look for no peace at home, for I renounce
All offices of a wife.

Hen. What am I fallen to!

Vio. I will not eat, nor sleep with you: and those hours
Which I should spend in prayers for your health
Shall be employ'd in curses!

Hen. Terrible!

Vio. All the day long, I'll be as tedious to you
As ling'ring fevers, and I'll watch the nights,
To ring aloud your shame, and break your sleeps;
Or, if you do but slumber, I'll appear
I' th' shape of all my wrongs, and like a fury
Fright you to madness: And, if all this fail
To work out my revenge, I've friends and kinsmen,
That will not sit down tame with the disgrace
That's offer'd to our noble family
In what I suffer.

Hen. How am I divided
Between the duties I owe as a husband,
And piety of a parent!

Asc. I am taught, sir,
By the instinct of nature, that obedience
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind
Before those pleasures that are dearest to me:
Be wholly hers, my lord; I quit all parts
That I may challenge. May you grow old together,
And no distaste e'er find you; and before
The characters of age are printed on you,
May you see many images of yourselves.

Though I, like some false glass, that's never look'd
in,
Am cast aside and broken! From this hour,
Unless invited, which I dare not hope for,
I never will set my forbidden feet
Over your threshold; only give me leave,
Though cast off to the world, to mention you
In my devotions, it is all I sue for;
And so I take my last leave!

Hen. Though I am
Devoted to a wife, nay almost sold
A slave to serve her pleasures, yet I cannot
So part with all humanity, but I must
Shew something of a father; thou shalt not go
Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: Take that
To guard thee from necessities. May thy good-
ness
Meet many favours, and thine innocence
Deserve to be the heir[4] of greater fortunes
Than thou wert born to!—Scorn me not, Violante;
This banishment is a kind of civil death;
And now, as it were at his funeral,
To shed a tear or two is not unmanly;
And so, farewell for ever! One word more;
Though I must never see thee, my Ascanio,
When this is spent, for so the judge decreed,
Send to me for supply.—Are you pleased now?
[*Exit* ASCANIO.

[4] ——— and *thine innocence*
Deserve *to be the heir.*] Seward reads,

——— *may thy goodness*
Meet many favours, for *thine innocence*
Deserves *to be the heir*, &c.

But the alteration is unnecessary; for, as Mason observes, "to *deserve* does not mean merely to be worthy of reward, but to have a claim to it."

Vio. Yes; I have cause, to see you howl and blubber
At th' parting of my torment, and your shame.
'Tis well! proceed; supply his wants; do, do!
Let the great dower I brought, serve to maintain
Your bastard's riots; send my clothes and jewels
To your old acquaintance, your dear dame, his mother:
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

Hen. Is all I do misconstrued?

Vio. I will take
A course to right myself, a speeding one;
By the bless'd saints, I will! If I prove cruel,
The shame to see thy foolish pity taught me
To lose my natural softness. Keep off from me!
hy flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee
As I would do a leper.

Hen. Let not fury
Transport you so; you know I am your creature;
All love, but to yourself, with him, hath left me.
I'll join with you in any thing.

Vio. In vain;
I'll take mine own ways, and will have no partners.

Hen. I will not cross you.

Vio. Do not! They shall find,
That, to a woman of her hopes beguiled,
A viper trod on, or an aspick, 's mild. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Lopez, Milanes, *and* Arsenio.

Lop. Sits the game there? I have you. By mine order,

I love Leandro for't.
Mil. But you must shew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity.
Lop. He shall want nothing.
I know my advocate to a hair, and what
Will fetch him from his prayers, if he use any.
I am honey'd with the project! I would have him horn'd
For a most precious beast.
Ars. But you lose time.
Lop. I am gone. Instruct you Diego; you will find him
A sharp and subtile knave; give him but hints,
And he will amplify. See all things ready.
I'll fetch him with a vengeance! [*Exit.*
Ars. If he fail now,
We'll give him over too.
Mil. Tush, he is flesh'd,[5]
And knows what vein to strike for his own credit.
Ars. All things are ready.
Mil. Then we shall have a merry scene, ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the House of Bartolus.

Enter AMARANTA, *with a note, and* EGLA.

Ama. Is thy master gone out?
Egla. Even now; the curate fetch'd him,

[5] *Flesh'd.*] *i. e.* Set on, provoked, urged, as a wild beast is on his prey.

About a serious business, as it seem'd,
For he snatch'd up his cloak, and brush'd his hat
straight,
Set his band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.
Ama. 'Tis well, 'tis very well; he went out,
Egla,
As luckily as one would say, "go, husband!"
He was call'd by Providence. Fling this short
paper
Into Leandro's cell, and waken him;
He is monstrous vex'd, and musty, at my chess-
play;
But this shall supple him, when he has read it.
Take your own recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.
Egla. If I do, I'll hang for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of Octavio.

Enter Octavio *and* Jacintha.

Oct. If that you loved Ascanio for himself,
And not your private ends, you rather should
Bless the fair opportunity, that restores him
To his birth-right, and the honours he was born to,
Than grieve at his good fortune.
Jac. Grieve, Octavio?
I would resign my essence, that he were
As happy as my love could fashion him,
Though every blessing that should fall on him
Might prove a curse to me! My sorrow springs
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.
I am acquainted with Don Henrique's nature,

And I have heard too much the fiery temper
Of Madam Violante: Can you think
That she, that almost is at war with Heaven
For being barren, will with equal eyes
Behold a son of mine?

Oct. His father's care,
That, for the want of issue, took him home,
Though with the forfeiture of his own fame,
Will look unto his safety.

Jac. Stepmothers
Have many eyes, to find a way to mischief,
Though blind to goodness.

Enter JAMIE *and* ASCANIO.

Oct. Here comes Don Jamie,
And with him our Ascanio.

Jam. Good youth, leave me;
I know thou art forbid my company,
And, only to be seen with me, will call on
Thy father's anger.

Asc. Sir, if that to serve you
Could lose me any thing, as indeed it cannot,
I still would follow you. Alas, I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help myself!
I was, for some particular end, took home,
But am cast off again.

Jam. Is't possible?

Asc. The lady, whom my father calls his wife,
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and forced him
To turn me out of doors.

Jac. By my best hopes,
I thank her cruelty; for it comes near
A saving charity!

Asc. I am only happy
That yet I can relieve you; 'pray you, share!
My father's wondrous kind, and promises

That I should be supplied: But sure the lady
Is a malicious woman, and I fear
Means me no good.

Enter Servant.

Jam. I am turn'd a stone with wonder,
And know not what to think.
Serv. (*To* JAMIE.) From my lady,
Your private ear, and this——
Jam. New miracles?
Serv. She says, if you dare make yourself a fortune,
She will propose the means. My lord Don Henrique
Is now from home, and she alone expects you:
If you dare trust her, so; if not, despair of
A second offer. [*Exit.*
Jam. Though there were an ambush
Laid for my life, I'll on, and sound this secret.—
Retire thee, my Ascanio, with thy mother;
But stir not forth; some great design's on foot.
Fall what can fall, if, ere the sun be set,
I see you not, give me for dead.[6]
Asc. We will expect you,
And those bless'd angels that love goodness guard you! [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Give me* dead.] So the first folio reads. The text is from the second.

SCENE V.

A Room in the Curate's House, with a Curtain in the Background. A Table set out with a Standish, Pens, and Paper.

Enter LOPEZ *and* BARTOLUS.

Bar. Is't possible he should be rich?
Lop. Most possible;
He hath been long, though he'd but little gettings,
Drawing together, sir.
Bar. Accounted a poor sexton;
Honest, poor Diego.
Lop. I assure you, a close fellow;
Both close and scraping, and that fills the bags, sir.
Bar. A notable good-fellow too.[7]
Lop. Sometimes, sir;
When he hoped to drink a man into a surfeit,
That he might gain by his grave.
Bar. So many thousands?
Lop. Heaven knows what.
Bar. 'Tis strange,
'Tis very strange. But, we see, by endeavour,
And honest labour——
Lop. Milo, by continuance,
Grew, from a silly calf (with your worship's reverence)
To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound, sir,
And from a pound to many: 'Tis the progress.

[7] *A notable* good-fellow *too.*] *Good-fellow,* in this place, means a *boon companion,* a *bottle-friend,* as the answer demonstrates.—Ed. 1778.

Bar. You say true; but he loved to feed well also,
And that, methinks——
Lop. From another man's trencher, sir,
And there he found it season'd with small charge;
There he would play the tyrant, and would devour you
More than the graves he made: At home he lived
Like a cameleon, suck'd the air of misery,
And grew fat by the brewis [8] of an egg-shell;
Would smell a cook's shop, and go home and surfeit,
And be a month in fasting out that fever.
Bar. These are good symptoms. Does he lie so sick, say you?
Lop. Oh, very sick.
Bar. And chosen me executor?
Lop. Only your worship.
Bar. No hope of his amendment?
Lop. None, that we find.
Bar. He hath no kinsmen neither?
Lop. 'Truth, very few.
Bar. His mind will be the quieter.
What doctors has he?
Lop. There's none, sir, he believes in.
Bar. They are but needless things, in such extremities.
Who draws the good man's will?
Lop. Marry that do I, sir;
And to my grief.
Bar. Grief will do little now, sir;

[8] *Brewis.*] Seems to have been used nearly in the same sense as we do the word broth, not confined to any particular kind of soup. So in Davenant's Wits:—"All, sir, will heat 'em more than your beef brewis." Kail-brose, water-brose, &c. are still national dishes in Scotland.

Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I counsel you,
An honest man; but such men live not always.
Who are about him?
Lop. Many, now he is passing,
That would pretend to his love, yes, and some gentlemen
That would fain counsel him, and be of his kindred;
Rich men can want no heirs, sir.
Bar. They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, sir.
But we shall take a care.

The Curtain is drawn. DIEGO *is discovered in a bed, and brought forward.* MILANES, ARSENIO, *and Parishioners about him.*[9]

Lop. Will you come near, sir?
'Pray you bring him out. Now you may see in what state——
Give him fresh air.
Bar. I am sorry, neighbour Diego,
To find you in so weak a state.
Die. You're welcome;
But I am fleeting, sir.

[9] It would be curious, and not attended with great difficulty, to collect instances of the absurd stage directions in old plays, which either show the poverty of the theatres in those days, or the ludicrous mistakes committed in the prompter's books, from which dramas frequently were printed. In the last scene of Ford's beautiful tragedy of the Broken Heart, we have the following directions: "An altar covered with white; two lights of virgin wax, *during which* music of recorders. Enter four bearing Ithocles *on a hearse, or in a chair.*" In the text we have the usual absurdity, "*Enter* Diego *in a bed.*" The following in Shakspeare's Henry VIII. is well known: "The king draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively." Another singularly absurd one occurs in Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore: "*Enter* the friar in his study, *sitting in a chair.*"

Bar. Methinks he looks well;
His colour fresh, and strong; his eyes are cheerful.
Lop. A glimmering before death; 'tis nothing else, sir.
Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet?[1] do you note that?
Die. My learned sir, 'pray you sit. I am bold to send for you,
To take a care of what I leave.
Lop. Do you hear that?
Ars. Play the knave finely! [*Aside to* DIEGO.
Die. So I will, I warrant you,
And carefully.
Bar. 'Pray ye do not trouble him;
You see he's weak, and has a wand'ring fancy.
Die. My honest neighbours, weep not; I must leave ye,
I cannot always bear ye company.
We must drop still; there is no remedy.—
'Pray ye, master curate, will you write my testament,
And write it largely, it may be remember'd?
And be witness to my legacies, good gentlemen.
Your worship I do make my full executor;
[*To* BARTOLUS.
You are a man of wit and understanding.
Give me a cup of wine to raise my spirits,
For I speak low. I would, before these neighbours,
Have you to swear, sir, that you'll see it executed,

[1] *Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet.*] This is, as usual, by the last editors construed into an impotent attack on the description of Falstaff's death in Shakspeare's Henry V., "I saw him *fumble* with the sheets." But this phrase is so very usual, (and is actually founded on fact,) that none but those who were unacquainted with any old author but Shakspeare could have made such an invidious construction.

And what I give let equally be render'd,
For my soul's health.
Bar. I vow it truly, neighbours;
Let not that trouble you; before all these,
Once more I give my oath.
Die. Then set me higher,
And pray ye come near me all.
Lop. We're ready for you.
Mil. Now spur the ass, and get our friend time!
[*Apart.*
Die. First then,
After I have given my body to the worms
(For they must be served first, they're seldom cozen'd)——
Lop. Remember your parish, neighbour.
Die. You speak truly;
I do remember it, a lewd vile parish,
And pray it may be mended: To the poor of it,
Which is to all the parish, I give nothing;
For nothing unto nothing is most natural:
Yet leave as much space as will build an hospital,
Their children may pray for me.
Bar. What do you give to it?
Die. Set down two thousand ducats.
Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remember'd.
Die. To your worship,
Because you must take pains to see all finish'd,
I give two thousand more—it may be three, sir—
A poor gratuity for your pains-taking.
Bar. These are large sums.
Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.
Die. To my old master vicar I give five hundred;
Five hundred and five hundred are too few, sir,
But there be more to serve.
Bar. This fellow coins, sure.

Die. Give me some more drink.—Pray ye buy books, buy books,
You have a learned head, stuff it with libraries,
And understand 'em when ye have done, 'tis justice.
Run not the parish mad with controversies,
Nor preach up abstinence to longing women,
'Twill purge[a] the bottoms of their consciences.
I'd give the church new organs, but I prophesy
The churchwardens would quickly pipe 'em out o' th' parish.
Two hundred ducats more to mend the chancel,
And to paint true orthography, as many
They write *sunt* with a *c*, which is abominable:
'Pray you set that down. To poor maidens' marriages-

Lop. Ay, that's well thought of; what's your will in that point?
A meritorious thing.

Bar. No end of this will?

Die. I give *per annum* two hundred ells of lockram,[3]
That there be no strait dealings in their linens,
But the sails cut according to their burdens.
To all bell-ringers I bequeath new ropes,
And let them use 'em at their own discretions.

[a] *'Twill* purge.] The first folio reads—*budge*, the second—*burge*. There was perhaps no absolute necessity for the alteration, budge signifying to *stir*, in which sense the word might be used here.

[3] *Two hundred ells of* lockram.] *Lockram* was a kind of linen. It is mentioned by Shakspeare in Coriolanus, act ii.; and, in confirmation of this explanation, Mr Steevens has produced the following examples: Greene, in his Vision, describing the dress of a man, says, "His ruffe was of fine *lockram*, stiched very fair with Coventry blue." And in Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1639, "Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts, I had no wit." *Reed.*

Ars. You may remember us.
Die. I do, good gentlemen;
And I bequeath ye both good careful surgeons,
A legacy ye have need of more than money;
I know ye want good diets, and good lotions,
And, in your pleasures, good take-heed.
Lop. He raves now;
But 'twill be quickly off.
Die. I do bequeath ye
Commodities of pins, brown papers,[4] packthreads,
Roast pork, and puddings, gingerbread, and jews-trumps,
Of penny pipes, and mouldy pepper; take 'em,
Take 'em even where you please, and be cozen'd with 'em:
I should bequeath ye executions also,
But those I'll leave to the law.
Lop. Now he grows temperate.
Bar. You'll give no more?

[4] *Commodities of pins,* brown papers.] In the notes on the passage in Shakspeare's Measure for Measure, "a commodity of *brown paper* and old ginger," numerous instances are quoted where brown paper commodities are mentioned, from which the following are selected as most apposite to the text. Fennor, in his Compter's Commonwealth, asks, "suppose the *commodities* are delivered after Signior Unthrift and Master Broaker have both sealed the bonds, how must those hobby-horses, *reams* of *brown paper*, *Jewes trumps* and bables, babies and rattles be sold?" And in a MS. letter from Sir John Hollis to Lord Burleigh: "Your lordship digged into my ancestors' graves, and pulling one up from his seventy years reste, pronounced him an abominable usurer and *merchant* of *brown paper*, so hateful and contemptible, that the players acted him before the kinge with great applause." In the text, Diego very properly leaves this, among other commodities, to the spendthrifts; for it appears that young men who wished to be accommodated with loans, were often obliged to take such articles in part, which they were afterwards forced to sell with great loss. The precise use, however, to which this brown paper was applied, does not appear from any of the quotations brought forward.

Die. I am loth to give more from you,
Because I know you'll have a care to execute.
Only, to pious uses, sir, a little.

Bar. If he be worth all these, I'm made for ever.

Die. I give to fatal dames, that spin men's threads out,
And poor distressed damsels, that are militant
As members of our own afflictions,
A hundred crowns to buy warm tubs [5] to work in.
I give five hundred pounds to buy a church-yard,
A spacious church-yard, to lie thieves and knaves in:
Rich men and honest men take all the room up.

Lop. Are you not weary?

Die. Never of well-doing.

Bar. These are mad legacies.

Die. They were got as madly;
My sheep, and oxen, and my moveables,
My plate, and jewels, and five hundred acres;
I have no heirs.

Bar. This cannot be; 'tis monstrous.

Die. Three ships at sea too.

Bar. You have made me full executor?

Die. Full, full, and total; 'would I had more to give you;
But these may serve an honest mind.

[5] *Warm tubs to work in.*] One of the most usual remedies for the venereal disease, was to sweat the patient in a tub, which (probably from the inventor) was termed Cornelius's tub. As Mr Douce observes, a very particular representation may be found in the *Recueil de Proverbes, par Jacques Lagniet*, with the following momentous poetry, supposed to be pronounced by the tortured sufferers:

> " Pour un petit plaisir je soufre mille maux;
> Je fais contre un hyver deux este ci me semble:
> Partout le corps je sue, et ma machoir tremble;
> Je ne croy jamais voir la fin de mes travaux."

Bar. You say true,
A very honest mind, and make it rich too;
Rich, wondrous rich! But, where shall I raise these monies?
About your house, I see no such great promises.
Where shall I find these sums?
Die. Even where you please, sir;
You're wise and provident, and know business.
Even raise 'em where you shall think good; I'm reasonable.
Bar. Think good? will that raise thousands?
What do you make me?
Die. You have sworn to see it done; that's all my comfort.
Bar. Where I please? This is pack'd[6] sure to disgrace me!
Die. You're just, and honest, and I know you'll do it;
Even where you please, for you know where the wealth is.
Bar. I am abused, betray'd! I am laugh'd at, scorn'd,
Baffled, and bored,[7] it seems!
Ars. No, no; you are fool'd.
Lop. Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly;
Such cunning masters must be fool'd sometimes, sir,
And have their worships' noses wiped; 'tis healthful.

[6] *Pack'd.*] *i. e.* Combined, conspired, as we still say a *packed* jury. So in the Great Duke of Florence, by Massinger:

——— "What excuse
Can we make to the Duke, what mercy hope for,
Our *packing* being laid open."

[7] *Baffled, and* bored.] To bore a man's nose, is at this day a common expression, and means to make a fool of him.—*Mason.*

We are but quit: You fool us of our monies,
In every cause, in every quiddit[8] wipe us.
Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha! some more drink, for my heart, gentlemen.
This merry lawyer—Ha, ha, ha, ha! this scholar—
I think this fit will cure me! This executor——
I shall laugh out my lungs!
Bar. This is derision above sufferance; villainy
Plotted and set against me!
Die. 'Faith, 'tis knavery;
In troth, I must confess thou art fool'd indeed, lawyer.
Mil. Did you think, had this man been rich——
Bar. 'Tis well, sir.
Mil. He would have chosen such a wolf, a canker,
A maggot-pate, to be his whole executor?[9]
Lop. A lawyer, that entangles all men's honesties,
And lives like a spider in a cobweb lurking,
And catching at all flies that pass his pit-falls,
Puts powder to all states,[1] to make 'em caper,
Would he trust you? Do you deserve——[2]

[8] *Quiddit.*] Trick of the law..

[9] *A* maggot-pate, *to be his whole executor?*] Whimsical, idle, shatter-brain'd people are frequently called *maggot-pated;* but this is by no means the lawyer's character, nor does it suit with the two former titles, which both imply villany and eating into other men's estates. My conjecture (a maggot, rat,) is near the trace of the letters, and will, I hope, be allowed.—*Seward.*

"A maggot-pate," as Mr Mason observes, "may mean a fellow who has many maggots in his brain, and is a happy description of a roguish attorney."

[1] *States.*] The word here, as in many other places, signifies *estates.*

[2] *Do you deserve.*] These words form part of Diego's speech in the first folio, but are very properly given to Lopez in the second.

Die. I find, gentlemen,
This cataplasm of a well-cozen'd lawyer
Laid to my stomach, lenifies my fever:
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.

Bar. I am ashamed to feel how flat I'm cheated;
How grossly, and maliciously, made a may-game!
A damned trick! My wife, my wife! Some rascal——
My credit, and my wife! Some lustful villain,
Some bawd, some rogue——

Ars. Some crafty, fool, has found you:[3]
This 'tis, sir, to teach you to be too busy,
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a stirring oar in all men's actions.

Lop. We did this but to vex your fine officiousness.

Bar. God yield you, and God thank you![4] I am fool'd, gentlemen!
The lawyer is an ass, I do confess it,
A weak, dull, shallow ass! Good even to your worships!
Vicar, remember, vicar! Rascal, remember,
Thou notable rich rascal!

[3] *Some* crafty fool *has found you.*] It cannot be supposed that Arsenio would call Leandro a *fool*, and the reading therefore is probably corrupt; mine is very near it, and is not liable to the same objection; and though I do not remember the word *craftsman* in our authors, yet it is used in the same sense by Fairfax in his excellent translation of Tasso.—*Seward.*

A comma after the adjective renders the old reading perfect sense. Arsenio continues the imperfect exclamations of Bartolus, "Some *lustful* villain," &c. by saying, "Some crafty rogue, you fool, has found you."

[4] *Good yield you, and go'd thank you!*] So the first folio exhibits these words, undoubtedly on account of the puritanical prejudices against using the word God in a play. The exclamation of "Good yield you," is devoid of any meaning; the other a very usual oath in Shakspeare, &c.

Die. I do remember, sir.
'Pray you stay a little; I have even two legacies,
To make your mouth up, sir.
Bar. Remember, varlets,
Quake, and remember, rogues, I have brine for your buttocks! [*Exit.*
Lop. Oh, how he frets, and fumes now, like a dunghill!
Die. His gall contains fine stuff now to make poisons,
Rare damned stuff!
Ars. Let's after him, and still vex him,
And take my friend off. By this time he has prosper'd;
He cannot lose this dear time, 'tis impossible.
Mil. Well, Diego, thou hast done.
Lop. Hast done it daintily.
Mil. And shalt be as well paid, boy.
Ars. Go; let's crucify him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Street.

Enter AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.

Lean. I've told you all my story, and how desperately——
Ama. I do believe. Let's walk on; time is precious,
Not to be spent in words; here no more wooing,
The open air's an enemy to lovers.
Do as I tell you.
Lean. I'll do any thing:
I am so over-joy'd, I'll fly to serve you.

Ama. Take your joy moderately, as 'tis minister'd,
And as the cause invites: That man's a fool,
That, at the sight o' th' bond, dances and leaps;
Then is the true joy, when the money comes.
Lean. You cannot now deny me.
Ama. Nay, you know not;
Women have crotchets, and strange fits.
Lean. You shall not.
Ama. Hold you to that, and swear it confidently,
Then I shall make a scruple to deny you.
'Pray you let's step in, and see a friend of mine;
The weather's sharp: We'll stay but half an hour,
We may be miss'd else; A private fine house 'tis, sir,
And we may find many good welcomes.
Lean. Do, lady;
Do, happy lady!
Ama. All your mind's of doing![5]
You must be modester.
Lean. I will be any thing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Street before the House of Bartolus.

Enter BARTOLUS.

Bar. Open the doors, and give me room to chafe in,
Mine own room, and my liberty! Why, maid, there!

[5] *All your mind's of* doing.] The ancient sense of this verb may

Open, I say, and do not anger me!
I'm subject to much fury. When, you dish-clout,
When do you come? Asleep, you lazy hell-hound?
Nothing intended[6] but your ease, and eating?—
Nobody here?—Why, wife! why, wife! why,
jewel!—
No tongue to answer me?—Pr'ythee, good pupil,
Dispense a little with thy careful study,
And step to th' door, and let me in.—Nor he
neither?
Ha! not at's study? nor asleep? nor nobody?
I'll make ye hear! The house of ignorance!
No sound inhabits here. I have a key yet,
That commands all. I fear I'm metamorphos'd!
[*Exit into the house.*

Enter LOPEZ, ARSENIO, MILANES, *and* DIEGO.

Lop. He keeps his fury still, and may do mischief.
Mil. He shall be hang'd first; we'll be sticklers there, boys.
Die. The hundred thousand dreams now that possess him,
Of jealousy, and of revenge, and frailty,[7]
Of drawing bills against us, and petitions!
Lop. And casting what his credit shall recover.

be collected, without further explanation, from these lines in Titus Andronicus:

"*Chiron.* Thou hast undone our mother.
Aaron. Villain, I've *done* thy mother."

The editors of Shakspeare, even Mr Collins, do not seem to have been acquainted with the existence of this phrase in the east as well as the west parts of England.

[6] *Intended.*] *i. e.* Thought of, paid attention to.

[7] *Of jealousy, and frailty, of revenge.*] So the modern editors most unwarrantably change this line, without giving any notice of, or reason for, such an alteration.

Mil. Let him cast 'till his maw come up; we care not.
You shall be still secured. [*A great noise within.*[8]
Die. We'll pay him home then.—
Hark, what a noise he keeps within.
Lop. Certain,
He has set his chimnies o' fire, or the devil roars there.
Die. The codexes o' th' law are broke loose, gentlemen.
Ars. He's fighting, sure.
Die. I'll tell you that immediately. [*Exit.*
Mil. Or doing some strange outrage on himself.
Ars. Hang him, he dares not be so valiant!

Enter DIEGO.

Die. There's nobody at home, and he chafes like a lion,
And stinks withal! [*Noise still.*
Lop. Nobody?
Die. Not a creature;
Nothing within, but he and his law-tempest!
The ladles, dishes, kettles, how they fly all!
And how the glasses through the rooms——

Enter BARTOLUS.

Ars. My friend sure
Has got her out, and now he has made an end on't.
Lop. See where the sea comes! how it foams and brustles?[9]

[8] *A great noise within*] How this noise was produced, we learn from the following stage direction in the preceding scene; "Pewter ready for noyse."

[9] —— *brustles?*] Seward would read *bustles*, and Sympson, "See where the *seal* comes! how it foams and *bristles*." The

The great leviathan o' th' law, how it tumbles?
Bar. Made ev'ry way an ass? abused on all sides?
And from all quarters people come to laugh at me?
Rise like a comet, to be wonder'd at?
A horrid comet, for boys' tongues, and ballads?
I will run from my wits!

Enter AMARANTA *and* LEANDRO.

Ars. Do, do, good lawyer,
And from thy money too; then thou wilt be quiet.
Mil. Here she comes home! Now mark the salutations.
How like an ass my friend goes?
Ars. She has pull'd his ears down.
Bar. Now, what sweet voyage? to what garden, lady?
Or to what cousin's house?
Ama. Is this my welcome?
I cannot go to church, but thus I am scandal'd;
Use no devotion for my soul, but, gentlemen——
Bar. To church?
Ama. Yes; and you keep sweet youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up youths, to be a credit to me!
There's your delight again; pray take him to you;
He never comes near me more to debase me.
Bar. How's this? how's this? Good wife, how has he wrong'd you?

seal, however, is not in general a very terrific animal, and the objection of that editor, supported by Mason, that "to make Bartolus both the leviathan and the sea in which it tumbles is nonsensical," is entirely removed by supposing that the poet meant to compare the enraged lawyer, coming on in his rage, to the leviathan tumbling in the sea.

Ama. I was fain to drive him like a sheep before me:
I blush to think how people fleer'd and scorn'd me.
Others have handsome men, that know behaviour,
Place, and observance; this silly thing knows nothing,
Cannot tell ten, let every rascal justle me;
And still I push'd him on, as he had been conning.[1]
Bar. Ha! did you push him on? is he so stupid?
Ama. When others were attentive to the priest,
Good devout gentleman, then fell he fast,
Fast, sound asleep: Then first began the bagpipes,
The several stops on's nose made a rare music,
A rare and loud, and those play'd many an anthem.
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.
Ars. As cunning as she's sweet! I like this carriage. [*Aside.*
Bar. What did he then?
Ama. Why, then he talk'd in his sleep too,—
Nay, I'll divulge your moral virtues, sheeps-face!
And talk'd aloud, that every ear was fix'd to him;
Did not I suffer, do you think, in this time?—
Talk'd[2] of your bawling law, of appellations,
Of declarations, and excommunications,

[1] *As he had been* comming.] So the first folio reads; the second, *coming;* both evidently are corrupt.

Mr Seward reads—And still I push'd him on, as he'd been *the woman,* supporting his emendation by a long dissertation, which proves exactly the reverse of what he intended. The reading in the text is a happy conjecture of Mr Mason. *Conning* means "studying, being unmindful of what he is about." That commentator supports the variation by the following passage in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence:

——— How the fool stares.
Fiorenda. And looks as if he were
Conning his neck verse.

[2] *Talk'd.*] All the editions read *talk.* The emendation was proposed by Mr Mason.

Warrants and executions, and such devils,
That drove all the gentlemen out o' the church
by hurries,
With execrable oaths they'd ne'er come there
again.
Thus am I served and mann'd![3]
Lean. I pray you forgive me;
I must confess I am not fit to wait upon you.
Alas, I was brought up——
Ama. To be an ass,
A lawyer's ass, to carry books and buckrams!
Bar. But what did you at church?
Lop. At church, did you ask her?—
Do you hear, gentlemen? Do you mark that
question?—
Because you're half an heretic yourself, sir,
Would you breed her too? This shall to the In-
quisition.
A pious gentlewoman reproved for praying!
I'll see this filed; and you shall hear further, sir.
Ars. You have an ill heart.
Lop. It shall be found out, gentlemen;
There be those youths will search it.
Die. You are warm, signior,
But a faggot will warm you better: We are wit-
nesses.
Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt.
Mil. Nay certain,
I do believe he has rather no religion.
Lop. That must be known too. Because she
goes to church, sir!
O, monstrum informe ingens!

[3] —— *manned.*] To *man* a lady was, in former times, a phrase similar to the vulgar one at present in use, to *squire*. See a note vol. II. p. 147.

Die. Let him go on, sir;
His wealth will build a nunnery, a fair one,
And this good lady, when he's hanged and rotten,
May there be abbess.

Bar. You are cozen'd, honest gentlemen!
I don't forbid the use, but the form, mark me.

Lop. Form? what do you make of form?

Bar. They will undo me;
Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me!
I must make fair way, and hereafter—Wife,
You're welcome home, and henceforth take your pleasure;
Go when you shall think fit, I will not hinder you;
My eyes are open now, and I see my error—
My shame, as great as that, but I must hide it: [*Aside.*
The whole conveyance[4] now I smell; but *basta!*[5]
Another time must serve—You see us friends now,
Heartily friends, and no more chiding, gentlemen;
I have been too foolish, I confess; no more words,
No more, sweet wife.

Ama. You know my easy nature.

Bar. Go, get you in: You see she has been angry:
Forbear her sight a while, and time will pacify;
And learn to be more bold.

Lean. I would I could;
I will do all I am able. [*Exit.*

Bar. Do, Leandro.
We will not part but friends of all hands.

Lop. Well said;
Now you are reasonable, we can look on you.

[4] *The whole* conveyance.] *i. e.* Trick, artifice, juggling.

[5] Basta.] *It is enough.* Spanish. The expression occurs again in the Little French Lawyer and the Mad Lover.

Bar. Ye have jerkt me; but, for all that, I forgive ye,
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye
To-morrow to a breakfast; I make but seldom,
But now we will be merry.[6]

Ars. Now you are friendly,
Your doggedness and niggardize flung from you,
And now we will come to you.

Bar. Give me your hands, all!
You shall be welcome heartily.

Lop. We will be,
For we'll eat hard.

Bar. The harder the more welcome;
And, till the morning, farewell! I have business. [*Exit.*

Mil. Farewell, good bountiful Bartolus! 'Tis a brave wench,
A sudden witty thief, and worth all service.
Go, we'll all go, and crucify the lawyer.

Die. I'll clap four tier of teeth into my mouth more,
But I will grind his substance.

Ars. Well, Leandro,
Thou hast had a strange voyage, but I hope
Thou ridest now in safe harbour.

Mil. Let's go drink, friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry may-games.

Lop. A match, a match! 'twill whet our stomachs better. [*Exeunt.*

6 —— *I make but seldom, but now we will be merry.*] *i. e.* I make merry but seldom, &c. This inverted phraseology is common in old plays.

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of Henrique.

Enter VIOLANTE *and Servant.*

Serv. Madam, he's come. [*Chair and stools out.*
Viol. 'Tis well. How did he look
When he knew from whom you were sent? Was
he not startled?
Or confident or fearful?
Ser. As appeared,
Like one that knew his fortune at the worst,
And cared not what could follow.
Viol. 'Tis the better.
Reach me a chair. So; bring him in; be careful
That none disturb us.—I will try his temper;
And, if I find him apt for my employments,
I'll work him to my ends; if not, I shall
Find other engines.

Enter JAMIE *and Servant.*

Serv. There's my lady.
Viol. Leave us.
Jam. You sent for me?
Viol. I did: And does the favour,
Your present state considered, and my power,
Deserve no greater ceremony?
Jam. Ceremony?
I use to pay that where I do owe duty,

Not to my brother's wife: I cannot fawn;
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd;
And so farewell.

Viol. He bears up still; I like it.— [*Aside.*
'Pray you, a word.

Jam. Yes; I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and sit by you as a friend,
But not stand as a suitor. Now, your pleasure.

Viol. You're very bold.

Jam. 'Tis fit, since you are proud:
I was not made to feed that foolish humour
With flattery and observance.

Viol. Yet with your favour,
A little form, joined with respect, to her
That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em,
Nay, raise you to a fate beyond your hopes,
Might well become your wisdom.

Jam. It would rather
Write me a fool, should I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for so many years I've found and proved
My greatest enemy. I am still the same;
My wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell
you,
To your new-cerused face, what I have spoken
Freely behind your back, what I think of you!
You are the proudest thing, and have the least
Reason to be so, that ever I read of.
In stature you're a giantess; and your tailor
Takes measure of you with a Jacob's staff,
Or he can never reach you: This by the way,
For your large size. Now, in a word or two,
To treat of your complexion were decorum:[7]

[7] *To treat of your complexion* were *decorum.*] Mr Sympson reads—*to treat of your complexion* with *decorum.* The meaning of the old reading is very evident, and in plain language is as fol-

You are so far from fair, I doubt your mother
Was too familiar with the Moor that served her.
Your limbs and features I pass briefly over,
As things not worth description; and come roundly
To your soul, if you have any; for 'tis doubtful.

Viol. I laugh at this! Proceed.

Jam. This soul I speak of,
Or rather salt to keep this heap of flesh
From being a walking stench, like a large inn,
Stands open for the entertainment of
All impious practices: But there's no corner
An honest thought can take up. And, as it were not
Sufficient in yourself to comprehend
All wicked plots, you've taught the fool my brother,
By your contagion, almost to put off
The nature of the man, and turn'd him devil,
Because he should be like you; and I hope
You'll march to hell together. I have spoken,
And if the limning you in your true colours
Can make the painter gracious, I stand ready
For my reward; or, if my words distaste you,
I weigh it not, for though your grooms were ready
To cut my throat for't, be assured I cannot
Use other language.

Viol. You think you have said now
Like a brave fellow. In this woman's war
You ever have been train'd; spoke big, but suffer'd
Like a tame ass; and, when most spurr'd and gall'd,
Were never master of the spleen or spirit
That could raise up the anger of a man,
And force it into action.

lows: "It will now be proper, having done with your large size, to treat, in a word or two, of your complexion."

Jam. Yes, vile creature,
Wert thou a subject worthy of my sword,
Or that thy death, this moment, could call home
My banish'd hopes, thou now wert dead; dead, woman!
But, being as thou art, it is sufficient
I scorn thee and contemn thee!
Viol. This shews nobly,
I must confess it: I am taken with it;
For had you kneel'd, and whin'd, and shew'd a base
And low dejected mind, I had despised you.
This bravery, in your adverse fortune, conquers
And does command me; and, upon the sudden,
I feel a kind of pity growing in me
For your misfortunes: Pity, some say, is the parent
Of future love; and I repent my part
So far in what you've suffered, that I could
(But you are cold) do something to repair
What your base brother (such, Jamie, I think him)
Hath brought to ruin.
Jam. Ha?
Viol. Be not amazed:
Our injuries are equal in his bastard!
You are familiar with what I groan for;
And though the name of husband holds a tie
Beyond a brother, I, a poor weak woman,
Am sensible and tender of a wrong;
And, to revenge it, would break through all lets[8]
That durst oppose me.
Jam. Is it possible?
Viol. By this kiss! Start not. Thus much as a stranger,
You may take from me; but, if you were pleas'd,

[8] *Lets.*] *i. e.* Hindrances.

I should select you as a bosom friend;
I would print 'em thus, and thus. [*Kisses him.*
Jam. Keep off.
Viol. Come near,
Nearer,[9] into the cabinet of my counsels!
Simplicity and patience dwell with fools,
And let them bear those burdens which wise men
Boldly shake off! Be mine, and join with me;
And when that I have raised you to a fortune,—
(Do not deny yourself the happy means)—
You'll look on me with more judicious eyes,
And swear I am most fair.
Jam. What would this woman?
The purpose of these words? Speak not in riddles;
And when I understand what you would counsel,
My answer shall be sudden.
Viol. Thus then, Jamie:
The objects of our fury are the same;
For young Ascanio, whom you snake-like hugg'd,
(Frozen with wants to death)—in your warm bosom,
Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,
And kills in me all comfort.
Jam. Now 'tis plain;
I apprehend you: And, were he removed——
Viol. You, once again, were the undoubted heir.
Jam. 'Tis not to be denied: I was ice before,
But now you've fired me.
Viol. I'll add fuel to it:
And, by a nearer cut, do you but steer
As I direct you, we'll bring[1] our bark into

[9] *Near into*] This is one of Mr Theobald's marginal corrections, which both restores the verse and heightens the sentiment. *Seward.*

[1] We'll *bring*.] The first word was inserted in the second folio, and seems indispensably necessary.

The port of happiness.
Jam. How?
Viol. By Henrique's death!
But, you'll say, he's your brother: In great fortunes,
Which are epitomes of states and kingdoms,
The politic brook no rivals.
Jam. Excellent!
For sure I think, out of a scrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may,
Dispensing but a little with my conscience,
Come into full possession, would not argue
One that desired to thrive.
Viol. Now you speak like
A man that knows the world.
Jam. I needs must learn,
That have so good a tut'ress. And what think you,
(Don Henrique and Ascanio cut off)
That none may live that shall desire to trace us
In our black paths, if that Octavio,
His foster-father, and the sad Jacintha,
('Faith, pity her, and free her from her sorrows)
Should fall companions with 'em? When we're red
With murder, let us often bathe in blood;
The colour will be scarlet.
Viol. And that's glorious,
And will protect the fact.
Jam. Suppose this done:
If undiscover'd, we may get for money
(As that, you know, buys any thing in Rome)
A dispensation.
Viol. And be married?
Jam. True.
Or, if 't be known, truss up our gold and jewels,
And fly to some free state, and there with scorn—
Viol. Laugh at the laws of Spain. 'Twere admirable!

Jam. We shall beget rare children. I am rapt with
The mere imagination!
Viol. Shall it be done?
Jam. Shall? 'tis too tedious. Furnish me with means
To hire the instruments, and to yourself
Say it is done already. I will shew you,
Ere the sun set, how much you've wrought upon me;
Your province is only to use some means
To send my brother to the grove, that's neighbour
To the west port o' th' city; leave the rest
To my own practice. I have talk'd too long,
But now will do! This kiss, with my confession,
To work a fell revenge a man's a fool,
If not instructed in a woman's school. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Bartolus. *A Table set out for Breakfast.*

Enter BARTOLUS, ALGUAZILS, *and an Apparitor, in disguise.*

Bar. Ye are well enough disguis'd; furnish the table;
Make no show what ye are, till I discover:
Not a soul knows you here: Be quick and diligent.
These youths I have invited to a breakfast,
But what the sauce will be——I am of opinion
I shall take off the edges of their appetites,

And grease their gums[2] for eating heartily
This month or two. They have play'd their prizes
with me,
And with their several flirts they've lighted dan-
gerously;[3]
But sure I shall be quiet! I hear 'em coming.
Go off, and wait the bringing-in your service,
And do it handsomely: You know where to have
it.— [*Exeunt Alguazils and Apparitor.*

Enter MILANES, ARSENIO, LOPEZ, *and* DIEGO.

Welcome, i' faith.
Ars. That's well said, honest lawyer.
Lop. Said like a neighbour.
Bar. Welcome, all! All's over,[4]
And let's be merry.

[2] —— *grease their gums.*] We have here another allusion to the common trick of ostlers to grease the gums of horses in order to prevent them from eating. "*For* eating heartily," means to prevent their doing it.

[3] *And with their several flirts they've lighted* dangerously.] Seward reads—*they've lighted dangers;* and the last editors properly retain the old reading, but explain *lighted* erroneously to mean trifled. Mr Mason gives the following explanation, which is quite satisfactory: "Bartolus means to say, that they have succeeded in the several flirts, and that to his prejudice. To light, is here used in a neutral sense, and signifies to hit, or fall upon. [As we still say to light upon.] The metaphor is taken from the flight of an arrow. So, in the second act of Macbeth, Malcolm says—

"The murderous shaft that's shot
Has not yet *lighted,* and your safest way
Is to avoid the aim."

[4] *Welcome all: all over,*
And let's be merry.] The pointing of the first line must be wrong, if he only reiterates their welcome; but, by the insertion I have made, the sense is quite different, and I think much better; viz. All affronts are forgot, and let's be merry. *Sympson.*

Mil. To that end we came, sir;
An hour of freedom's worth an age of jugglings.
Die. I am come too, sir, to specify my stomach
A poor retainer to your worship's bounty.
Bar. And thou shalt have it filled, my merry Diego;
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous Diego;
Even filled till it groan again.
Die. Let it have fair play,
And if it founder, then——
Bar. I'll tell ye, neighbours;
Though I were angry yesterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bobb'd me[5]—
Lop. No, no, by no means.
Bar. No, when I consider'd
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,
It made me merry, very merry, gentlemen.
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't;
The mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.
Lop. Good mirth does work so,[6] honest mirth.
Now, should we've meant in earnest——
Bar. You say true, neighbour.
Lop. It might have bred such a distaste and sourness,
Such fond imaginations in your brains, sir,
For things thrust home in earnest——
Bar. Very certain;
But I know ye all for merry wags, and, ere long,
Ye shall know me too in another fashion;
Though ye're pamper'd, ye shall bear part o' th' burden.

5 —— *ye bobb'd me.*] A common expression for fooling, making game of a person.

6 *Good mirth does work so.*] The modern editors, ever anxious to contribute their mite to botch up the metre, silently read—"Good mirth does *always* work so."

Enter Amaranta *and* Leandro.

Come, wife; come, bid 'em welcome; come, my jewel!
And, pupil, you shall come too. Ne'er hang backward;
Come, come, the woman's pleased, her anger's over;
Come, be not bashful.

Ama. What does he prepare here? [*Aside.*
Sure there's no meat i' th' house, at least not dress'd.
Does he mean to mock 'em? Or some new-bred crotchet
Come o'er his brains? I do not like his kindness;
But silence best becomes me. If he mean foul play,
Sure they're enough to right themselves; and let 'em;
I'll sit by, so they beat him not to powder.

Bar. Bring in the meat there, hoa!—Sit down, dear neighbour;
A little meat needs little compliment;
Sit down, I say.

Ama. What do you mean by this, sir?

Bar. Convey away their weapons handsomely.

Ama. You know there's none i' th' house to answer you,
But the poor girl; you know there's no meat neither.

Bar. Peace, and be quiet; I shall make you smoke else:
There's men and meat enough. [*She takes their swords and puts them aside.*] Set it down formally.

Enter Alguazils, with dishes.

Ama. I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare not speak on't.

Bar. I have no dainties for ye, gentlemen,
Nor loads of meat, to make the room smell of 'em:
Only a dish to every man I've dedicated;
And, if I've pleased his appetite——

Lop. Oh, a capon,
A bird of grace, an't be thy will; I honour it.

Dic. For me some forty pound of lovely beef,
Placed in a Mediterranean sea of brewis.[7]

Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after.—
Wait diligently, knaves! [*They lift up the napkins, and discover an execution under each.*

Mil. What rare bit's this?
An execution! bless me!

Bar. Nay, take it to you,
There's no avoiding it; 'tis somewhat tough, sir,
But a good stomach will endure[8] it easily;
The sum is but a thousand ducats, sir.

Ars. A capias from my surgeon and my silkman!

Bar. Your careful makers;[9] but they have marr'd your diet.

[7] *Brewis.*] Broth.

[8] *Endure it.*] Mr Mason proposes to read *endue*, a term in falconry, meaning to digest. He instances an example of its use in Love's Pilgrimage. The conjecture is ingenious, but quite unnecessary.

[9] *Your careful makers.*] As Mr Sympson thinks this obscure, it may probably need explanation. The debauchees, who, in the next play, are said to be *daily mending like Dutch watches, and plaistering like old walls*, may properly call their surgeon their

Stir not; your swords are gone; there's no avoiding me;
And these are alguazils. Do you hear that passing-bell?
Lop. A strong citation! bless me!
Bar. Out with your beads, curate;
The devil's in your dish: Bell, book, and candle![1]
Lop. A warrant to appear before the judges!
I must needs rise, and turn to th' wall.
Bar. You need not;
Your fear, I hope, will make you find your breeches.
All. We are betray'd!
Bar. Invited! do not wrong me.
Fall to, good guests; ye have diligent men about ye;
Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye;
These will not see ye start. Have I now found ye?

maker; their bodies are *made up* by him, and to him they owe their present being. I have myself heard one boast, that his last salivation *new-made him.* It is likewise very common, both in Shakspeare and our authors, to call tailors and silk-men the *makers* of fops. Thus Kent, in King Lear, tells the foppish steward, that a *tailor made him.* 'Tis a nervous expression, that seems to annihilate both the soul and body, and to allow no worth, or even existence to the fop, but in his clothes. *Seward.*

[1] *Bell, book, and candle!*] This alludes to the formal excommunication in the Roman church. Archbishop Winchelsea, in his forms of excommunication, anno 1298, directs that the sentence should be "throughout explained, *in order in English,* with *bells tolling,* and *candles lighted,* that it may cause the greater dread." And, in Baker's History of the Inquisition, the author gives the following as the ceremony on the occasion: "When the bishop pronounces the anathema, twelve priests must stand round him, and hold lighted candles in their hands, which they must throw down to the ground, and tread under their feet, at the conclusion of the anathema or excommunication." From the text, it would however appear, that the poet alludes to a similar process of ceremony in cases of exorcising the devil.

Have I requited ye? Ye fool'd the lawyer,
And thought it meritorious to abuse him,
A thick ram-headed knave! Ye rid, ye spurr'd
him,
And glorified your wits, the more ye wrong'd him!
Within this hour ye shall have all your creditors,
A second dish of new debts come upon ye,
And new invitements to the whip, Don Diego,
And excommunications for the learned curate;
A masque of all your furies shall dance to ye!

Ars. You dare not use us thus?

Bar. Ye shall be bobb'd, gentlemen.
Stir, and, as I have life, ye go to prison,
To prison, without pity instantly;
Before ye speak another word, to prison.
I have a better guard without, that waits!—
Do you see this man, Don Curate? 'tis a 'paritor,[a]
That comes to tell you a delightful story
Of an old whore you have, and then to teach you
What is the penalty Laugh at me now, sir!
What legacy would you bequeath me now,
(And pay it on the nail) to fly my fury?

Lop. Oh, gentle sir!

Bar. Dost thou hope I will be gentle,
Thou foolish unconsiderate Curate?

Lop. Let me go, sir,—

Bar. I'll see thee hang first.

Lop. And, as I am a true vicar——
Hark in your ear, hark softly!

Bar. No, no bribery;
I'll have my swinge upon thee.—Sirrah! rascal!
You lenten-chaps! you that lay sick, and mock'd
me;
Mock'd me abominably, abused me lewdly,

[a] *'Tis a* 'paratour.] An *apparitor* is an officer that summons offenders, and serves the process in the spiritual court.—Ed. 1778.

I'll make thee sick at heart, before I leave thee,
And groan, and die indeed, and be worth nothing,
Not worth a blessing, nor a bell to knell for thee,
A sheet to cover thee, but that thou steal'st,[3]
Steal'st from the merchant, and the ring he was
buried with,
Steal'st from his grave! Do you smell me now?

Die. Have mercy on me!

Bar. No psalm of mercy shall hold me from
hanging thee!
How do you like your breakfast? 'Tis but short,
gentlemen,
But sweet, and healthful.—Your punishment, and
yours, sir, [*To* AMA. *and* LEAN.
For some near reasons that concern my credit,
I will take to myself.

Ama. Do, sir, and spare not:
I have been too good a wife, and too obedient;
But, since you dare provoke me to be foolish——

Lean. She has, yes, and too worthy for your
usage.[4]
Before the world, I justify your goodness;
[*Draws.*
And turn that man, that dares but taint her vir-
tues,
To my sword's point (that lying man, that base
man!)
Turn him but face to face, that I may know him!

[3] —— *that thou steal'st.*] Mr Mason says we should read *steal'dst* here and in the two following lines, because Bartolus is speaking of past transgressions. The imperfect tense is undoubtedly intended here, but old authors were not so ambitious of being thought perfect grammarians. Had they been anxious for this reputation, they would certainly have written *stolest*, and would not have coined the barbarous medley of consonants, *steal'dst.*

[4] *Worthy of your usage.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

Bar. What have I here?

Lean. A gentleman, a free man;
One that made trial of this lady's constancy,
And found it strong as fate! Leave off your fooling;
For, if you follow this course, you'll be chronicled
For a devil, whilst a saint she's mentioned.
You know my name indeed: I'm now no lawyer.

Enter JAMIE *and Assistant.*

Die. Some comfort now, I hope; or else, would I were hang'd up!
And yet, the judge! He makes me sweat.[5]

Bar. What news now?

Jam. I'll justify, upon my life and credit,
What you have heard for truth, and will make proof of.

Assist. I will be ready at th' appointed hour there;
And so I leave you.

Bar. Stay, I beseech your worship,
And do but hear me.

Jam. Good sir, intend this business,[6]
And let this bawling fool![7]—No more words, lawyer,
And no more angers; for I guess your reasons:
This gentleman I'll justify in all places,

[5] In the folio of 1647, the first of these lines is given to Leandro. The text was properly regulated in the second.

[6] Intend *this business.*] *Intend* is here used to signify *regard,* or *pay attention to.*—Ed. 1778.

[7] *And* let *this bawling fool.*] The modern copies say, *leave* this bawling fool; but, as the word *let* is used to signify *hindrance,* or *obstruction,* we have followed the oldest books.—Ed. 1778.

And that fair lady's worth, let who dare cross it
The plot was cast by me, to make thee jealous,
But not to wrong your wife; she's fair and virtuous.

Die. Take us to mercy too, we beseech your honour;
We shall be justified the way of all flesh else.

Jam. No more talk, nor no more dissention, lawyer;
I know your anger; 'tis a vain and slight one;
For, if you do, I'll lay your whole life open,
A life that all the world shall—I'll bring witness,
And rip before a judge the ulcerous villanies——
You know I know you, and I can bring witness.

Bar. Nay, good sir, noble sir!

Jam. Be at peace then presently;
Immediately take honest and fair truce
With your good wife, and shake hands with that gentleman:
He has honour'd you too much; and do it cheerfully.

Lop. Take us along, for Heaven sake, too!

Bar. I am friends,—
(There is no remedy; I must put up all, [*Aside.*
And like my neighbours rub it out by th' shoulders)—
And perfect friends.—Leandro, now I thank you,
And there's my hand, I have no more grudge to you;
But I'm too mean henceforward for your company.

Lean. I shall not trouble you.

Ars. We will be friends too.

Mil. Nay, lawyer, you shall not fright us further;
For all your devils, we will bolt.

Bar. I grant you;

The gentleman's your bail, and thank his coming:
Did not he know me too well, you should smart
for't.
Go all in peace; but, when ye fool next, gentle
men,
Come not to me to breakfast.

Die. I'll be bak'd first.

Bar. And pray ye remember, when ye're bold
and merry,
The lawyer's banquet, and the sauce he gave ye.

Jam. Come, go along; I have employment for
you,
Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool you;
For all, for every one.

All. We're all your servants.

Die. All, all, for any thing! From this day
forward,
I'll hate all breakfasts, and depend on dinners.

Jam. I am glad you come off fair.

Lean. The fair has blest me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Grove of Trees near the City.

Enter OCTAVIO, JACINTHA, *and* ASCANIO.

Oct. This is the place; but why we are ap-
pointed
By Don Jamie to stay here, is a depth
I cannot sound.

Asc. Believe't, he is too noble
To purpose any thing but for our good.

Had I assurance of a thousand lives,
And with them perpetuity of pleasure,
And should lose all, if he proved only false,
Yet I durst run the hazard.

Jac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are;
And death concludes all misery.

Oct. Undiscover'd,
We must attend him.

Enter HENRIQUE *and* JAMIE.

Asc. Our stay is not long.
With him Don Henrique?

Jac. Now I fear! be silent. [*They retire.*

Hen. Why dost thou follow me?

Jam. To save your life;
A plot is laid for't. All my wrongs forgot,
I have a brother's love.

Hen. But thy false self,[8]
I fear no enemy.

Jam. You have no friend,
But what breathes in me. If you move a step
Beyond this ground you tread on, you are lost.

Hen. 'Tis by thy practice then. I am sent hither
To meet her, that prefers my life and safety
Before her own.

Jam. That you should be abused thus,
With weak credulity! She, for whose sake
You have forgot we had one noble father,
Or that one mother bare us; for whose love

[8] But *thy false self.*] *i. e.* Except. One instance from Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew will suffice:

"——— for, *but* I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous."

You brake a contract to which Heaven was wit-
ness;
To satisfy whose pride and wilful humour
You have exposed a sweet and hopeful son
To all the miseries that want can bring him,
(And such a son, though you are most obdurate,
To give whom entertainment savages
Would quit their caves themselves, to keep him
from
Bleak cold and hunger!) this dissembling woman,
This idol whom you worship, all your love
And service trod under her feet, designs you
To fill a grave, or dead, to lie a prey
For wolves and vultures.

Hen. 'Tis false. I defy thee,
And stand upon my guard!

Enter LEANDRO, MILANES, ARSENIO, BARTOLUS, LOPEZ, DIEGO, *and Servants.*

Jam. Alas, 'tis weak.
Come on! Since you will teach me to be cruel,
By having no faith in me, take your fortune.
Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.

Oct. My lord!

Asc. In what have we offended?

[HENRIQUE, OCTAVIO, ASCANIO, *and* JACINTHA *are seized and bound.*

Jam. I am deaf;
And, following my will, I do not stand
Accountable to reason.—See her ring,
The first pledge of your love and service to her,
Deliver'd as a warrant for your death!
These bags of gold you gave up to her trust,
The use of which you did deny yourself,
Bestow'd on me, (and with a prodigal hand)
Whom she pick'd forth to be the architect

Of her most bloody building; and to fee
These instruments, to bring materials
To raise it up, she bade me spare no cost,
And, as a surplusage, offer'd herself
To be at my devotion.

Hen. Oh, accursed!

Jam. But, be incredulous still; think this my plot;
Fashion excuses to yourself, and swear
That she is innocent, that she dotes on you.
Believe this as a fearful dream, and that
You lie not at my mercy, which in this
I will shew only: She herself shall give
The dreadful sentence, to remove all scruple
Who 'tis that sends you to the other world.

Enter VIOLANTE.

Appears my Violante? Speak, my dearest,
Does not the object please you?

Viol. More than if
All treasure that's above the earth, with that
That lies conceal'd in both the Indian mines,[9]
Were laid down at my feet! Oh, bold Jamie,
Thou only canst deserve me!

Jam. I am forward;
And, as you easily may perceive, I sleep not
On your commands.

Enter Assistant and Officers.

Viol. But yet they live: I look'd
To find them dead.

[9] —— *in both the Indian mines.*] That is; in the mines of both the Indies.

Jam. That was deferred, that you
Might triumph in their misery, and have the power
To say "they are not."
Viol. 'Twas well thought upon.
This kiss, and all the pleasures of my bed
This night, shall thank thee.
Hen. Monster!
Viol. You, sir, that
Would have me mother bastards, being unable
To honour me with one child of mine own,
That underneath my roof kept your cast strumpet,
And out of my revenues would maintain
Her riotous issue; now you find what 'tis
To tempt a woman! With as little feeling
As I turn off a slave, that is unfit
To do me service; or a horse, or dog
That have out-lived their use; I shake thee off,
To make thy peace with Heaven!
Hen. I do deserve this;
And never truly felt before, what sorrow
Attends on wilful dotage.
Viol. For you, mistress,
That had the pleasure of his youth before me,
And triumph'd in the fruit that you had by him,
But that I think, to have the bastard strangled
Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow
The way he leads thee, is sufficient torture,
I would cut off thy nose, put out thine eyes,
And set my foot on those bewitching lips,
That had the start of mine! But, as thou art,
Go to the grave unpitied.
Assist. Who would believe
Such rage could be in woman?
Viol. For this fellow,
He is not worth my knowledge.
Jam. Let him live then,

Since you esteem him innocent.
Viol. No, Jamie,
He shall make up the mess. Now strike together,
And let them fall so!
Assist. Unheard-of cruelty!
I can endure no longer: Seize on her!
Viol. Am I betray'd?
Is this thy faith, Jamie?
Jam. Could your desires
Challenge performance of a deed so horrid?
Or, though that you had sold yourself to hell,
I should make up the bargain?—Live, dear brother,
Live long, and happy! I forgive you freely;
To have done you this service, is to me
A fair inheritance; and howe'er harsh language,
Call'd on by your rough usage, pass'd my lips,
In my heart I ever loved you. All my labours
Were but to shew, how much your love was cozen'd,
When it beheld itself in this false glass,
That did abuse you; and I am so far
From envying young Ascanio his good fortune,
That, if your state were mine, I would adopt him.
These are the murderers; my noble friends!
Which, to make trial of her bloody purpose,
I won, to come disguised thus.
Hen. I am too full
Of grief and shame to speak: But what I'll do,
Shall to the world proclaim my penitence;
And, howsoever I have lived, I'll die
A much-changed man.
Jam. Were it but possible
You could make satisfaction to this woman,
Our joys were perfect.
Hen. That's my only comfort,
That it is in my power: I ne'er was married

To this bad woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, still expecting
When grief would kill Jacintha.

Assist. All's come out,
And finds a fair success. Take her, Don Henrique;
And once again embrace your son.

Hen. Most gladly.

Assist. Your brother hath deserved well.[1]

Hen. And shall share
The moiety of my state.

Assist. I have heard, advocate,
What an ill instrument you have been to him:
From this time strengthen him with honest counsels,
And you'll deserve my pardon.

Bar. I'll change my copy:
But I am punish'd, for I fear I have had
A smart blow, though unseen.

Assist. Curate, and sexton,
I have heard of you too; let me hear no more,
And what's past, is forgotten. For this woman,
Though her intent were bloody, yet our law
Calls it not death; yet, that her punishment
May deter others from such bad attempts,
The dowry she brought with her shall be employ'd
To build a nunnery, where she shall spend
The remnant of her life.

Viol. Since I have miss'd my ends,
I scorn what can fall on me.

Assist. The strict discipline
O' th' church will teach you better thoughts.—And, signiors,
You that are bachelors, if you ever marry,

[1] *Deserved* well.] This is the text of the first folio. The second reads—deserved *all*.

In Bartolus you may behold the issue
Of covetousness and jealousy; and of dotage,
And falsehood, in Don Henrique. Keep a mean
then;
For be assured, that weak man meets all ill,
That gives himself up to a woman's will.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THE play is done, yet our suit never ends,
Still when you part, you would still part our friends,
Our noblest friends! If aught have fallen amiss,
Oh, let it be sufficient that it is,
And you have pardon'd it. (In buildings great,
All the whole body cannot be so neat,
But something may be mended.) Those are fair,[1]
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.

[1] *But something may be mended; those are fair.*] As the text stood before, it had great obscurity, *buildings* seeming the antecedent to *those;* it means those persons are fair or candid judges, who spare what they might destroy. *Seward.*

THE

HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

THE

HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

This Tragi-Comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1647. The commendatory verses of Lovelace, Gardiner, and Hills, ascribe it wholly to Fletcher; but those panegyrists cannot be relied on, nor was it perhaps their intention altogether to deny the coalition of Beaumont with his friend in the plays they enumerate. We are therefore entirely left in the dark with regard to this problem. Both the prologue and epilogue, which frequently furnish some authority, by mentioning either "the author" or "the authors," are silent in the present instance. If we were authorised to judge from internal evidence, we should not be disposed to deny Beaumont his share in the composition; the principal character, who gives name to the play, being much in the style of Ben Jonson, whom Beaumont is known to have imitated, while his coadjutor followed the more pleasing and poetical track of Shakspeare. But, at the same time, it cannot be denied that internal evidence is a very fallacious guide, and that the authority of the three eulogists is of at least equal value. We must therefore be content to leave the matter undecided. Langbaine, speaking of this play, says, that he has "often seen it acted with applause. The character of the Humorous Lieutenant, refusing to fight after he was cured of his wounds, resembles the story of the soldier belonging to Lucullus, described in the Epistles of Horace, lib. 2. ep. 2.; but the very story is related in Ford's Apothegms, p. 30. [from which it is quoted in Mr Reed's note on act III. sc. III.] How near the poet keeps to the historian, I must leave to those that will compare the play with the writers of the lives of Antigonus and Demetrius, the father and the son. See Plutarch's life of Demetrius, Justin, Appian, &c."—The Humorous Lieutenant enjoyed great popularity for a long continuance of time It was the first play that was acted at the opening of the theatre in Drury Lane, April 8, 1663, and had a run of twelve nights at that time. The last editors observe,

that within a few years of their publication, in 1778, it "used to be sometimes acted at the theatre in Covent-Garden;" but latterly it has been completely laid aside, with other productions of our authors of much superior merit. I know of no alteration that has been made of this play, unless the droll which Kirkman extracted from it, and entitled "Forced Valour," can be called so.

It must be confessed that the plot of this tragi-comedy is very ill constructed, and that great confusion prevails from beginning to end. The developement in the last scene is highly inartificial; the reader is allowed to come prepared for the sudden elevation of Celia. Indeed the authors never exhibited greater carelessness in the latter acts, which has been pointed out as their general failing, than in the present instance. The machinery of the love potion, also, is most unhappily imagined, and is hardly borne out by the ludicrous effects produced in consequence of it. It is with pleasure we turn from the task of noticing these faults, to the innumerable beauties which the authors have scattered throughout. There are very few scenes in any dramatic writer superior to the parting of Demetrius and Celia, in the first act; the agitation of the former, when he is falsely informed by his father respecting the fidelity of the latter; her answer to the king when he supposed her wholly devoted to his will, in consequence of the love potion; and her altercation with, and final reconcilement to, Demetrius. The character from which the drama is denominated has a great portion of the *vis comica*, and seems to have delighted our ancestors superlatively. He would have the same influence on the risible powers of a modern audience, if a judicious alteration of the piece were brought forward, which would however require the hand of a master to accomplish, as there are many parts of the plot and under-plot which, in these days, would not be relished on the stage.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Antigonus, *an old man with young desires.*
Demetrius, *son to Antigonus, in love with Celia.*

Seleucus,
Lysimachus,
Ptolemy, } *Three kings, equal sharers with Antigonus of what Alexander the Great had, with united powers opposing Antigonus.*

Leontius, *a brave old merry soldier, assistant to Demetrius.*

Timon,
Charinthus,
Menippus, } *servants to Antigonus and to his vices.*

The Humorous Lieutenant.
Gentlemen, *friends and followers of Demetrius.*
Three Ambassadors *from the three kings.*
Gentlemen Ushers.
Citizens.
Physicians.
Herald.
Magician.
Host.
Grooms.
Soldiers.

Enanthe, *under the name of* Celia, *daughter to Seleucus, mistress to Demetrius.*
Leucippe, *the wife of Menippus, a bawd, agent for the king's vices.*
Ladies.
Citizens' Wives.
Governess *to Celia.*
A Country Woman.

Phœbe, *her daughter.*
Two Servants *of the game.*

SCENE—Greece.

The principal Actors were[a]

Henry Condel.	Joseph Taylor.
John Lowin.	William Eglestone.
Richard Sharpe.	John Underwood.
Robert Benfield.	Thomas Polard.

[a] This enumeration of the performers, as well as that of the dramatis personæ, is from the second folio.

PROLOGUE.

'Would some man would instruct me what to say;
For this same prologue, usual to a play,
Is tied to such an old form of petition,
Men must say nothing now beyond commission;
The cloaks we wear, the legs we make, the place
We stand in must be one; and one the face.
Nor alter'd, nor exceeded;[*] if it be,
A general hiss hangs on our levity.
We have a play, a new play, to play now,
And thus low in our play's behalf we bow;
We bow to beg your suffrage and kind ear.
If it were naught, or that it might appear
A thing buoy'd up by prayer, gentlemen,
Believe my faith, you should not see me then.
Let them speak then, have power to stop a storm;
I never loved to feel a house so warm.
But for the play, if you dare credit me,
I think it well; all new things you shall see,
And those disposed to all the mirth that may;
And short enough we hope; and such a play
You were wont to like. Sit nobly, then, and see;
If it miscarry, pray look not for me!

[*] Shakspeare complains of the clowns in his days speaking more than is set down for them. From the text, it seems that the prologue also received additions from the performers occasionally, and that in the time the present one was written, they had been restricted from employing their own talents in that way. The cloaks alluded to in a previous line were black, and were then as essential to the speakers of a prologue as a black suit is in the present day.

THE

HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Capital.—The Audience Chamber in the Palace.

Enter two Ushers, and Grooms with perfumes.

1 *Usher.* Round, round, perfume it round! quick! Look ye diligently
The state[1] be right! Are these the richest cushions?
Fy, fy! who waits i' th' wardrobe?
2 *Usher.* But, pray tell me,
Do you think for certain these ambassadors
Shall have this morning audience?
1 *Usher.* They shall have it?
Lord, that you live at court, and understand not!
I tell you they must have it.

[1] *The state.*] Neither the last editors nor Mr Mason are right in their explanation of this word. It is neither the state-chair, or throne, nor the canopy under which it is placed, but a raised platform upon which the throne, with the canopy over it, was placed. Mr Gifford observes, that the word is used in the first edition of Dryden's MacFlecknoe, and that it occurs, for the last time, in Swift's History of John Bull.

2 *Usher*. Upon what necessity?
1 *Usher*. Still you are off the trick of court: Sell your place,
And sow your grounds; you are not for this tillage.

Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.

Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings;
There you may see at ease.
Ladies. We thank you, sir.
[*Exeunt Ladies and Gentlemen.*
1 *Usher*. Would you have all these slighted? Who should report then,
The ambassadors were handsome men? *His* beard*
A neat one; the fire of *his* eyes quicker than lightning,
And, when it breaks, as blasting; *his* legs, tho' little ones,
Yet movers of a mass of understanding?
Who shall commend their clothes? who shall take notice
Of the most wise behaviour of their feathers?
You live a raw man here.
2 *Usher*. I think I do so.

Enter two Citizens and Wives.

1 *Usher*. Why, whither would ye all press?
1 *Cit*. Good master Usher!
2 *Cit*. My wife, and some few of my honest neighbours here——
1 *Usher*. Pr'ythee begone,

* His *beard*, &c.] I have adopted the regulation proposed by Mr Mason, and printed the word *his* in italics, to shew that the different qualifications specified apply to different persons, and not all to one of the ambassadors.

Thou and thy honest neighbours. Thou look'st
like an ass.
Why, whither would you, fish-face?
2 Cit. If I might have
But the honour to see you at my poor house, sir,
A capon bridled and saddled I'll assure your worship,
A shoulder of mutton, and a pottle of wine, sir—
I knew your brother; he was as like you,
And shot the best at butts——[3]
1 Usher. A pox upon thee!
2 Cit. Some music I'll assure you too; my toy, sir,
Can play o' th' virginals.[4]
1 Usher. Pr'ythee, good Toy,
Take away thy shoulder of mutton, it is fly-blown;
And, Shoulder, take thy flap along; here's no
place for ye.—
Nay, then, you had best be knock'd!
[*Kicks them out.*

Enter CELIA.

Celia. I would fain see him!
The glory of this place makes me remember——
But, die those thoughts, die all but my desires!
Even those to death are sick too. He's not here,
Nor how my eyes may guide me——
2 Usher. What's your business?—

[3] —— *butts.*] The *butt* is the mark at which the arrow is to be shot. The sport alluded to is consequently archery

[4] —— *virginals.*] This instrument was, as Mr Malone observes, shaped like a piano-forte, and strung like a spinnet. It was the favourite instrument of queen Elizabeth, her virginal book being still preserved, and might have been named after her majesty, who greatly prided herself on the name of a virgin.

Who keeps the outward door there? Here's fine shuffling!—
You waistcoateer![5] you must go back.

Celia. There is not,
There cannot be,—(six days, and never see me!)—
There must not be desire.—Sir, do you think,
That if you had a mistress——

1 *Usher.* 'Death, she's mad!

Celia. And were yourself an honest man——It cannot——

1 *Usher.* What a devil hast thou to do with me or my honesty?
Will you be jogging, good Nimble-tongue?—My fellow door-keeper!

2 *Usher.* Pr'ythee, let her alone.

1 *Usher.* The king is coming,
And shall we have an agent from the suburbs
Come to crave audience too?

Celia. Before, I thought you to have a little breeding,
Some tang of gentry;[6] but now I take you plainly,
Without the help of any perspective,
For that you cannot alter.

1 *Usher.* What is that?

Celia. An ass, sir! You bray as like one,
And, by my troth, methinks, as you stand now,
Considering who to kick next, you appear to me
Just with that kind of gravity and wisdom.
Your place may bear the name of gentleman,
But if ever any of that butter stick to your bread—

2 *Usher.* You must be modester.

Celia. Let him use me nobler,

[5] *Waistcoateer.*] i. e. Strumpet. See vol. II. p. 97.

[6] *Some* tang of *gentry.*] i. e. Twang; the same as our vulgar phrase, "a *smack* of gentility." The word is spelt as in the text in Usher's Challenge to a Jesuit.—Lond. 1631, p. 219.

And wear good clothes to do good offices;
They hang upon a fellow of his virtue,
As though they hung on gibbets.

2 Usher. A perilous wench!

1 Usher. Thrust her into a corner; I'll no more on her.

2 Usher. You have enough.—Go, pretty maid, stand close,
And use that little tongue with a little more temper.

Celia. I thank you, sir.

2 Usher. When the shows are past,
I'll have you into the cellar; there we'll dine,—
(A very pretty wench, a witty rogue!)—
And there we'll be as merry!—Can you be merry?

Celia. Oh, very merry.

2 Usher. Only ourselves,[7]
This churlish fellow shall not know.

Celia. By no means.

2 Usher. And can you love a little?

Celia. Love exceedingly:
I have cause to love you, dear sir.

2 Usher. Then I'll carry you,
And shew you all the pictures, and the hangings,
The lodgings, gardens, and the walks: and then, sweet,
You shall tell me where you lie.

Celia. Yes, marry, will I.

2 Usher. And't shall go hard but I'll send you a venison pasty,
And bring a bottle of wine along.

1 Usher. Make room there!

2 Usher. Room there afore!—Stand close; the train is coming.

[7] *Ourselves.*] This word is here, as words of similar sound are in numerous instances, to be pronounced as one of three syllables.

Enter ANTIGONUS, TIMON, CHARINTHUS, *and* MENIPPUS.

Celia. Have I yet left a beauty to catch fools?—
Yet, yet I see him not. Oh what a misery
Is love, expected long, deluded longer!
Ant. Conduct in the ambassadors.
1 *Usher.* Make room there!
Ant. They shall not long wait answer.
[*Flourish.*
Celia. Yet he comes not!

Enter three Ambassadors.

Why are eyes set on these, and multitudes
Follow, to make these, wonders? Oh, good gods!
What would these look like, if my love were here?
But I am fond, forgetful!
Ant. Now your grievance;
Speak short, and have as short dispatch.
1 *Amb.* Then thus, sir:
In all our royal masters' names, we tell you,
You have done injustice, broke the bounds of concord;
And, from their equal shares, from Alexander
Parted,[8] and so possess'd, not like a brother,
But as an open enemy, you have hedged in
Whole provinces; mann'd[9] and maintain'd these injuries;

[8] *Parted.*] *Parted* here means *divided into parts.*—Ed. 1778. I suspect we should read "*by* Alexander parted." The compositor probably caught the word *from,* which occurs before in the same line.

[9] *Mann'd.*] To *man,* was to attend upon and protect a lady; hence the word was probably used by the authors in a figurative sense for protecting, giving countenance to. See vol. II. p. 147.

And duly with your sword, though they still honour you,
Make bloody roads,[1] take towns, and ruin castles;
And still their sufferance feels the weight.

2 *Amb.* Think of that love, great sir, that honour'd friendship,
Yourself held with our masters; think of that strength,
When you were all one body, all one mind;
When all your swords struck one way; when your angers,
Like so many brother billows, rose together,
And, curling up your foaming crests, defied
Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em.
Oh, think of these! and you that have been conquerors,
That ever led your fortunes open-eyed,
Chain'd fast by confidence; you that Fame courted,
Now ye want enemies and men to match ye,
Let not your own swords seek your ends, to shame ye!

3 *Amb.* Chuse which you will, or peace or war; we come
Prepared for either.

Enter DEMETRIUS, *with a javelin, and Gentlemen.*

1 *Usher.* Room for the prince there!

Celia. Was it the prince they said? How my heart trembled!
'Tis he, indeed! What a sweet noble fierceness
Dwells in his eyes! Young Meleager-like,
When he return'd from the slaughter of the boar,
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,

[1] *Roads.*] The word is tantamount to *inroad*, and to the Scottish *raid*. So in 1 Samuel, xxvi. 10, "Whither make ye a *rode* to-day?

With all the gallant youth of Greece, he looks now.
Who could deny him love?
Dem. Hail, royal father!
Ant. You're welcome from your sport, sir.—
D'ye see this gentleman,
You that bring thunders in your mouths, and earthquakes,
To shake and totter my designs? Can you imagine,
You men of poor and common apprehensions,
While I admit this man my son, this nature,
That in one look carries more fire, and fierceness,
Than all your masters in their lives; dare I admit him,
Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,
When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,[a]
And all hopes hang about his head; thus place him,
His weapon hatch'd in blood;[b] all these attending
When he shall make their fortunes, all as sudden
In any expedition he shall point 'em,
As arrows from a Tartar's bow, and speeding;
Dare I do this, and fear an enemy?
Fear your great master? yours? or yours?
Dem. Oh, Hercules!
Who says you do, sir? Is there any thing
In these men's faces, or their masters' actions,
Able to work such wonders?
Celia. Now he speaks!
Oh, I could dwell upon that tongue for ever!
Dem. You call 'em kings: They never wore those royalties;
Nor in the progress of their lives arrived yet
At any thought of king: Imperial dignities,

[a] *When all men* cry *him.*] *i. e.* Cry him up, speak loudly in his praise.

[b] —— hatched *in blood.*] For the explanation of this phrase see vol. II. p. 400.

And powerful godlike actions, fit for princes,
They can no more put on, and make 'em sit right,
Than I can with this mortal hand hold Heaven.
Poor petty men! Nor have I yet forgot
The chiefest honours time and merit gave 'em:
Lysimachus, your master, at his best,
His highest, and his hopeful'st dignities,
Was but grand master of the elephants;
Seleucus of the treasure; and, for Ptolemy,
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,
Some master of ammunition:[4] And must these
men—

Celia. What a brave confidence flows from his
spirit!
Oh, sweet young man!

Dem. Must these hold pace with us,
And on the same file[5] hang their memories?
Must these examine what the wills of kings are?
Prescribe to their designs, and chain their actions
To their restraints? be friends and foes when they
please?
Send out their thunders and their menaces,
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs?—
Go home, good men, and tell your masters from us,
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
Their barren countries, ruin their waste cities;[6]

[4] *Some master of* ammunition.] Mr Theobald reads, *pro rhythmi gratia, master of* MUNITION. It is strange that, during his editorial acquaintance with Shakspeare and these authors, he did not discover that, when a word ending with an *r* preceded another beginning with a vowel, the syllable was frequently, in pronunciation, united with the latter.

[5] ——*file.*] The first folio reads *field.* Corrected in the second.

[6] —— *their* vast *cities.*] Such is the text of the old copies, which modern editors silently metamorphose into *waste cities.* The alteration is certainly proper, but certainly demanded a note to point it out.

And tell 'em, out of love, we mean to leave 'em,
Since they will needs be kings, no more to tread on
Than they have able wits and powers to manage;
And so we shall befriend 'em.—Ha! what does she there? [*Aside.*

Amb. This is your answer, king?

Ant. 'Tis like to prove so.

Dem. Fy, sweet! what make you here? [*Aside to* CELIA.

Celia. 'Pray you, do not chide me.

Dem. You do yourself much wrong, and me.

Celia. 'Pray you, pardon me!
I feel my fault, which only was committed
Through my dear love to you. I have not seen you,
(And how can I live then?) I have not spoke to you—

Dem. I know this week you have not. I will redeem all.
You are so tender now! Think where you are, sweet!

Celia. What other light have I left?

Dem. Pr'ythee, Celia!
Indeed, I'll see you presently.

Celia. I have done, sir.
You will not miss?

Dem. By this, and this, I will not. [*Kisses her.*

Celia. 'Tis in your will, and I must be obedient.

Dem. No more of these assemblies.

Celia. I am commanded.

1 *Ush.* Room for the lady there! Madam, my service—

1 *Gent.* My coach, an't please you, lady!

2 *Ush.* Room before, there!

2 *Gent.* The honour, madam, but to wait upon you—
My servants, and my state[7]——

[7] *My servants, and my* state.] *i. e.* Estate. These words are

Celia. Lord, how they flock now!
Before, I was afraid they would have beat me.
How these flies play i' th' sun-shine!—Pray ye, no services;
Or, if ye needs must play the hobby-horses,
Seek out some beauty that affects 'em! Farewell.
Nay, pray ye, spare, gentlemen; I am old enough
To go alone at these years, without crutches.
[*Exit.*

2 *Ush.* Well, I could curse now: But that will not help me.
I made as sure account of this wench now, immediately.
Do but consider how the devil has cross'd me!
"Meat for my master," she cries. Well——

3 *Amb.* Once more, sir,
We ask your resolutions: Peace, or war, yet?

Dem. War, war, my noble father!

1 *Amb.* Thus I fling it:[8]
And, fair-eyed Peace, farewell!

Ant. You have your answer!
Conduct out the ambassadors, and give 'em convoys.

Dem. Tell your high-hearted masters, they shall not seek us,
Nor cool i' th' field in expectation of us;
We'll ease your men those marches: In their strengths,
And full abilities of mind and courage,

properly given to the second Gentleman in the second folio. In the first, they formed part of Celia's speech.

[8] 1 Amb. *Thus I fling it:*
And, fair-eyed Peace, farewell.] The last editors give this speech to Antigonus, who, however, would not have exclaimed, "and *fair-eyed* Peace, farewell," being from the beginning determined for war.

We'll find 'em out, and at their best trim buckle with 'em.

3 *Amb.* You'll find so hot a soldier's welcome, sir,
Your favour shall not freeze.

2 *Amb.* A forward gentleman:
Pity the war should bruise such hopes.

Ant. Conduct 'em !— [*Exeunt Amb.*
Now, for this preparation: Where's Leontius?
Call him in presently: For I mean in person, gentlemen,
Myself, with my old fortune——

Dem. Royal sir, [*Kneels.*
Thus low I beg this honour: Fame already
Hath every where raised trophies to your glory,
And Conquest now grown old, and weak with following
The weary marches and the bloody shocks
You daily set her in. 'Tis now scarce honour
For you, that never knew to fight but conquer,
To sparkle[9] such poor people. The royal eagle,
When she hath try'd[1] her young ones 'gainst the sun,
And found 'em right, next teacheth 'em to prey;
How to command on wing, and check below her
Even birds of noble plume: I am your own, sir;
You have found my spirit; try it now, and teach it

[9] *To* sparkle *such poor people.*] This word is several times used by our authors, to signify *scatter, disperse;* from the allusion to a red-hot coal, that disperses its sulphureous quality in *sparkles.* *Theobald.*

[1] *When she hath* try'd.] *Try'd* is very good sense, and we would not disturb the text, yet suspect the right word to be *tyr'd.* The whole passage is an allusion to falconry—to *tyre,* to *prey,* to *check,* to *stoop,* are all terms, we believe, of that art.—Ed. 1778.

Upon this unnecessary note Mr Mason observes: "To *tyre,* in falconry, is to prey upon, which would not be sense in this place. To *prey upon* against the sun would be absolute nonsense."

To stoop whole kingdoms :[a] Leave a little for me;
Let not your glory be so greedy, sir,
To eat up all my hopes. You gave me life;
If to that life you add not what's more lasting,
A noble name, for man you have made a shadow.
Bless me this day! Bid me go on, and lead;
Bid me go on, no less fear'd than Antigonus;
And, to my maiden sword, tie fast your fortune:
I know 'twill fight itself then. Dear sir, honour
me!
Never fair virgin long'd so.

Ant. Rise, and command then;
And be as fortunate as I expect you:
I love that noble will. Your young companions,
Bred up and foster'd with you, I hope, Demetrius,
You will make soldiers too; they must not leave
you.

Enter LEONTIUS.

2 Gent. Never till life leave us, sir.

Ant. Oh, Leontius,
Here's work for you in hand.

Leon. I am even right glad, sir;
For, by my troth, I'm now grown old with idle-
ness.
I hear we shall abroad, sir.

Ant. Yes, and presently.
But who, think you, commands now?

Leon. Who commands, sir?
Methinks, mine eye should guide me. Can there be,
If you yourself will spare him so much honour,
Any found out to lead before your armies,
So full of faith and fire, as brave Demetrius?

[a] *To stoop whole kingdoms.*] *i. e.* To stoop, or descend, like a hawk, upon kingdoms, and seize them.

King Philip's son, at his years, was an old soldier.
'Tis time his fortune be o' th' wing; high time, sir.
So many idle hours as here he loiters,
So many ever-living names he loses:
I hope 'tis he.

Ant. 'Tis he, indeed; and nobly
He shall set forward. Draw you all those garrisons
Upon the frontiers as you pass; to those
Join these in pay at home, our ancient soldiers;
And, as you go, press all the provinces.

Leon. We shall not need: Believe, this hopeful gentleman
Can want no swords nor honest hearts to follow him.
We shall be full, no fear, sir.

Ant. You, Leontius,
Because you are an old and faithful servant,
And know the war,[3] with all his vantages,
Be near to his instructions; lest his youth
Lose Valour's best companion, staid Discretion.
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with safety;
In execution not to break, nor scatter,
But, with a provident anger, follow nobly;
Not covetous of blood and death, but honour.
Be ever near his watches, cheer his labours,
And, where his hope stands fair, provoke his valour.—
Love him, and think it no dishonour, my Demetrius,
To wear this jewel near thee; he is a try'd one,

[3] —— *the war.*] Hitherto all the editions have read *the wars.* The amendment was proposed by Mr Mason.

And one, that even in spite of time, that sunk him,
And frosted up his strength, will yet stand by
thee,
And with the proudest of thine enemies
Exchange for blood, and bravely: Take his counsel.
Leon. Your grace hath made me young again,
and wanton.
Ant. She must be known, and suddenly. Do
you know her? [*Aside to* MENIPPUS.
Gent. Char. No, believe, sir.
Ant. Did you observe her, Timon?
Tim. I look'd on her; but what she is——
Ant. I must
Have that found.—Come in, and take your leave.
Leon. And some few prayers along.[4]
Dem. I know my duty. [*Exit* ANT.
You shall be half my father.
Leon. All your servant.—
Come, gentlemen, you are resolved, I'm sure,
To see these wars.
1 *Gent.* We dare not leave his fortunes,
Though most assured death hung round about us.
Leon. That bargain's yet to make.
Be not too hasty when ye face the enemy,
Nor too ambitious to get honour instantly;
But charge within your bounds, and keep close
bodies,
And you shall see what sport we'll make these
madcaps.

[4] This speech, and the words "Come in, and take your leave," in the last, are not to be found in the oldest folio, which, in their stead, only reads:

Tim. Well, sir?

The speech in the text was properly given to Leontius in the last edition. The second folio attributes it to Timon, to whom it is not so well suited as to the honest Leontius, who wishes to detain the prince, in order to give him some advice.

Ye shall have game enough, I warrant ye;
Every man's cock shall fight.
Dem. I must go see her.[5]— [*Aside.*
Brave sir, as soon as I have taken leave,
I'll meet you in the park: Draw the men thither.
Wait you upon Leontius.
Gent. We'll attend, sir.
Leon. But, I beseech your grace, with speed; the sooner
We are i' th' field——
Dem. You could not please me better. [*Exit.*
Leon. You never saw the wars yet?
Gent. Not yet, colonel.
Leon. These foolish mistresses do so hang about ye,
So whimper and so hug,—(I know it, gentlemen)
And so intice ye, now ye are i' th' bud!
And that sweet tilting war, with eyes and kisses,
Th' alarums of soft vows and sighs, and fiddle-faddles,[6]
Spoils all our trade! You must forget these knick-knacks:
A woman, at some time of year, I grant ye,
She is necessary; but make no business of her.—

Enter LIEUTENANT.

How now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. Oh, sir, as ill as ever.
We shall have wars, they say; they're mustering yonder:
'Would we were at it once! Fie, how it plagues me!

[5] *I must go see, sir.*] So the old copies read. The amendment is Mr Theobald's, and is too obvious to need any apology.

[6] *Th' allarums, &c.*] The second folio unmetrically reads—"Th' alarms, &c.;" and the modern editors, instead of consulting the first edition, silently omit the first *and*.

Leon. Here's one has served now under Captain Cupid,
And crack'd a pike in's youth: You see what's come on't.

Lieut. No, my disease will never prove so honourable.

Leon. Why, sure, thou hast the best pox.

Lieut. If I have 'em,
I am sure I got 'em in the best company:
They are pox of thirty coats.

Leon. Thou hast mew'd 'em finely.—
Here's a strange fellow now, and a brave fellow,
If we may say so of a pocky fellow,
Which I believe we may: This poor Lieutenant,
Whether he have the scratches, or the scabs,
Or what a devil it be, I'll say this for him,
There fights no braver soldier under sun, gentlemen.
Shew him an enemy, his pain's forgot straight;
And where other men by beds and baths have ease,
And easy rules of physic; set him in a danger,
A danger, that's a fearful one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye!
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,
Ye have his heart; and then he works it bravely,
And thoroughly bravely. Not a pang remember'd.
I have seen him do such things belief would shrink at.

Gent. 'Tis strange he should do all this, and diseased so.

Leon. I am sure 'tis true.—Lieutenant, canst thou drink well?

Lieut. 'Would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might not feel this.

Gent. I would take physic.

Lieut. But I would know my disease first.

Leon. Why, it may be the cholic: Canst thou blow backward?

Lieut. There's never a bagpipe in the kingdom better.
Gent. Is't not a pleurisy?
Lieut. 'Tis any thing
That has the devil and death in't. Will ye march, gentlemen?
The prince has taken leave.
Leon. How know you that?
Lieut. I saw him leave the court, dispatch his followers,
And met him after in a by-street: I think
He has some wench, or such a toy, to lick over
Before he go. 'Would I had such another,
To draw this foolish pain down!
Leon. Let's away, gentlemen;
For, sure, the prince will stay on us.
Gent. We'll attend, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Lodgings of Celia.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CELIA.

Celia. Must you needs go?
Dem. Or stay with all dishonour.
Celia. Are there not men enough to fight?
Dem. Fie, Celia!
This ill becomes the noble love you bear me:
Would you have your love a coward?
Celia. No, believe, sir;
I would have him fight, but not so far off from me.
Dem. Wouldst have it thus, or thus?
[*Kisses her.*
Celia. If that be fighting——

Dem. You wanton fool! when I come home again,
I'll fight with thee at thine own weapon, Celia,
And conquer thee too.
Celia. That you've done already;
You need no other arms to me but these, sir.
But will you fight yourself, sir?
Dem. Thus deep in blood, wench;
And through the thickest ranks of pikes.
Celia. Spur bravely
Your fiery courser, beat the troops before you,
And cram the mouth of death with executions![7]
Dem. I would do more than these. But, pr'ythee, tell me,
Tell me, my fair, where got'st thou this male spirit?
I wonder at thy mind.
Celia. Were I a man, then
You would wonder more.
Dem. Sure, thou wouldst prove a soldier,
And some great leader.
Celia. Sure, I should do somewhat;
And the first thing I did, I should grow envious,
Extremely envious of your youth and honour.
Dem. And fight against me?
Celia. Ten to one, I should do it.
Dem. Thou wouldst not hurt me?
Celia. In this mind I am in,
I think, I should be hardly brought to strike you;
Unless 'twere thus: but, in my man's mind——

[7] — *cram the mouth of death with executions.*] This is an allusion to a very popular story introduced by Shakspeare, or whoever was the author of the first part of Sir John Oldcastle, into that play. The story is told of one of the attendants of Boso de Clare, in the reign of Edward I. And Nashe, as Mr Mason observes, says he once saw Robert Greene, a facetious author of his day, "make an apparitor eat his citation, wax and all, very handsomely served 'twixt two dishes."

Dem. What?

Celia. I should be friends with you too, now I think better.

Dem. You're a tall soldier.[8] Here, take these, and these;
This gold to furnish you; and keep this bracelet.
Why do you weep now? You a masculine spirit!

Celia. No, I confess I am a fool, a woman:
And ever when I part with you——

Dem. You shall not.
These tears are like prodigious signs, my sweet one!
I shall come back, loaden with fame, to honour thee.

Celia. I hope you shall. But then, my dear Demetrius,
When you stand conqueror, and at your mercy
All people bow, and all things wait your sentence;
Say then, your eye, surveying all your conquest,
Finds out a beauty, even in sorrow excellent,
A constant face, that in the midst of ruin,
With a forced smile, both scorns at fate and fortune;
Say you find such a one, so nobly fortified,
And in her figure all the sweets of nature——

[8] *You're a tall soldier.*] Our ancestors used *tall* in the sense of *stout, bold,* or *courageous;* and this, I apprehend, is the meaning we must assign it here. Thus the Lord Bacon tells us, "That Bishop Fox caused his castle of Norham to be fortified, and mann'd it likewise with a very great number of *tall* soldiers." *History of Henry VII*, p. 173. And in a Discourse on Usury, wrote by Dr Wilson, we may see how it was then used: "Here, in England, he that can rob a man by the high way, is called a *tall* fellow." Lond. 1581. The word occurs likewise in Shak[illegible] in more places than one to ridicule the fre[illegible] and bullies. Thus he makes Pistol [illegible] most *tall;*" and Mercutio reckons the [illegible] amongst the affected fancies of the time.
Whalley.

Dem. Pr'ythee, no more of this; I cannot find her.
Celia. That shews as far beyond my wither'd beauty,
And will run mad to love you too——
Dem. Do you fear me?
And do you think, besides this face, this beauty,
This heart, where all my hopes are lock'd——
Celia. I dare not;
No, sure, I think you honest; wondrous honest.
'Pray, do not frown; I'll swear you are.
Dem. You may chuse.
Celia. But how long will you be away?
Dem. I know not.
Celia. I know you are angry now: 'Pray look upon me:
I'll ask no more such questions.
[*Drums beating at a distance.*
Dem. The drums beat;
I can no longer stay.
Celia. They do but[9] call yet:
How fain you would leave my company!
Dem. I would not,
Unless a greater power than Love commanded;
Commands my life, mine honour.
Celia. But a little!
Dem. Pr'ythee, farewell, and be not doubtful of me.

[9] *They do* but *call yet.*] We have not disturbed the text, but suspect that *but* in this hemistich should be, according to the true reading, *not*.

——*They do* not *call yet:*
How fain you would leave my company!—Ed. 1778.

No amendment is required. Celia means to say, that the drums beat only to call the men together, not to make them march; and accordingly, when they beat a second time, Demetrius says, "Hark, they march now." *Mason.*

Celia. I would not have you hurt: And you are so venturous——
But, good sweet prince, preserve yourself; fight nobly,
But do not thrust this body—('tis not yours, now,
'Tis mine, 'tis only mine)—do not seek wounds, sir;
For every drop of blood you bleed——

Dem. I will, Celia,
I will be careful.

Celia. My heart, that loves you dearly——

Dem. Pr'ythee, no more! we must part: Hark, they march now! [*Drums beat a march.*

Celia. Pox on these bawling drums! I am sure you'll kiss me;
But one kiss! What a parting's this?

Dem. Here, take me, [*Embraces her.*
And do what thou wilt with me, smother me;
But still remember, if your fooling with me
Make me forget the trust——

Celia. I have done: Farewell, sir!
Never look back; you shall not stay, not a minute.

Dem. I must have one farewell more!

Celia. No, the drums beat;
I dare not slack your honour; not a hand more!
Only this look—The gods preserve and save you!
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Antigonus, Charinthus, *and* Timon.

Ant. What, have you found her out?
Char. We have hearken'd after her.
Ant. What's that to my desire?
Char. Your grace must give us
Time, and a little means.
Tim. She is, sure, a stranger:
If she were bred or known here——
Ant. Your dull endeavours

Enter Menippus.

Should never be employ'd.—Welcome, Menippus!
Men. I have found her, sir;
I mean, the place she is lodged in. Her name is
Celia;
And much ado I had to purchase that too.
Ant. Dost think Demetrius loves her?
Men. Much I fear it;
But nothing that way yet can win for certain.
I'll tell your grace within this hour.
Ant. A stranger?
Men. Without all doubt.
Ant. But how should he come to her?
Men. There lies the marrow of the matter hid
yet.

Ant. Hast thou been with thy wife?
Men. No, sir; I'm going to her.
Ant. Go, and dispatch, and meet me in the garden,
And get all out you can. [*Exit.*
Men. I'll do my best, sir. [*Exit.*
Tim. Blest be thy wife; thou wert an arrant ass else!
Char. Ay, she's a stirring woman indeed: There's a brain, brother!
Tim. There's not a handsome wench of any mettle
Within a hundred miles, but her intelligence
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
As confidently to court, as to a sanctuary.
What had his mouldy brains ever arrived at,
Had not she beaten it out o' th' flint to fasten him?
They say she keeps an office of concealments:[1]
There is no young wench, let her be a saint,
(Unless she live i' th' centre) but she finds her,
And every way prepares addresses to her.

[1] *An office of* concealments.] Alluding to the practice in Queen Elizabeth's time of begging lands, which had formerly been appropriated to superstitious uses. Commissions for discovery being much abused, were called in by proclamation in the year 1572. See STRYPE's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. II. p. 209. There was a second proclamation to the same purpose in the year 1579, (*ibid*, p. 602.) Fresh commissions were granted for the discovery of them in the diocese of Lincoln, in 1582, with queries from the commissioners to the clergy and churchwardens.—*Annals*, vol. III. &c. p. 112, &c. *Grey.*

This note by Dr Grey is upon the following passage in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour: "Come and cherish this lame poetical fury in your servant; you'll be *begged* else shortly for a *concealment*." And Mr Whalley adds, "There is an allusion to this practice in Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant, where Timon, describing the bawd Leucippe, says, "She keeps an office of *concealments*." *Reed.*

If my wife would have followed her course, Charinthus,
Her lucky course,—(I had the day before him)—
Oh, what might I have been by this time, brother?
But she, forsooth, when I put these things to her,
These things of honest thrift, groans, "Oh, my conscience!
The load upon my conscience!" when, to make us cuckolds,
They have no more burden than a brood-goose, brother.
But let's do what we can; though this wench fail us,
Another of a new way[a] will be looked at.
Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains; time may,
For all his wisdom, yet give us a day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Field of Battle on the Frontiers. Drums beating within, alarums.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* LEONTIUS.

Dem. I will not see 'em fall thus! Give me way, sir!
I shall forget you love me else.
Leon. Will you lose all?

[a] *Another of a new* way *will be look'd at.*] We much suspect the poets wrote, of a new *day*. So, immediately after,

——— *Time may,*
For all his wisdom, yet give us a day.—Ed. 1778.

The old reading is the correct phraseology of the age: Another who possesses a new way, a different manner of pleasing.

For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay, never to have been a man, is nothing;
So you, and those we have preserved from slaughter,
Come safely off.
Dem. I have lost myself——
Leon. You're cozen'd.
Dem. And am most miserable!
Leon. There's no man so,
But he that makes himself so.
Dem. I'll go on.
Leon. You must not! I shall tell you, then,
And tell you true, that man's unfit to govern
That cannot guide himself. You lead an army,
That have not so much manly suff'rance left you
To bear a loss!
Dem. Charge but once more, Leontius!
My friends and my companions are engaged all.
Leon. Nay, give 'em lost; I saw 'em off their horses,
And the enemy master of their arms; nor could then
The policy nor strength of man redeem 'em.
Dem. And shall I know this, and stand fooling?
Leon. By my dear father's soul, you stir not, sir!
Or, if you do, you make your way through me first.
Dem. Thou art a coward!
Leon. To prevent a madman.
None but your father's son durst call me so!
'Death, if he did——Must I be scandal'd by you,
That hedged in all the helps I had to save you?
That where there was a valiant weapon stirring,
Both search'd it out, and singled it, unedg'd it,
For fear it should bite you? Am I a coward?
Go, get you up, and tell 'em you're the king's son;

Hang all your lady's favours on your crest,[1]
And let them fight their shares; spur to destruction;
You cannot miss the way! Be bravely desperate!
And your young friends before you, that lost this battle,
Your honourable friends, that knew no order!
Cry out, "Antigonus, the old Antigonus,
The wise and fortunate Antigonus,
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd Antigonus,
Has sent a desperate son, without discretion,
To bury in an hour his age of honour!"

Dem. I am ashamed.

Leon. 'Tis ten to one I die with you:
The coward will not long be after you!
I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for you,
And tell a whining tale, some ten years after,
To boys and girls in an old chimney-corner,
Of what a prince we had, how bravely spirited,
How young and fair he fell. We'll all go with you;
And you shall see us all, like sacrifices,
In our best trim, fill up the mouth of ruin!
Will this faith satisfy your folly? Can this shew you
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall forgotten, in a multitude?
If you will needs tempt fortune, now she has held you,
Held you from sinking up——

[1] *Hang all your lady's favours on the crest.*] The poet, according to the usual practice of the age, in this place attributes the chivalrous custom of wearing a lady's badge, generally a sleeve upon the helmet, to the times of antiquity. A similar anachronism occurs in the next page but one, where the custom of knights commending their soul to God and their ladies, which is so admirably ridiculed by Cervantes, is also introduced.

Dem. Pray, do not kill me!
These words pierce deeper than the wounds I suffer,
The smarting wounds of loss!
Leon. You are too tender:
Fortune has hours of loss, and hours of honour,
And the most valiant feel them both. Take comfort;
The next is ours; I have a soul descries it.
The angry bull never goes back for breath,
But when he means to arm his fury double.
Let this day set, but not the memory,
And we shall find a time!—How now, Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant, wounded.

Lieut. I know not; I am maul'd; we are bravely beaten;
All our young gallants lost.
Leon. Thou'rt hurt.
Lieut. I'm pepper'd;
I was i' th' midst of all, and bang'd of all hands:
They made an anvil of my head; it rings yet;
Never so thresh'd. Do you call this fame? I have famed it;
have got immortal fame, but I'll no more on't;
ll no such scratching saint to serve hereafter.
O' my conscience, I was kill'd above twenty times;
And yet, I know not what a devil's in't,
I crawl'd away, and lived again still. I am hurt plaguily:
But now I have nothing near so much pain, colonel;
They have sliced me for that malady.
Dem. All the young men lost?
Lieut. I'm glad you're here; but they are all i' th' pound, sir;

They'll never ride o'er other men's corn again, I
take it.
Such frisking, and such flaunting with their feathers,
And such careering with their mistress' favours!
And here must he be pricking[4] out for honour,
And there got he a knock, and down goes pilgarlick,
Commends his soul to his she-saint, and *exit.*
Another spurs in there, cries, "Make room, villains!
"I am a lord!" scarce spoken, but, with reverence,
A rascal takes him o'er the face, and fells him:
There lies the lord, the Lord be with him!

Leon. Now, sir,
Do you find this truth?

Dem. I would not.

Lieut. Pox upon it!
They have such tender bodies too, such cullisses,[5]
That one good handsome blow breaks 'em in pieces.

Leon. How stands the enemy?

Lieut. Even cool enough too:
For, to say truth, he has been shrewdly heated;
The gentleman, no doubt, will fall to his juleps.

Leon. He marches not i' th' tail on's?

---

[4] Pricking *out for honour.*] *Pricking*, in old English, signifies *riding*. Thus the first line of Spenser—

"A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plain."

So after, *Another* spurs *in there.*—Ed. 1778.

Careering, in the preceding line, also signifies hard riding, galloping, from *carriere*, Fr.

[5] —— *cullises.*] From *coulis*, Fr. "A cullis, or broth or boiled meat strained, fit for a sick or weake bodie."—*Cotgrave.* The word occurs in innumerable passages of old dramas, and is generally used when constitutions worn out by debauchery are mentioned.

Lieut. No; plague take him!
He'll kiss our tails as soon. He looks upon us,
As if he would say, if ye will turn again, friends,
We will belabour you a little better,
And beat a little more care into your coxcombs.[6]
Now shall we have damnable ballads out against us,
Most wicked madrigals: And, ten to one, colonel,
Sung to such lousy, lamentable tunes——

Leon. Thou art merry,
Howe'er the game goes.—Good sir, be not troubled;
A better day will draw this back again.
'Pray go, and cheer those left, and lead 'em off;
They are hot and weary.

Dem. I'll do any thing.

Leon. Lieutenant, send one presently away
To th' king, and let him know our state.—And, hark ye!
Be sure the messenger advise his majesty
To comfort up the prince: He's full of sadness.

Lieut. When shall I get a surgeon? This hot weather,
Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, colonel.

Leon. Go; I'll prepare thee one.

Lieut. If you catch me then
Fighting again, I'll eat hay with a horse! [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Coxcombs.*] i. e. Heads, a term of derision, as we use the word *noddles.*

SCENE III.

The Capital. A Room in the House of Menippus; *Leucippe reading, and two maids at a table, writing.*

Leu. Have you written to Merione?
1 *Maid.* Yes, madam.
Leu. And let her understand the hope she has,
If she come speedily?
1 *Maid.* All these are specified.
Leu. And of the chain is sent her,
And the rich stuff, to make her shew more handsome here?
1 *Maid.* All this is done, madam.
Leu. What have you dispatched there?
2 *Maid.* A letter to the country-maid, an't please you.
Leu. A pretty girl, but peevish, plaguy peevish!
Have you bought th' embroider'd gloves and that purse for her,
And the new curl?
2 *Maid.* They are ready pack'd up, madam.
Leu. Her maidenhead will yield me—let me see now—
She is not fifteen, they say: For her complexion—
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe; here I have her—"Cloe,
[*Reads.*
The daughter of a country gentleman;
Her age upon fifteen"—Now her complexion—
"A lovely brown"—here 'tis—"eyes black and rolling;
The body neatly built; she strikes a lute well,
Sings most inticingly"—These helps consider'd,

Her maidenhead will amount to some three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty crowns; 'twill bear it handsomely.
Her father's poor; some little share deducted,
To buy him a hunting nag; ay, 'twill be pretty.—
Who takes care of the merchant's wife?

1 *Maid.* I have wrought her.

Leu. You know for whom she is?

1 *Maid.* Very well, madam;
Though very much ado I had to make her
Apprehend that happiness.

Leu. These kind are subtle.
Did she not cry and blubber when you urged her?

1 *Maid.* Oh, most extremely, and swore she would rather perish.

Leu. Good signs, very good signs, symptoms of easy nature!
Had she the plate?

1 *Maid.* She look'd upon't, and left it;
And turn'd again, and view'd it.

Leu. Very well still.

1 *Maid.* At length she was content to let it lie there,
Till I call'd for't, or so.

Leu. She'll come?

1 *Maid.* D'ye take me
For such a fool, I would part without that promise?

Leu. The chamber's next the park.

2 *Maid.* The widow, madam,
You bad me look upon——

Leu. Hang her, she's musty:
She's no man's meat; besides, she's poor and sluttish.
Where lies old Thisbe now?—You are so long now!

2 *Maid.* Thisbe, Thisbe! This—agent Thisbe!—
Oh, I have her;
She lies now in Nicopolis.
Leu. Dispatch a packet,
And tell her, her superior here commands her
The next month not to fail, but see deliver'd
Here to our use, some twenty young and handsome,
As also able, maids, for the court service,
As she will answer it: We are out of beauty,
Utterly out, and rub the time away here
With such blown stuff, I am ashamed to send it.[7]
[*Knock within.*
Who's that? Look out! to your business, maid!
There's nothing got by idleness.—There is a lady,
Which, if I can but buckle with—Altea—
A, A, A, A,[8] "Altea, young and married,
And a great lover of her husband"—well—
"Not to be brought to court."—Say ye so? I'm sorry;
The court shall be brought to you then.—How now? who is't?
1 *Maid.* An ancient woman, with a maid attending,
A pretty girl, but out of clothes; for a little money,
It seems, she would put her to your bringing-up, madam.

7 *With such* blown *stuff, I am ashamed to* send *it.*] *i. e.* Fly-blown. Mr Mason wishes to read "to *vend* it;" but the text is sense without alteration.

8 *A, A, A, A.*] The list was alphabetical, which accounts for her repeating the letter A in this manner when she is looking for Altea.

Enter Woman and Phœbe.

Leu. Let her come in.—Would you aught with us, good woman?
I pray be short; we are full of business.
Wom. I have a tender girl here, an't please your honour——
Leu. Very well.
Wom. That hath a great desire to serve your worship.
Leu. It may be so; I'm full of maids.
Wom. She's young, forsooth;
And, for her truth, and, as they say, her bearing—
Leu. You say well.—Come ye hither, maid; let me feel your pulse:
'Tis somewhat weak; but nature will grow stronger.
Let me see your leg;—she treads but low i' th' pasterns.
Wom. A cork heel, madam——
Leu. We know what will do it,
Without your aim, good woman. What d'ye pitch her at?
She's but a slight toy;[9] cannot hold out long.
Wom. Even what you think is meet.
Leu. Give her ten crowns; we are full of business,
She is a poor woman; let her take a cheese hôme.

[9] *She's but a slight toy,* &c.] "This examination," says Sir Richard Steele, "of a young girl for business, and the crying down her value for being a slight thing, together with every other circumstance in the scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true spirit of comedy, though it were to be wished the author had added a circumstance which should make Leucippe's baseness more odious."—*Spectator*, vol. IV., No. 266. *Reed.*

Enter the wench i' th' office.
[*Exeunt Woman and* 1 *Maid.*

2 *Maid.* What is your name, sister?

Phœbe. Phœbe, forsooth.

Leu. A pretty name; 'twill do well.
Go in, and let the other maid instruct you, Phœbe.
[*Exit* PHŒBE.
Let my old velvet skirt be made fit for her.
I'll put her into action for a waistcoat:[1]
And, when I have rigg'd her up once, this small pinnace [*Knock within.*
Shall sail for gold, and good store too.—Who's there?
Lord, shall we ne'er have any ease in this world?
Still troubled! still molested! What would you have?

Enter MENIPPUS.

I cannot furnish you faster than I am able;
An you were my husband a thousand times, I cannot do it.
At least a dozen posts are gone this morning,
For several parts o' th' kingdom; I can do no more
But pay 'em, and instruct 'em.

Men. Pr'ythee, good sweetheart,
I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee;
I know, thou labour'st truly. Hark in thine ear.
[*Whispers.*

Leu. Ha!
What, do you make so dainty on't? Look there;
I am an ass, I can do nothing!

[1] *I'll put her into action for a* waistcoat.] A waistcoat, as has been observed before, was the appropriate dress of a harlot.

Men. "Celia?" [*Reads in her list.*
Ay, this is she—"a stranger born."
Leu. What would you give for more now?
Men. Pr'ythee, my best Leucippe! there's much hangs on't.
"Lodged at the end of Mars's Street"—that's true, too—
"At the sack of such a town, by such a soldier,
Preserved a prisoner; and by Prince Demetrius
Bought from that man again, maintain'd and favour'd."
How came you by this knowledge?
Leu. Poor weak man!
I have a thousand eyes (when thou art sleeping)
Abroad, and full of business.
Men. You ne'er try'd her?
Leu. No, she is beyond my level; so hedged in
By the prince's infinite love and favour to her—
Men. She is a handsome wench.
Leu. A delicate, and knows it;
And out of that proof-arms herself.[2]
Men. Come in, then;
I have a great design from the king to you,
And you must work like wax now.
Leu. On this lady?
Men. On this, and all your wits call home.
Leu. I have done
Toys in my time of some note: Old as I am,
I think my brains will work without barm.[3]
Take up the books!
Men. As we go in, I'll tell you. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *And out of that* proof-arms *herself.*] *i. e.* Puts on armour which is proof against my attacks.

[3] —— *my brains will work without* barm.] A metaphor taken from the mysteries of baking. *Barm* is a word still used for yeast in Scotland, and many parts of England.

SCENE IV.

The Audience-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS, TIMON, *Lords, and a Soldier.*

Ant. No face of sorrow for this loss ('twill choke him)
Nor no man miss a friend. I know his nature
So deep impress'd with grief for what he has suffer'd,
That the least adding to it adds to his ruin.—
His loss is not so infinite, I hope, soldier?
Sol. 'Faith, neither great, nor out of indiscretion.
The young men, out of heat——

Enter DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, *and* LIEUTENANT.

Ant. I guess the manner.
Lord. The prince, an't like your grace.
Ant. You're welcome home, sir!
Come, no more sorrow! I have heard your fortune,
And I myself have try'd the like. Clear up, man;
I will not have you take it thus. If I doubted
Your fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your back to 'em,
Basely besought their mercies——
Leon. No, no, by this hand, sir,
We fought like honest and tall men.[4]
Ant. I know't, Leontius.—Or, if I thought

[4] —— *tall men.*] *i. e.* Stout, brave men. See p. 382 of this comedy.

Neglect of rule, having his counsel with you,
Or too vain-glorious appetite of fame,
Your men forgot and scatter'd——

Leon. None of these, sir;
He shew'd himself a noble gentleman,
Every way apt to rule.

Ant. These being granted,
Why should you think you have done an act so heinous,
That nought but discontent dwells round about you?
I have lost a battle—

Leon. Ay, and fought it hard too.

Ant. With as much means as man——

Leon. Or devil could urge it.

Ant. Twenty to one of our side now.[5]

Leon. Turn tables;
Beaten like dogs again, like owls; you take it
To heart for flying but a mile before 'em;
And, to say truth,[6] 'twas no flight, neither, sir;
'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk. I've tumbled
With this old body, beaten like a stock-fish,
And stuck with arrows like an arming quiver,
Blooded and bang'd, almost a day before 'em,
And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad shaver;
He fights his share, I'm sure, whene'er he comes to't;
Yet I have seen him trip it tightly[7] too,
And cry, "The devil take the hindmost ever!"

[5] —— *of our side.*] This is the phraseology of the poet's days, and the alteration of the modern editors, "*on* our side," unnecessary.

[6] —— *and to say truth.*] So the first folio reads. All the other editions—*the* truth.

[7] *Tightly.*] *i. e.* Adroitly, cleverly. The folios have it both—*tithly.*

Lieut. I learnt it of my betters.
Leon. Boudge[8] at this?
Ant. Has Fortune but one face?
Lieut. In her best vizard,
Methinks, she looks but lousily.
Ant. 'Chance, though she faint now,
And sink below our expectations,
Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy her?
Dem. 'Tis not, this day I fled before the enemy,
And lost my people, left mine honour murder'd,
My maiden honour, never to be ransom'd;
Which, to a noble soul, is too, too sensible,
Afflicts me with this sadness; most of these
Time may turn straight again, experience perfect,
And new swords cut new ways to nobler fortunes.
Oh, I have lost——
Ant. As you are mine, forget it:
I do not think it loss.
Dem. Oh, sir, forgive me!
I have lost my friends, those worthy souls bred with me;
I have lost myself, they were the pieces of me;
I have lost all arts, my schools are taken from me,
Honour and arms, no emulation left me!
I lived to see these men lost, look'd upon it;
These men that twined their loves to mine, their virtues!

[8] *Boudge.*] Perhaps *budge*, from the French *bouger*, to *stir*, or *move off the place.* It is now held a low word; though, from the manner in which it is used by Shakspeare in the Tempest, it was not so reputed in his time. *Boudge*, however, is not used in this place quite in the literal sense of *budge*, but is rather metaphorically applied to the grief of Demetrius, as we still use the modern word *moved*, to paint the emotions of the mind.—Ed. 1778.

Mr Mason is dissatisfied with this explanation, and proposes to read "*boude*, from the French word *bender*, which signifies to pout, or be out of humour." I do not believe that such a verb as *to boude* ever existed in the English language.

Oh, shame of shames! I saw, and could not save
'em!
This carries sulphur in't, this burns, and boils me,
And, like a fatal tomb, bestrides my memory!
Ant. This was hard fortune; but if alive, and
taken,
They shall be ransom'd, let it be at millions.
Dem. They are dead, they are dead!
Lieut. When would he weep for me thus?
I may be dead and powder'd.
Leon. Good prince, grieve not:
We are not certain of their deaths: The enemy,
Though he be hot, and keen, yet holds good
quarter.——
What noise is this?

Great shout within. Enter Gentlemen.

Lieut. He does not follow us?
Give me a steeple-top![9]
Leon. They live, they live, sir!
Ant. Hold up your manly face. They live;
they're here, son.
Dem. These are the men!
1 *Gent.* They are; and live to honour you.
Dem. How 'scaped ye, noble friends? methought,
I saw ye
Even in the jaws of death.
2 *Gent.* Thanks to our folly,
That spurr'd us on. We were indeed hedged round
in't;
And even beyond the hand of succour beaten,
Unhorsed, disarm'd: And what we look'd for
then, sir,

[9] *Give me a steeple-top.*] The Lieutenant, supposing the noise proceeded from the pursuing enemy, wishes for the top of a steeple to retire to.

Let such poor weary souls that hear the bell knoll,
And see the grave a digging, tell.

Dem. For Heaven's sake,
Delude mine eyes no longer! How came ye off?

1 *Gent.* Against all expectation; the brave Seleucus,
I think, this day enamour'd on your virtue,
When through the troops he saw you shoot like lightning,
And at your manly courage all took fire;
And after that, the misery we fell to,
The never-certain fate of war, considering,
As we stood all before him, fortune's ruins,
Nothing but death expecting, a short time
He made a stand upon our youths and fortunes.
Then with an eye of mercy inform'd his judgment,
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd,
Unfitted for such fatal ends; he cry'd out to us,
"Go, gentlemen, commend me to your master,
To the most high and hopeful prince Demetrius;
Tell him, the valour that he shew'd against me
This day, the virgin valour, and true fire,
Deserves even from an enemy this courtesy,
Your lives, and arms; freely I'll give 'em: Thank him."
And thus we are return'd, sir.

Leon. 'Faith, 'twas well done;
'Twas bravely done. Was't not a noble part, sir?

Lieut. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am sure on't.
These noble tricks, I ne'er durst trust 'em yet.

Leon. Let me not live, an 'twere not a famed honesty;[*]
It takes me such a tickling way! Now would I wish, Heaven,

[*] —— *honesty.*] Honesty is here used in the sense of *honetteté* in French, and means a liberal, generous proceeding.—*Mason.*

But even the happiness, even that poor blessing,
For all the sharp afflictions thou hast sent me,
But even i' th' head o' th' field to take Seleucus:
I should do something memorable.—Fy! sad still?
1 Gent. Do you grieve we are come off?
Dem. Unransom'd, was it?
2 Gent. It was, sir.
Dem. And with such a fame to me?
Said you not so?
Leon. You have heard it.
Dem. Oh, Leontius!
Better I had lost 'em all, myself had perish'd,
And all my father's hopes!
Leon. Mercy upon you!
What ail you, sir? Death, do not make fools on's!
Neither go to church, nor tarry at home?[a]
That's a fine hornpipe.
Ant. What's now your grief, Demetrius?
Dem. Did he not beat us twice?
Leon. He beat a pudding! beat us but once.
Dem. He has beat me twice, and beat me to a coward;
Beat me to nothing!
Lieut. Is not the devil in him?
Leon. I pray it be no worse.
Dem. Twice conquer'd me!
Leon. Bear witness, all the world, I am a dunce here.
Dem. With valour first he struck me, then with honour.
That stroke, Leontius, that stroke! dost thou not feel it?

[a] *Neither go to church, nor tarry at home.*] We suppose this to have been a familiar old saying, and to be applied by Leontius to Demetrius's being pleased neither way; being distressed at their loss, and grieved at their recovery.—Ed. 1778.

Leon. Whereabouts was it? for I remember nothing yet.

Dem. All these gentlemen that were his prisoners—

Leon. Yes; he set 'em free, sir, with arms and honour.

Dem. There, there; now thou hast it!
At mine own weapon, courtesy, he has beaten me.
At that I was held a master in, he has cow'd me; [3]
Hotter than all the dint o' th' fight he has charged me!
Am I not now a wretched fellow? Think on't;
And when thou hast examin'd all ways honourable,
And find'st no door left open to requite this,
Conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten!

Ant. I have observed your way, and understand it,
And equal love it as Demetrius.
My noble child, thou shalt not fall in virtue;
I and my power will sink first! You, Leontius,
Wait for a new commission. You shall out again,
And instantly; you shall not lodge this night here;
Not see a friend, nor take a blessing with you,
Before you be i' th' field. The enemy is up still,
And still in full design: Charge him again, son,
And either bring home that again thou hast lost there,
Or leave thy body by him.

Dem. You raise me!
And now I dare look up again, Leontius.

Leon. Ay, ay, sir; I am thinking, who we shall take of 'em,
To make all straight; and who we shall give to the devil.——

[3] *Cow'd.*] He has lowered me, humbled me. So in Macbeth:
"For it hath *cow'd* my better part of man."

What say'st thou now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. I say nothing.
Lord, what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?
I find my constitution mightily alter'd,
Since I came home: I hate all noises too,
Especially the noise of drums. I am now as well
As any living man; why not as valiant?
To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me;
It goes against my stomach.
Dem. Good sir, presently;
You cannot do your son so fair a favour.
Ant. 'Tis my intent: I'll see you march away too.
Come, get your men together presently, Leontius,
And press where please you, as you march.
Leon. We go, sir.
Ant. Wait you on me: I'll bring you to your command,
And then to fortune give you up.
Dem. You love me! [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* DEM.
Leon. Go, get the drums; beat round, Lieutenant!
Lieut. Hark you, sir;
I have a foolish business, they call marriage——
Leon. After the wars are done.
Lieut. The party stays, sir;
I have given the priest his money too: All my friends, sir,
My father and my mother——
Leon. Will you go forward?
Lieut. She brings a pretty matter with her.
Leon. Half a dozen bastards?
Lieut. Some forty, sir——
Leon. A goodly competency!
Lieut. I mean, sir, pounds a-year. I'll dispatch the matter;
'Tis but a night or two; I'll overtake you, sir.

Leon. The two old legions? yes. Where lies the horse quarter?
Lieut. And if it be a boy, I'll even make bold, sir——
Leon. Away wi' your whore, a plague o' your whore! you damn'd rogue,
Now you are cured and well, must you be clicketing?[4]
Lieut. I have broke my mind to my ancient; in my absence—
He's a sufficient gentleman.
Leon. Get forward!
Lieut. Only receive her portion!
Leon. Get you forward;
Else I'll bang you forward.
Lieut. Strange, sir, a gentleman,
And an officer, cannot have the liberty
To do the office of a man.
Leon. Shame light on thee!
How came this whore into thy head?
Lieut. This whore, sir?
'Tis strange, a poor whore——
Leon. Do not answer me!
Troop, troop away! Do not name this whore again,

[4] *Clicketting.*] A *clicket* is an iron instrument to lift up a latch, sometimes a key. The allusion in the text is very obvious, and the participle thus formed is very similar to that of *chambering*, which occurs several times in these plays.

" This freshe May, of which I spake of yore,
In warm wex hath enprented the *cliket*,
That January bare of the smal wiket,
By which into his garden oft he went;
And Damian, that knew all hire entent,
The *cliket* contrefeted prively;
Ther n'is no more to say, but hastily
Som wonder by this *cliket* shall betide,
Which ye shul heren, if ye wol abide."

Chaucer's January and May, v. 9990.

Or think there is a whore——
Lieut. That's very hard, sir.
Leon. For, if thou dost, look to't; I'll have thee gelded!
I'll walk you out before me! Not a word more!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the House of Menippus.

Enter LEUCIPPE *and Governess.*

Leu. You are the mistress of the house, you say,
Where this young lady lies?
Gov. For want of a better.
Leu. You may be good enough for such a purpose.
When was the prince with her? Answer me directly.
Gov. Not since he went a-warring.
Leu. Very well then.
What carnal copulation are you privy to
Between these two?—Be not afraid; we are women,
And may talk thus amongst ourselves; no harm in't.
Gov. No, sure, there's no harm in't, I conceive that;
But truly, that I ever knew the gentlewoman
Otherwise given, than a hopeful gentlewoman——
Leu. You'll grant me, the prince loves her?
Gov. There I am with you;
And, the gods bless her, promises her mightily.
Leu. Stay there a while. And gives her gifts?
Gov. Extremely;
And truly makes a very saint of her.

Leu. I should think now,
(Good woman, let me have your judgment with me;
I see 'tis none of the worst—Come, sit down by me)
That these two cannot love so tenderly——

Gov. Being so young as they are too——

Leu. You say well!
But that, methinks, some further promises——

Gov. Yes, yes;
I have heard the prince swear he would marry her.

Leu. Very well still. They do not use to fall out?

Gov. The tenderest chickens to one another!
They cannot live an hour asunder.

Leu. I have done then;
And be you gone. You know your charge, and do it.
You know whose will it is: If you transgress it,
That is, if any have access, or see her,
Before the king's will be fulfill'd——

Gov. Not the prince, madam?

Leu. You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll assure you.

Gov. But, ne'ertheless, I'll make bold to obey you.

Leu. Away, and to your business then!

Gov. 'Tis done, madam. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Garden of the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS *and* MENIPPUS.

Ant. Thou hast taken wond'rous pains; but yet, Menippus,
You understand not of what blood and country?
Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.
A Greek, I am sure, she is; she speaks this language.
Ant. Is she so excellent handsome?
Men. Most enticing.
Ant. Sold for a prisoner?
Men. Yes, sir; some poor creature.
Ant. And he loves tenderly?
Men. They say extremely.
Ant. 'Tis well prevented then. Yes, I perceiv'd it:
When he took leave now, he made a hundred stops,
Desired an hour, but half an hour, a minute;
Which I with anger cross'd. I knew his business;
I knew 'twas she he hunted on. This journey, man,
I beat out suddenly, for her cause intended,
And would not give him time to breathe. When comes she?
Men. This morning, sir.
Ant. Lodge her to all delight then;
For I would have her try'd to the test: I know,

She must be some crack'd coin, not fit his traffick;[5]
Which, when we have found, the shame will make
him leave her;
Or we shall work a nearer way: I'll bury him,
And with him all the hopes I have cast upon him,
Ere he shall dig his own grave in that woman.
You know which way to bring her: I'll stand
close there,
To view her as she passes. And, do you hear,
Menippus,
Observe her with all sweetness; humour her;
'Twill make her lie more careless to our purposes.
Away, and take what helps you please.

Men. I am gone, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Lodgings of CELIA.

Enter CELIA *and Governess.*

Celia. Governess, from whom was this gown
sent me?[6]

[5] *Not fit his traffick.*] The sense intended is plain enough; yet there appears to be a slight corruption in the passage. To reconcile it to the rest of the context, we might, if the present words remain unchanged, insert *for*, and read, "*not fit* FOR *his traffick;*" or else, with no great violence to the text, as it now stands, read, "NOR *fit his traffick:*" Both which readings, as well as the present, imply that she is too base and low to have any commerce with Demetrius.—Ed. 1778.

There is no manner of occasion for any alteration. The word *for* is understood; and this kind of ellipsis is so frequent in these dramas, that the editors might certainly have been expected to grow wise by experience.

[6] Celia. *Governess, from whom was this gown sent me? &c.*] The honesty of Celia's conduct, her inviolable affection to the prince,

Pr'ythee, be serious, true: I will not wear it else.
It is a handsome one.
Gov. As though you know not?
Celia. No, 'faith:
But I believe for certain too—yet I wonder,
Because it was his caution, this poor way,
Still to preserve me from the curious searchings
Of greedy eyes.
Gov. You have it: Does it please you?
Celia. 'Tis very rich, methinks, too. Pr'ythee, tell me.
Gov. From one that likes you well. Never look coy, lady;
These are no gifts to be put off with poutings.
Celia. Poutings, and gifts? Is it from any stranger?
Gov. You are so curious, that there is no talk to you.
What if it be, I pray you?
Celia. Unpin, good governess;
Quick, quick!
Gov. Why, what's the matter?
Celia. Quick, good governess!
Fy on't, how beastly it becomes me! poorly!
A trick put in upon me? Well said, governess!
I vow, I would not wear it—Out! it smells musty.
Are these your tricks? now I begin to smell it;
Abominable musty! Will you help me?
The prince will come again——
Gov. You are not mad, sure?
Celia. As I live, I'll cut it off! A pox upon it!
For, sure, it was made for that use. Do you bring me liveries?

her jealousy of being decoyed by the base court-agents, and her absolute defiance to all addresses whatever, are admirably drawn throughout her whole character.—*Theobald.*

Stales[7] to catch kites? Dost thou laugh too, thou base woman?

Gov. I cannot chuse, if I should be hang'd.

Celia. Abuse me,
And then laugh at me too?

Gov. I do not abuse you:
Is it abuse, to give him drink that's thirsty?
You want clothes; is it such a heinous sin, I beseech ye,
To see you stored?

Celia. There is no greater wickedness
Than this way.

Gov. What way?

Celia. I shall curse thee fearfully,[8]
If thou provok'st me further: And take heed, woman;
My curses never miss.

Gov. Curse him that sent it.

Celia. Tell but his name——

Gov. You dare not curse him.

Celia. Dare not?
By this fair light——

Gov. You are so full of passion——

Celia. Dare not be good? be honest? dare not curse him?

Gov. I think you dare not; I believe so.

Celia. Speak him!

Gov. Up with your valour then, up with it bravely,
And take your full charge.

Celia. If I do not, hang me!
Tell but his name.

7 *Stales.*] A word in fowling, meaning a bait or decoy to catch birds.

8 *Fearfully.*] Terribly. "To fear," observes Dr Johnson, "was anciently to *give* as well as to *feel terrours.*"

Gov. 'Twas prince Demetrius sent it:
Now, now, give fire, kill him i' th' eye[9] now, lady.
Celia. Is he come home?
Gov. It seems so. But, your curse now!
Celia. You do not lie, I hope.
Gov. You dare not curse him.
Celia. Pr'ythee, do not abuse me! Is he come home indeed?
For I would now with all my heart believe thee.
Gov. Nay, you may chuse. Alas, I deal for strangers,
That send you scurvy, musty gowns; stale liveries!
I have my tricks!
Celia. 'Tis a good gown; a handsome one;
I did but jest. Where is he?
Gov. He that sent it——
Celia. How? he that sent it? Is't come to that again?
Thou can'st not be so foolish. Pr'ythee, speak out;
I may mistake thee.
Gov. I said, he that sent it——
Celia. Curse o' my life! why dost thou vex me thus?
I know thou mean'st Demetrius; dost thou not?
I charge thee speak truth! If it be any other——
Thou know'st the charge he gave thee, and the justice
His anger will inflict, if e'er he know this;
As know he shall, he shall, thou spiteful woman,

[9] *Kill him i' th' eye.*] As all good shooters aim at the heart, it is a term of reproach to say, *he kills in the eye*. So here, the governess means, "If you shoot at Demetrius, you will take so bad aim as to hit him in *the eye*, instead of the part you should aim at."—Ed. 1778.

So in Philaster: "He forsook the stag once to strike a rascal mitching in a meadow, and her he *killed in the eye*."

Thou beastly woman! and thou shalt know too late too,
And feel too sensible, I am no ward,[1]
No stale-stuff for your money-merchants that sent it!
Who dare send me, or how durst thou, thou——
Gov. What you please:
For this is ever the reward of service.
The prince shall bring the next himself.
Celia. 'Tis strange,
That you should deal so peevishly! Beshrew you,
You have put me in a heat.
Gov. I am sure you have kill'd me;
I ne'er receiv'd such language: I can but wait upon you,
And be your drudge; keep a poor life to serve you.
Celia. You know my nature is too easy, governess;
And you know now, I am sorry too. How does he?
Gov. Oh, God, my head!
Celia. Pr'ythee, be well, and tell me,
Did he speak of me since he came? Nay, see now!
If thou wilt leave this tyranny—Good, sweet governess,
Did he but name his Celia? Look upon me!
Upon my faith, I meant no harm! Here, take this,
And buy thyself some trifles. Did he, good wench?
Gov. He loves you but too dearly.
Celia. That's my good governess!
Gov. There's more clothes making for you.
Celia. More clothes?
Gov. More;

[1] *I am no* ward.] An allusion to the feudal laws. The wardship of an heiress was frequently sold, and she was often given in marriage by her guardian for a stipulated sum paid by the husband.

Richer and braver; I can tell you that news;
And twenty glorious things.

Celia. To what use, sirrah?[a]

Gov. You are too good for our house now: We, poor wretches,
Shall lose the comfort of you.

Celia. No, I hope not.

Gov. For ever lose you, lady.

Celia. Lose me? wherefore?
I hear of no such thing.

Gov. 'Tis sure, it must be so:
You must shine now at court! Such preparation,
Such hurry, and such hanging rooms——

Celia. To th' court, wench?
Was it to th' court, thou saidst?

Gov. You'll find it so.

Celia. Stay, stay; this cannot be.

Gov. I say, it must be.
I hope to find you still the same good lady.

Celia. To th' court? This stumbles me. Art sure for me, wench,
This preparation is?

Gov. She is perilous crafty; [*Aside.*
I fear, too honest for us all too.—Am I sure I live?

Celia. To th' court? this cannot down: What should I do there?
Why should he on a sudden change his mind thus,
And not make me acquainted?—(Sure, he loves me!)—
His vow was made against it, and mine with him;
At least, while this king lived. He will come hither,
And see me, ere I go?

[a] *Sirrah.*] This appellation was, in our authors' days, not always used as a term of reproach; nor was it, as at present, confined to the male sex. Cleopatra calls her servant Iras *sirrah*; and in Hall's translation of the Iliad, Hector even addresses his maids by the word *sira*.

Gov. 'Would some wise woman [*Aside.*
Had her in working!—That I think he will not,
Because he means with all joy there to meet you.
You shall hear more within this hour.
Celia. A courtier?
What may that meaning be? Sure, he will see me
If he be come; he must. Hark you, good governess;
What age is the king of?
Gov. He's an old man, and full of business.
Celia. I fear too full, indeed. What ladies are there?
I would be loth to want good company.
Gov. Delicate young ladies, as you would desire;
And, when you are acquainted, the best company!
Celia. 'Tis very well. Pr'ythee, go in; let's talk more.
For, though I fear a trick, I'll bravely try it.
Gov. I see he must be cunning, knocks this doe down. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Place near the Field of Battle.

Enter LIEUTENANT *and* LEONTIUS. *Drums within.*

Leon. You shall not have your will, sirrah! Are you running?[3]

[3] *Are you* running?] Mr M. Mason would persuade us to read —rutting. But the very next line shews us the origin of this proposal. He has thus misquoted it in his Commentaries: "Have you gotten a toy in your *head*," whereas the original shows the propriety of the old reading completely.

Have you gotten a toy in your heels? Is this a season,
When honour pricks you on, to prick your ears up
After your whore, your hobby-horse?

Lieut. Why, look ye now!
What a strange man are you? Would you have a man fight
At all hours all alike? [4]

Leon. Do but fight something,
But half a blow, and put thy stomach to't·
Turn but thy face, and do but make mouths at 'em.

Lieut. And have my teeth knock'd out? I thank you heartily!
You are my dear friend!

Leon. What a devil ails thee?
Dost long to be hang'd?

Lieut. 'Faith, sir, I make no suit for't:
But rather than I would live thus out of charity,
Continually in brawling——

Leon. Art thou not he
(I may be cozen'd)——

Lieut. I shall be discover'd.

[4] ——— *Would you have a man fight*
At all hours all alike?] The character of the Lieutenant refusing to fight after he was cured of his bodily malady, (as Mr Langbaine tells us in his account of the English Dramatic Poets) resembles the story of the soldier belonging to Lucullus, described in the Epistles of Horace, lib. 2. ep. 2. But the very story is related in A Theatre of Wits Ancient and Modern, represented in a Collection of Apothegmes Pleasant and Profitable, by Thomas Forde, 8vo. 1660, p. 30, in these words: "Antigonus, observing a sickly souldier very valiant, procured his physician to heal him; who afterwards began to keep himself out of danger, not venturing as formerly; which Antigonus noting, demanded the reason: The souldier answered, O Antigonus, thou art the reason; before I ventured nothing but a diseased corpse, and then I chose rather to die quickly, than to live sickly: I invited Death to do me a courtesie; now it is otherwise with me, for now I have somewhat to lose."—*Reed.*

Leon. That, in the midst of thy most hellish pains,
When thou wert crawling-sick, didst aim at wonders?
When thou wert mad with pain?
Lieut. You have found the cause out;
I had ne'er been mad to fight else. I confess, sir,
The daily torture of my side, that vex'd me,
Made me as daily careless what became of me,
'Till a kind sword there wounded me, and eased me;
'Twas nothing in my valour fought. I am well now,
And take some pleasure in my life: Methinks, now,
It shews as mad a thing to me to see you scuffle,
And kill one another foolishly for honour,
As 'twas to you to see me play the coxcomb.
Leon. And wilt thou ne'er fight more?
Lieut. I' th' mind I am in.
Leon. Nor ne'er be sick again?
Lieut. I hope I shall not.
Leon. Pr'ythee be sick again; pr'ythee, I beseech thee,
Be just so sick again.
Lieut. I'll just be hang'd first.
Leon. If all the arts that are can make a cholic,
(Therefore look to't!) or if imposthumes (mark me!)
As big as footballs——
Lieut. Deliver me!
Leon. Or stones of ten pound weight i' th' kidnies,
Through ease and ugly diets, may be gather'd,
I'll feed you up myself, sir; I'll prepare you!
You cannot fight, unless the devil tear you?
You shall not want provocations; I'll scratch you;
I'll have thee have the tooth-ach, and the head-ach——

Lieut. Good colonel, I'll do any thing!
Leon. No, no, nothing!
Then will I have thee blown with a pair of smiths' bellows,
(Because you shall be sure to have a round gale with you)
Fill'd full of oil of devil,[5] and aqua-fortis;
And let these work; these may provoke.
Lieut. Good colonel!
Leon. A coward in full blood? Pr'ythee, be plain with me;
Will roasting do thee any good?
Lieut. Nor basting neither, sir.
Leon. Marry, that goes hard.

Enter First Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* Where are you, colonel?
The prince expects you, sir: he has hedged the enemy
Within a straight, where all the hopes and valours
Of all men living cannot force a passage:
He has 'em now.
Leon. I knew all this before, sir;

[5] *Oil of devil.*] What the nature of this momentous preparation was I am not enabled to communicate to the reader. Whether it have any connection with the oil of angels, mentioned in the following passage of Massinger's Duke of Milan, which Mr Gifford says is only a pleasant allusion to the gold coin denominated an *angel*, I know not:

> "I have had a fellow
> That could endite, forsooth, and make fine metres,
> To tinkle in the ears of ignorant madams,
> That, for defaming of great men, was sent me
> Threadbare and lousy, and in three days after,
> Discharged by another that set him on, I have seen him
> *Cap-à-pié* gallant, and his stripes washed off
> With *oil of angels.*"

I chalk'd him out his way. But, do you see that thing there?

Lieut. Nay, good sweet colonel! I'll fight a little.

Leon. That thing!

1 *Gent.* What thing! I see the brave Lieutenant.

Leon. Rogue, what a name hast thou lost?

Lieut. You may help it;

Yet you may help't: I'll do you any courtesy!

I know you love a wench well.

Enter Second Gentleman.

Leon. Look upon him.

Do you look too.

2 *Gent.* What should I look on?

I come to tell you, the prince stays your direction:

We have 'em now i' th' coop, sir.

Leon. Let 'em rest there,

And chew upon their miseries. But, look first——

Lieut. I cannot fight, for all this.

Leon. Look on this fellow!

2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant, brave Lieutenant.

Leon. Canst thou hear this, and play the rogue? Steal off!

Quickly, behind me quickly, neatly do it!

And rush into the thickest of the enemy,

And if thou kill'st but two——

Lieut. You may excuse me;

'Tis not my fault: I dare not fight.

Leon. Be ruled yet;

I'll beat thee on; go, wink and fight! A plague upon your sheep's heart!

2 *Gent.* What's all this matter?

1 *Gent.* Nay, I cannot shew you.

Leon. Here's twenty pound, go but smell to 'em.

Lieut. Alas, sir,

I have taken such a cold, I can smell nothing.

Leon. I can smell a rascal, a rank rascal!
Fy, how he stinks, stinks like a tired jade!

2 Gent. What, sir?

Leon. Why, that, sir; do not you smell him?

2 Gent. Smell him?

Lieut. I must endure.

Leon. Stinks like a dead dog, carrion!
There's no such damnable smell under Heaven,
As the faint sweat of a coward. Will you fight yet?

Lieut. Nay, now I defy you; you have spoke the worst
You can of me; and if every man should take
What you say to the heart, God ha' mercy![6]

Leon. God ha' mercy, with all my heart! here I forgive thee;
And, fight, or fight not, do but go along with us,
And keep my dog.

Lieut. I love a good dog naturally.

1 Gent. What's all this stir, Lieutenant?

Lieut. Nothing, sir,
But a slight matter of argument.

Leon. Pox take thee!
Sure, I shall love this rogue, he's so pretty a coward.—
Come, gentlemen, let's up now, and if Fortune
Dare play the slut again, I'll never more saint her.—
Come, play-fellow, come! pr'ythee, come up, come, chicken!
I have a way shall fit yet. A tame knave!
Come, look upon us.

Lieut. I'll tell you who does best, boys. [*Exeunt.*

[6] —— *To the heart*——
Leon. God ha' mercy,
God ha' mercy, &c.] So the old copies read. As these words are here repeated twice, we have no doubt but they should, the first time, be assigned to the Lieutenant.—Ed. 1778.

SCENE IV.

The Capital. A State-Room in the Palace, with a Gallery.

Enter ANTIGONUS *and* MENIPPUS, *above.*

Men. I saw her coming out.
Ant. Who waits upon her?
Men. Timon, Charinthus, and some other gentlemen,
By me appointed.
Ant. Where's your wife?
Men. She's ready
To entertain her here, sir; and some ladies
Fit for her lodgings.
Ant. How shews she in her trim now?
Men. Oh, most divinely sweet.
Ant. Pr'ythee, speak softly.
How does she take her coming?
Men. She bears it bravely;
But what she thinks—For Heaven sake, sir, preserve me!
If the prince chance to find this——
Ant. Peace, you old fool;
She thinks to meet him here?
Men. That's all the project.
Ant. Was she hard to bring?
Men. No, she believed it quickly,
And quickly made herself fit. The gown a little,
And those new things she has not been acquainted with,
At least in this place, where she lived a prisoner,

Troubled and stirr'd her mind. But, believe me, sir,
She has worn as good, they sit so apted to her;[7]
And she is so great a mistress of disposure.
Here they come now: But take a full view of her.

Enter CELIA, TIMON, CHARINTHUS, *and Gentlemen.*

Ant. How cheerfully she looks! How she salutes all!
And how she views the place! She is very young, sure.
That was an admirable smile, a catching one;
The very twang of Cupid's bow sung to it![8]
She has two-edged eyes; they kill o' both sides.

Men. She makes a stand, as though she would speak.

Ant. Be still then.

Celia. Good gentlemen, trouble yourselves no further;
I had thought, sure, to have met a noble friend here.

Tim. You may meet many, lady.

Celia. Such as you are,
I covet few, or none, sir.

Char. Will you walk this way,

[7] *They fit so apted to her.*] We do not remember to have ever met with this participle, or the VERB *apt*, in any other place. The authors might perhaps have written *aptly*. The present text, however, is not inelegant.—Ed. 1778. The verb, *to apt*, *to make apt*, occurs in the continuation of Cotgrave's Dictionary, by Sherwood.

[8] *The very twang of Cupid's bow sung to it.*] Thus the first folio reads; the second

"The very twang of Cupid's bow sung *in* it;"

which Mr Mason prefers, for what reason he does not mention, and I am not able to divine.

And take the sweets o' th' garden? cool and close,
lady.

Celia. Methinks, this open air's far better.—
Tend ye that way?— [*Aside.*
Pray, where's the woman came along?

Char. What woman?

Celia. The woman of the house I lay at.

Tim. Woman?
Here was none came along, sure.

Celia. Sure I am catch'd then.—
'Pray, where's the prince?

Char. He will not be long from you.
We are his humble servants.

Celia. I could laugh now,
To see how finely I am cozen'd: Yet I fear not;
For, sure, I know a way to 'scape all dangers.
[*Aside.*

Tim. Madam, your lodgings lie this way.

Celia. My lodgings?
For Heaven's sake, sir, what office do I bear here?

Tim. The great commander of all hearts.

Enter LEUCIPPE *and Ladies.*

Celia. You have hit it:
I thank your sweet-heart for it! Who are these
now?

Char. Ladies, that come to serve you.

Celia. Well considered.—
Are you my servants?

Lady. Servants to your pleasures.

Celia. I dare believe ye, but I dare not trust ye!
Catch'd with a trick? well, I must bear it pa-
tiently.— [*Aside.*
Methinks, this court's a neat place; all the people
Of so refined a size——

Tim. This is no poor rogue.

Leu. Were it a paradise, to please your fancy,
And entertain the sweetness you bring with you—
Celia. Take breath; you're fat, and many words may melt you.—
This is three bawds beaten into one. Bless me, Heaven, [*Aside.*
What shall become of me? I am i' th' pitfall.[9]
On my conscience, this is the old viper,
And all these little ones creep every night
Into her belly.—Do you hear, plump servant,
And you, my little sucking ladies? you
Must teach me (for I know you are excellent at carriage[1])
How to behave myself; for I am rude yet.
But, you say, the prince will come?
Lady. 'Will fly to see you.
Celia. For, look you, if a great man, say the king now,
Should come and visit me——
Men. She names you.
Ant. Peace, fool!
Celia. And offer me a kindness, such a kindness——
Leu. Ay, such a kindness!
Celia. True, lady, such a kindness:
What shall that kindness be now?
Leu. A witty lady!
Learn, little ones, learn.
Celia. Say it be all his favour——
Leu. And a sweet saying 'tis.
Celia. And I grow peevish?
Leu. You must not be neglectful.
Celia. There's the matter,

[9] *Pitfall.*] "*Trebuchet*, a pitfall for birds; a pit with a trap-doore for wild beasts."—*Cotgrave.*

[1] *Carriage.*] *i. e.* Behaviour.

There's the main doctrine now, and I may miss it.
Or a kind handsome gentleman?

Leu. You say well.

Celia. They'll count us basely bred.

Leu. Not freely nurtured.

Celia. I'll take thy counsel.

Leu. 'Tis an excellent woman!

Celia. I find a notable volume here, a learned one.
Which way? For I would fain be in my chamber;
In truth, sweet ladies, I grow weary. Fie!
How hot the air beats on me!

Lady. This way, madam.

Celia. Now, by mine honour, I grow wondrous faint too.

Leu. Your fans, sweet gentlewomen, your fans!

Celia. Since I am fool'd, [*Aside.*
I'll make myself some sport, though I pay dear for't. [*Exit.*

Men. You see now what a manner of woman she is, sir.

Ant. Thou art an ass!

Men. Is this a fit love for the prince?

Ant. A coxcomb!
Now, by my crown, a dainty wench, a sharp wench,
And a matchless spirit! How she jeer'd 'em!
How carelessly she scoff'd 'em! Use her nobly.
I would I had not seen her! Wait anon,
And then you shall have more to trade upon.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Camp of Demetrius *on the Frontiers.*

Enter LEONTIUS, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Leon. We must keep a round, and a strong watch to-night;
The prince will not charge the enemy till the morning:
But for the trick I told you for this rascal,
This rogue, that health and strong heart makes a coward——
1 *Gent.* Ay, if it take.
Leon. Ne'er fear it, the prince has it,
And if he let it fall, I must not know it;
He will suspect me presently: But you two
May help the plough.
2 *Gent.* That he is sick again?[a]
Leon. Extremely sick; his disease grown incurable;
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

[a] *That he is sick again.*] We do not doubt but this should be printed with an interrogation, as they are informing themselves of the scheme to be practised on the Lieutenant. The preceding speech is also, at first sight, a little obscure.

——*Ne'er fear it, the prince has it,*
And if he let it fall, *I must not know it;*
He will suspect me presently But you two
May help the plough.

That is, "the prince has undertaken the business, and if the Lieutenant drops any mention of his imaginary illness, I must appear to be a stranger to it, to avoid suspicion. But you may assist openly in carrying on the plot upon him."—Ed. 1778.

Enter LIEUTENANT.

2 *Gent.* Well, we have it;
And here he comes.
Leon. The prince has been upon him:
What a flatten face he has now! It takes, believe it.
How like an ass he looks!
Lieut. I feel no great pain;
At least, I think I do not; yet I feel sensibly,
I grow extremely faint. How cold I sweat now!
Leon. So, so, so!
Lieut. And now 'tis even too true; I feel a pricking,
A pricking, a strange pricking. How it tingles!
And as it were a stitch too. The prince told me,
And every one cried out I was a dead man:
I had thought I had been as well——
Leon. Upon him now, boys;
And do it most demurely.
1 *Gent.* How now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. I thank ye, gentlemen.
1 *Gent.* 'Life, how looks this man!
How dost thou, good Lieutenant?
2 *Gent.* I ever told you
This man was never cured; I see it too plain now.
How do you feel yourself? you look not perfect.
How dull his eye hangs!
1 *Gent.* That may be discontent.
2 *Gent.* Believe me, friend, I would not suffer now
The tithe of those pains this man feels—Mark his forehead!
What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon't!
Lieut. I have it,
Again I have it; how it grows upon me!
A miserable man I am!

Leon. Ha, ha, ha! A miserable man thou shalt be.
This is the tamest trout I ever tickled. [*Aside.*

Enter two Physicians.

1 *Phy.* This way he went.
2 *Phy.* 'Pray Heaven, we find him living!
He's a brave fellow; 'tis pity he should perish thus.
1 *Phy.* A strong-hearted man, and of a notable sufferance.
Lieut. Oh, oh!
1 *Gent.* How now? how is it, man?
Lieut. Oh, gentlemen,
Never so full of pain——
2 *Gent.* Did I not tell you?
Lieut. Never so full of pain, gentlemen.
1 *Phy.* He is here.—
How do you, sir?
2 *Phy.* Be of good comfort, soldier;
The prince has sent us to you.
Lieut. Do you think I may live?
2 *Phy.* He alters hourly, strangely.
1 *Phy.* Yes, you may live: But——
Leon. Finely butted,[3] doctor!
1 *Gent.* Do not discourage him.
1 *Phy.* He must be told truth;
'Tis now too late to trifle.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and Gentlemen.*

2 *Gent.* Here the prince comes.
Dem. How now, gentlemen?

[3] *Finely* butted.] *i. e.* Hit. The butt, as has been observed already in the notes on this comedy, is the mark which archers aim at.

2 *Gent.* Bewailing, sir, a soldier;
And one, I think, your grace will grieve to part with.
But every living thing——
Dem. 'Tis true, must perish;
Our lives are but our marches to our graves.—
How dost thou now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. 'Faith, 'tis true, sir;
We are but spans, and candles' ends.
Leon. He's finely mortified.
Dem. Thou art heart-whole yet, I see. He alters strangely,
And that apace too; I saw it this morning in him,
When he, poor man, I dare swear——
Lieut. No, believ't, sir,
I never felt it.
Dem. Here lies the pain now: How he is swell'd!
1 *Phy.* The imposthume,
Fed with a new malignant humour now,
Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible;
The compass of a bushel will not hold it.
And with such a hell of torture it will rise too—
Dem. Can you endure me touch it?
Lieut. Oh, I beseech you, sir!
I feel you sensibly ere you come near me.
Dem. He's finely wrought. [*Aside.*]—He must be cut, no cure else,
And suddenly; you see how fast he blows out.
Lieut. Good master doctor, let me be beholden to you:
I feel I cannot last——
2 *Phy.* For what, Lieutenant?
Lieut. But even for half a dozen cans of good wine,
That I may drink my will out; I faint hideously.
Dem. Fetch him some wine; and, since he must go, gentlemen,

Why, let him take his journey merrily.

Enter Servant, with wine.

Lieut. That's even the nearest way.
Leon. I could laugh dead now! [*Aside.*
Dem. Here, off with that.
Lieut. These two I give your grace; [*Drinks.*
A poor remembrance of a dying man, sir;
And, I beseech you, wear 'em out.
Dem. I will, soldier.
These are fine legacies.
Lieut. Among the gentlemen,
Even all I have left; I am a poor man, naked,
Yet something for remembrance; four a-piece,[4]
gentlemen:

[4] ——*four a-piece, gentlemen.*] What it is here that the Lieutenant gives to these gentlemen, is not ascertained by any marginal direction; and, consequently, we are in the dark as to that point. He had little money to boast of, as we find by his own confession; and he makes the prince his executor, but that he had ever made a will, we have as little notice of. *Theobald.*

What he gives are the empty cans, to be filled by his executor. He calls for HALF A DOZEN *to* DRINK *his will out.* The two first he bequeaths to the prince; but how he can devise *four* A-PIECE to the *two* gentlemen out of the remainder, we cannot account. The passage is perhaps corrupt and imperfect; but that this is the meaning of the legacies is plain:

Lieut. *See my poor will fulfill'd.*
Dem. *As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, soldier.*

Perhaps the Lieutenant's speech should run thus:

——— *Among the gentlemen*
Ev'n all I have left. I am a poor man, naked,
Yet something for remembrance! Four—two *a piece, gentlemen!*
And so, &c.

A blank was probably left in the prompter's book after the word *four,* that the actor might suit the legacy to the number of gentlemen that accompanied the prince.—Ed. 1778.

And so my body—where you please.[5] [*Drinks.*

Leon. 'Twill work.

Lieut. I make your grace my executor, and, I beseech you,
See my poor will fulfilled: Sure, I shall walk else.

Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, soldier.

1 *Gent.* The wine will tickle him.

Lieut. I would hear a drum beat,
But to see how I could endure it.

Dem. Beat a drum there! [*Drum within.*

Lieut. Oh, heavenly music! I would hear one sing to't.
I am very full of pain.

Dem. Sing? 'tis impossible.

Lieut. Why, then I would drink a drum-full.
Where lies the enemy?

2 *Gent.* Why, here, close by.

Leon. Now he begins to muster.

Lieut. And dare he fight?
Dare he fight, gentlemen?

1 *Phy.* You must not cut him;
He's gone then in a moment: All the hope left is,
To work his weakness into sudden anger,
And make him raise his passion above his pain,
And so dispose him on the enemy:

It is difficult to conceive how the authors of these notes could have read the text without suspecting that the legacies which he leaves are not real, but actually consist of the wine he is drinking. When he calls for half a dozen cans of wine, he does not mean that the wine is to be brought in so many separate cans, but merely alludes to the measure he requires "to drink his will out." He then proposes to drink four cups or bumpers to the remembrance of each of the gentlemen.

[5] *And so my body where you please*] We have not disturbed the text, but conjecture that our authors wrote, "*stow* my body where you please."—Ed. 1778. As the text is now regulated there is no difficulty whatever.

His body then, being stirr'd with violence,
Will purge itself, and break the sore.

Dem. 'Tis true, sir.

1 *Phy.* And then, my life for his——

Lieut. I will not die thus.

Dem. But he is too weak to do——

Lieut. Die like a dog!

2 *Phy.* Ay, he's weak; but yet he's heart-whole.

Lieut. Hem!

Dem. An excellent sign.

Lieut. Hem!

Dem. Stronger still, and better.

Lieut. Hem, hem! Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan! [*Exit.*

1 *Phy.* Now he's i' th' way on't.

Dem. Well, go thy ways; thou wilt do something, certain.

Leon. And some brave thing, or let mine ears be cut off.
He's finely wrought.

Dem Let's after him.[6]

Leon. I pray, sir.
But how this rogue, when this cloud's melted in him,
And all discover'd——

Dem. That's for an after-mirth. Away, away, away! [*Exeunt.*

[6] *He's finely wrought.*
Dem. *Let's after him.*
Leon. *I pray, sir;*
But how this rogue, &c.] The last editors give the whole of these speeches to Leontius, and believe no one will doubt of the propriety of the alteration. But I see nothing improper in the exclamation of Leontius, "I pray, sir," to confirm Demetrius in his desire to follow the Lieutenant. Perhaps we should read—"Ay; pray, sir," the first of these words being almost uniformly spelt *I* in the folios.

SCENE VI.

The Field of Battle.

Enter SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, *and Soldiers.*

Sel. Let no man fear to die: We love to sleep all,
And death is but the sounder sleep. All ages,
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,
That little children tread those paths before us.
We are not sick, nor our souls press'd with sorrows,
Nor go we out like tedious tales, forgotten.
High, high we come, and hearty to our funerals,
And, as the sun that sets, in blood let's fall.

Lysim. 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot 'scape 'em,
Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one smile for us.
Dishonourable ends we can 'scape though,
And, worse than those, captivities: We can die;
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us
Those clods of flesh, that are too massy burthens,
Our living souls fly crown'd with living conquests!

Ptol. They have begun; fight bravely, and fall bravely;
And may that man that seeks to save his life now,
By price, or promise, or by fear falls from us,
Never again be blest with name of soldier!

Enter a Soldier.

Sel. How now? Who charged first? I seek a brave hand

To set me off in death.

Sold. We are not charged, sir;
The prince lies still.

Sel. How comes this 'larum up then?

Sold. There is one desperate fellow, with the devil in him,
(He never durst do this else) has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or six; ventures upon whole companies.

Ptol. And is not seconded?

Sold. Not a man follows.

Sel. Nor cut a' pieces?

Sold. Their wonder yet has stay'd 'em.

Sel. Let's in and see this miracle.

Ptol. I admire it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another part of the same.

Enter LEONTIUS *and Gentlemen.*

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off! I am sure he's clouted.[7]
Did I not tell you how 'twould take?

1 *Gent.* 'Tis admirable!

Enter LIEUTENANT, *with colours in his hand, pursuing three or four soldiers.*

Lieut. Follow that blow, my friend! there's at your coxcombs!
I fight to save me from the surgeons' miseries.

[7] —— *he's* clouted.] *i. e.* He is aimed at, from a *clout*, which is the white mark archers shoot at.

Leon. How the knave curries 'em!

Lieut. You cannot, rogues,
Till you have my diseases, fly my fury.
Ye bread-and-butter rogues, do ye run from me?
An my side would give me leave, I would so hunt ye,
Ye porridge-gutted slaves, ye veal-broth boobies!

Enter DEMETRIUS, *Physicians, and Gentlemen.*

Leon. Enough, enough, Lieutenant! thou hast done bravely.

Dem. Mirror of man!

Lieut. There's a flag for you, sir:
I took it out o' th' shop, and never paid for't.
I'll to 'em again; I am not come to th' text yet.

Dem. No more, my soldier. Beshrew my heart, he is hurt sore.

Leon. Hang him, he'll lick all those whole.

1 *Phy.* Now will we take him,
And cure him in a trice.

Dem. Be careful of him.

Lieut. Let me live but two years, and do what you will with me:
I never had but two hours yet of happiness.
Pray ye, give me nothing to provoke my valour;
For I am even as weary of this fighting——

2 *Phy.* You shall have nothing. Come to the prince's tent,
And there the surgeons presently shall search you;
Then to your rest.

Lieut. A little handsome litter
To lay me in, and I shall sleep.

Leon. Look to him.

Dem. I do believe a horse begot this fellow;
He never knew his strength yet.—They are our own.

Leon. I think so; I am cozen'd else. I would but see now
A way to fetch these off, and save their honours.
Dem. Only their lives.
Leon. Pray you, take no way of peace now,
Unless it be with infinite advantage.
Dem. I shall be ruled. Let the battles now move forward;
Ourself will give the signal.——

Enter Trumpet and Herald.

Now, Herald, what's your message?
Her. From my masters
This honourable courtesy, a parley
For half an hour; no more, sir.
Dem. Let 'em come on;
They have my princely word.

Enter SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, *Attendants, and Soldiers.*

Her. They are here to attend you.
Dem. Now, princes, your demands?
Sel. Peace, if it may be
Without the too-much tainture of our honour.
Peace; and we'll buy it too.
Dem. At what price?
Lysim. Tribute.
Ptol. At all the charge of this war.
Leon. That will not do.
Sel. Leontius, you and I have served together,
And run through many a fortune with our swords,
Brothers in wounds and health; one meat has fed us;

One tent a thousand times from cold night covered us;
Our loves have been but one; and, had we died then,
One monument had held our names and actions:
Why do you set upon your friends such prices,
And sacrifice to giddy Chance such trophies?
Have we forgot to die? or are our virtues
Less in afflictions constant, than our fortunes?
You are deceived, old soldier.

Leon. I know your worths,
And thus low bow in reverence to your virtues.
Were these my wars, or led my power in chief here,
I knew then how to meet your memories:*
They are my king's employments; this man fights now,
To whom I owe all duty, faith, and service;
This man, that fled before ye. Call back that,
That bloody day again, call that disgrace home,
And then an easy peace may sheath our swords up.
I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,
Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow you.
Honour, the spur of all illustrious natures,
That made you famous soldiers, and next kings,
And not ambitious envy, strikes me forward.
Will you unarm, and yield yourselves his prisoners?

* *I knew then how to meet your* memories.] I have observed that our poets frequently employ the word *memory* in an uncommon and abstracted sense. I think Leontius means here, that then he could meet the *remembrance* of those occurrences which are summed up by Seleucus in his preceding speech. *Theobald.*

The last editors dispute this explanation, and say *memory* is here used for memorial, which is doubtless the case in many instances; but, in the present case, Theobald is certainly right.

Sel. We never knew what that sound meant: No gyves[9]
Shall ever bind this body, but embraces;
Nor weight of sorrow here, till earth fall on me.
Leon. Expect our charge then.
Lysim. 'Tis the nobler courtesy!
And so we leave the hand of Heaven to bless us!
Dem. Stay! Have you any hope?
Sel. We have none left us,
But that one comfort of our deaths together:
Give us but room to fight.
Leon. Win it, and wear it.
Ptol. Call from the hills those companies hang o'er us
Like bursting clouds, and then break in, and take us.
Dem. Find such a soldier will forsake advantage,
And we'll draw off. To shew I dare be noble,
And hang a light out to you in this darkness,
(The light of peace!) give up those cities, forts,
And all those frontier-countries, to our uses.
Sel. Is this the peace? traitors to those that feed us,
Our gods and people, give our countries from us?
Lysim. Begin the knell; it sounds a great deal sweeter.
Ptol. Let loose your servant Death!
Sel. Fall Fate upon us,
Our memories shall never stink behind us!
[*Going.*
Dem. Seleucus! great Seleucus!
Sold. The prince calls, sir.
Dem. Thou stock of nobleness and courtesy,
Thou father of the war!

[9] *Gyves.*] i. e. Fetters. So in the Beggars' Bush:
" *Gyves* I must wear, and cold must be my comfort.

Leon. What means the prince now?
Dem. Give me my standard here.
Lysim. His anger's melted.
Dem. You, gentlemen, that were his prisoners,
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,
Lay all your hands, and bear these colours to him,
The standard of the kingdom. Take it, soldier!
Ptol. What will this mean?
Dem. Thou hast won it; bear it off;
And draw thy men home whilst we wait upon thee
Sel. You shall have all our countries.
Lysim. Ptol. All, by Heaven, sir.
Dem I will not have a stone, a bush, a bramble:
No, in the way of courtesy, I'll start you.——
Draw off, and make a lane through all the army,
That these, that have subdued us, may march through us.
Sel. Sir, do not make me surfeit with such goodness;
I'll bear your standard for you, follow you.——
Dem. I swear it shall be so; march through me fairly,
And thine be this day's honour, great Seleucus!
Ptol. Mirror of noble minds!
Dem. Nay, then you hate me.
[*Exeunt with drums and shouts.*
Leon. I cannot speak now!
Well, go thy ways! at a sure piece o' bravery
Thou art the best! These men are won by th' necks now.
I'll send a post away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Capital. An Apartment in the P[illegible].

Enter Antigonus *disguised, and* Menippus

Ant. No aptness in her?
Men. Not an immodest motion;
And yet she is as free, and, when she is courted,[1]
Makes as wild witty answers——
Ant. This more fires me!
I must not have her thus.
Men. We cannot alter her.
Ant. Have you put the youths upon her?
Men. All that know any thing,
And have been studied how to catch a beauty;
But, like so many whelps about an elephant——
The prince is coming home, sir.
Ant. I hear that too;
But that's no matter. Am I alter'd well?
Men. Not to be known, I think, sir.
Ant. I must see her.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* I offer'd all I had, all I could think of,
I try'd her through all the points o' th' compass,
I think.

[1] *And yet* when she is as free, and *when she is courted.*] So the first folio reads; the second omits all the words in Roman character, and is followed by all subsequent editors. The old reading is, however, by far the best, and only requires the omission of the first *when,* which was accidentally inserted.

2 *Gent.* She studies to undo the court, to plant here
The enemy to our age, Chastity.
She is the first that e'er balk'd a close arbour,
And the sweet contents within: She hates curl'd heads too;
And setting up of beards she swears is idolatry.

1 *Gent.* I never knew so fair a face so froze;
Yet she would make one think——

2 *Gent.* True, by her carriage;
For she's as wanton as a kid, to th' outside,
As full of mocks and taunts. I kiss'd her hand too,
Walk'd with her half an hour.

1 *Gent.* She heard me sing,
And sung herself too; she sings admirably;
But still, when any hope was, as 'tis her trick
To minister enough of those, then presently,
With some new flam or other, nothing to the matter,
And such a frown as would sink all before her,
She takes her chamber. Come, we shall not be the last fools.

2 *Gent.* Not by a hundred, I hope; 'tis a strange wench.

Ant. This screws me up still higher.

Enter CELIA *and Ladies.*

Men. Here she comes, sir.

Ant. Then, be you gone, and take the women with you:
And lay those jewels in her way.
[*Exeunt all but* CELIA *and* ANT.

Celia. If I stay longer,
I shall number as many lovers as Laïs did.[a]

[a] *I shall number as many lovers as* LAIS *did.*] *Lais* was a most

How they flock after me! Upon my conscience,
I have had a dozen horses given me this morning:
I'll even set up a troop, and turn she-soldier.
A good discrete wench now, that were not hide-
bound,
Might raise a fine estate here, and suddenly:
For these warm things will give their souls——I
can go no where,
Without a world of offerings to my excellence:
I am a queen, a goddess, I know not what;
And no constellation in all Heaven, but I out-
shine it.
And they have found out now I have no eyes
Of mortal lights; but certain influences,
Strange virtuous lightnings, human nature starts
at;
And I can kill my twenty in a morning,
With as much ease now——Ha! what are these?
new projects?
Where are my honourable ladies? Are you out,
too?
Nay, then I must buy the stock; send me good
carding![3]
I hope the prince's hand be not in this sport:
I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from him,
And that, that troubles me: All these were recre-
ations,

exceeding handsome courtezan, residing at Corinth, in the times of Nicias and Demosthenes; but she held up her favours at so exorbitant a rate, that it became a proverbial saying,

Non cuivis hominum contingit adire Corinthum.

i. e. It is not every man who can afford to go to Corinth, at least, to have an amour there. *Theobald.*

[3] *Nay, then, I must* buy *the* stock; *send me good* carding.] *i. e.* I must play out the *game;* I must take in the *cards: Buying* the *stock* is a term used at an old-fashioned game called *gleek.* *Theobald.*

Had I but his sweet company to laugh with me.
What fellow's that? Another apparition?
This is the loving'st age! I should know that face;
Sure, I have seen't before; not long since neither.

Ant. She sees me now.—Oh, Heaven, a most rare creature! [*Aside.*

Celia. Yes, 'tis the same: I'll take no notice of you;
But, if I do not fit you, let me fry for't.
Is all this cackling for your egg? [*Sees the jewels.*] They are fair ones,
Excellent rich, no doubt, too; and may stumble
A good staid mind; but I can go thus by 'em.—
My honest friend, do you set off these jewels?

Ant. Set 'em off, lady?

Celia. I mean, sell 'em here, sir.

Ant. She's very quick. [*Aside.*]—For sale they are not meant, sure.

Celia. For sanctity, I think, much less. Good even, sir.

Ant. Nay, noble lady, stay: 'Tis you must wear 'em:
Never look strange, they are worthy your best beauty.

Celia. Did you speak to me?

Ant. To you, or to none living:
To you they're sent, to you they're sacrificed.

Celia. I'll never look a horse i' th' mouth that's given:
I thank you, sir: I'll send one to reward you.

Ant. Do you never ask who sent 'em?

Celia. Never, I;
Nor never care. If it be an honest end,
That end's the full reward, and thanks but slubber it:
If it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance.

Ant. This has a soul indeed.—Pray, let me tell you!

Celia. I care not if you do, so you do it handsomely,
And not stand picking of your words.

Ant. The king sent 'em.

Celia. Away, away! thou art some foolish fellow!
And now, I think, thou hast stole 'em too. The king sent 'em?
Alas, good man! Wouldst thou make me believe
He has nothing to do with things of these worths,
But wantonly to fling 'em? He's an old man,
A good old man, they say, too. I dare swear,
Full many a year ago he left these gambols.
Here, take your trinkets.

Ant. Sure, I do not lie, lady.

Celia. I know thou liest extremely, damnably:
Thou hast a lying face!

Ant. I was never thus rattled. [*Aside.*

Celia. But, say, I should believe: Why are these sent me?
And why art thou the messenger? Who art thou?

Ant. Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then consider
Who can send such as these, but a king only?
And, to what beauty can they be oblations,
But only yours? For me, that am the carrier,
'Tis only fit, you know I am his servant,
And have fulfill'd his will.

Celia. You are short and pithy.
What must my beauty do for these?

Ant. Sweet lady,
You cannot be so hard of understanding,
When a king's favour shines upon you gloriously,
And speaks his love in these——

Celia. Oh, then, love's the matter;
Sir-reverence Love! Now I begin to feel you:
And I should be the king's whore; a brave title!
And go as glorious as the sun; oh, brave still!
The chief commandress of his concubines,
Hurried from place to place to meet his pleasures!
Ant. A devilish subtle wench; but a rare spirit. [*Aside.*
Celia. And when the good old sponge had suck'd my youth dry,
And left some of his royal aches in my bones;
When time shall tell me I have plough'd my life up,
And cast long furrows in my face to sink me——
Ant. You must not think so, lady.
Celia. Then can these, sir,
These precious things, the price of youth and beauty,
This shop here of sin-offerings, set me off again?
Can it restore me chaste, young, innocent?
Purge me to what I was? add to my memory
An honest and a noble fame? The king's device![4]

[4] *The king's* device, &c.] Nothing is so dangerous to the genuine reading as when the corrupted one carries something like sense with it. That it was the king's *device* to debauch her, is certain; but this is scarcely an aggravation of her guilt. The redundancy of two syllables in the verse made me hesitate upon it, when the following reading immediately occurred, which I doubt not to be the true one, as the expression is extremely poetical, and the sentiment becomes every way worthy of our authors.

——— *The king's* vice!

viz. That if she becomes the vice, or the occasion of it in the king, her example will have a universal bad influence, and her memory be branded to all ages. *Seward.*

The old reading [now replaced in the text] which the modern editors all concur in rejecting, is the true one. *Device* does not mean the design or contrivance of the king, as Seward supposes,

The sin's as universal as the sun is,
And lights an universal torch to shame me.

Ant. Do you hold so slight account of a great king's favour,
That all knees bow to purchase?

Celia. Pr'ythee, peace!
If thou knew'st how ill-favouredly thy tale becomes thee,
And what ill root it takes——

Ant. You will be wiser.

Celia Could the king find no shape to shift his pandar into,
But reverend age? and one so like himself too?

Ant. She has found me out. [*Aside.*

Celia. Cozen the world with gravity!
Pr'ythee, resolve me one thing; does the king love thee?

Ant. I think he does.

Celia. It seems so, by thy office:
He loves thy use, and, when that's ended, hates thee.
Thou seem'st to me a soldier.

Ant. Yes, I am one.

Celia. And hast fought for thy country?

Ant Many a time.

Celia. May be, commanded too?

Ant. I have done, lady.

Celia. Oh, wretched man, below the state of pity!
Canst thou forget thou wert begot in honour?

but his ensign armorial; a common acceptation of the word. The device of Antigonus was a sun, as appears from a speech of Celia in scene II. of this act, where she says to Antigonus—

"Be as your emblem is, a glorious lamp
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly."

To this she alludes in the present passage. *Mason.*

A free companion for a king? A soldier?
Whose nobleness dare feel no want but enemies?
Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretchedly,
To eat the bread of bawdry? of base bawdry?
Feed on the scum of sin? Fling thy sword from thee,
Dishonour to the noble name that nursed thee!
Go, beg diseases! Let them be thy armours;
Thy fights the flames of lust, and their foul issues.

Ant. Why then, I am a king, and mine own speaker. [*Throws off his disguise.*

Celia. And I as free as you, mine own disposer.
There, take your jewels; let 'em give them lusties
That have dark lives and souls: Wear 'em yourself, sir;
You'll seem a devil else.

Ant. I command you, stay.

Celia. Be just, I am commanded.

Ant. I will not wrong you.

Celia. Then thus low falls my duty. [*Kneels.*

Ant. Can you love me?
Say "ay," and all I have——

Celia. I cannot love you;
Without the breach of faith, I cannot hear you.
You hang upon my love like frosts on lilies.
I can die, but I cannot love! You're answer'd. [*Exit.*

Ant. I must find apter means; I love her truly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT, *Gentlemen, Soldiers, and Host.*

Dem. Hither, do you say, she is come?
Host. Yes, sir, I'm sure on't:
For, whilst I waited on you, putting my wife in
trust,
I know not by what means, but the king found her,
And hither she was brought. How, or to what
end—
Dem. My father found her?
Host. So my wife informs me.
Dem. Leontius, 'pray draw off the soldiers:
I would a while be private.
Leon. Fall off, gentlemen!
The prince would be alone.
[*Exeunt* LEON. LIEUT. *Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*
Dem. Is he so cunning?
There is some trick in this, and you must know it,
And be an agent too; which, if it prove so——
Host. Pull me to pieces, sir.
Dem. My father found her?
My father brought her hither? Went she willingly?
Host. My wife says full of doubts.
Dem. I cannot blame her.
No more. There is no trust, no faith in mankind!

Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, LEONTIUS, *and Soldiers.*

Ant. Keep her close up; he must not come to see her.—
You are welcome nobly now! welcome home, gentlemen!
You have done a courteous service on the enemy,
Has tied his faith for ever; you shall find it.—
You are not now in's debt, son. Still your sad looks?—
Leontius, what's the matter?
Leon. 'Truth, sir, I know not:
We have been merry since we went.
Lieut. I feel it.
Ant. Come, what's the matter now? Do you want money?——
Sure he has heard o' th' wench. [*Aside.*
Dem. Is that a want, sir?
I would fain speak to your grace.
Ant. You may do freely.
Dem. And not deserve your anger?
Ant. That you may too.
Dem. There was a gentlewoman, and some time my prisoner,
Which I thought well of, sir. Your grace conceives me?
Ant. I do indeed, and with much grief conceive you;
With full as much grief as your mother bare you.
There was such a woman: 'Would I might as well say
There was no such Demetrius.
Dem. She was virtuous,

And therefore not unfit my youth to love her.
She was as fair——

Ant. Her beauty I'll proclaim too,
To be as rich as ever reign'd in woman;
But how she made that good, the devil knows.

Dem. She was—Oh, Heaven!

Ant. The hell to all thy glories,
Swallow'd thy youth, made shipwreck of thine honour:
She was a devil!

Dem. You are my father, sir.

Ant. And since you take a pride to shew your follies,
I'll muster 'em, and all the world shall view 'em.

Leon. What heat is this? The king's eyes speak his anger.

Ant. Thou hast abused thy youth, drawn to thy fellowship,
Instead of arts and arms, a woman's kisses,
The subtilties and soft heats of a harlot.

Dem. Good sir, mistake her not.

Ant. A witch, a sorceress!
(I tell thee but the truth; and hear, Demetrius!)
Which has so dealt upon thy blood with charms,
Devilish and dark; so lock'd up all thy virtues;
So pluck'd thee back from what thou sprung'st from, glorious——

Dem. Oh, Heaven,[5] that any tongue but his durst say this!
That any heart durst harbour it!—Dread father,
If for the innocent the gods allow us
To bend our knees——

Ant. Away! thou art bewitch'd still;

[5] *Oh, Heaven.*] The first folio does not divide this speech from the preceding one, and reads—"*In* Heaven."

Though she be dead, her power still lives upon thee.

Dem. Dead! dead! Oh, sacred sir![6] Dead, did you say?

Ant. She is dead, fool.

Dem. It is not possible! Be not so angry.
Say she is fall'n under your sad displeasure,
Or any thing but dead. Say she is banish'd;
Invent a crime, and I'll believe it, sir.

Ant. Dead by the law: We found her hell, and her;
I mean her charms and spells, for which she perish'd.
And she confess'd she drew thee to thy ruin;
And purposed it, purposed my empire's overthrow.

Dem. But is she dead? was there no pity, sir?
If her youth erred, was there no mercy shewn her?
Did you look on her face when you condemned her?

Ant. I look'd into her heart, and there she was hideous.

Dem. Can she be dead? Can virtue fall untimely?

Ant. She's dead; deservingly she died.

Dem. I have done then.—
Oh, matchless sweetness, whither art thou vanish'd?
Oh, thou fair soul of all thy sex, what paradise
Hast thou enrich'd and bless'd?—I am your son, sir,
And to all you shall command, stand most obedient:
Only a little time I must entreat you,
To study to forget her; 'twill not be long, sir,
Nor I long after it.—Art thou dead, Celia?

[6] *Dead! O sacred sir.*] We apprehend the word *dead* was repeated twice here, and has been dropped at press.—Ed. 1778.

Dead, my poor wench? My joy pluck'd green with violence?
Oh, fair sweet flower, farewell! Come, thou destroyer,
Sorrow, thou melter of the soul, dwell with me!
Dwell with me, solitary thoughts, tears, cryings!
Nothing, that loves the day, love me, or seek me!
Nothing, that loves his own life, haunt about me!
And, Love, I charge thee, never charm mine eyes more,
Nor ne'er[7] betray a beauty to my curses:
For I shall curse all now, hate all, forswear all,
And all the brood of fruitful Nature vex at;
For she is gone that was all, and I nothing!
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and Gent.*

Ant. This opinion must be maintain'd.

Men. It shall be, sir.

Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own pleasure
Draw him to th' right again. Wait you instructions;
And see the soldier paid, Leontius.
Once more, you're welcome home all!

All. Health to your majesty! [*Exeunt* ANT. &c.

Leon. Thou went'st along the journey; how canst thou tell?

Host. I did; but I am sure 'tis so: Had I stay'd behind,
I think this had not proved.

Leon. A wench the reason?

Lieut. Who's that talks of a wench there?

Leon. All this discontent
About a wench?

Lieut. Where is this wench, good colonel?

[7] *Nor ne'er.*] This was the phraseology of the age. A double negative did not, or at least very rarely, make an affirmative in our authors' age. The modern copies read—" Nor e'er."

Leon. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace! Who calls thee to council?
Lieut. Why, if there be a wench——
Leon. 'Tis fit thou know her,
That I'll say for thee; and as fit thou'rt for her,
Let her be mew'd or stopt.[8]

Enter two Gentlemen.

How is it, gentlemen?
1 *Gent.* He's wondrous discontent; he'll speak to no man.
2 *Gent.* He has taken his chamber close, admits no entrance;
Tears in his eyes, and cryings-out.
Host. 'Tis so, sir;
And now I wish myself half-hang'd ere I went this journey.
Leon. What is this woman?
Lieut. Ay!
Host. I cannot tell you,
But handsome as Heaven.
Lieut. She's not so high, I hope, sir.
Leon. Where is she?
Lieut. Ay, that would be known.
Leon. Why, sirrah——
Host. I cannot shew ye neither;
The king has now disposed of her.
Leon. There lies the matter.
Will he admit none to come to comfort him?

[8] *Let her be* mew'd *or* stopt.] Mew'd has already been explained to be a term of falconry for confining and shutting up a hawk. Stopt is probably a technical term relating to the same science. If the verb to *stoop* was ever used in the sense of *to let a hawk stoop*, descend upon his prey, I should propose to read—"Let her be mew'd or stooped," *i. e.* whether she is shut up or allowed to range abroad.

1 *Gent.* Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their hearts out,
'Will never speak.
Lieut. 'Tis the best way, if he have her;
For, look you, a man would be loth to be disturb'd in's pastime;
'Tis every good man's case.
Leon. 'Tis all thy living.—
We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it;
For, when these tender souls meet deep afflictions,
They are not strong enough to struggle with 'em,
But drop away as snow does from a mountain,
And, in the torrent of their own sighs, sink themselves.
I will, and must speak to him.
Lieut. So must I too:
He promised me a charge.
Leon. Of what? of children?
Upon my conscience, thou hast a double company,
And all of thine own begetting, already.
Lieut. That's all one;
I'll raise 'em to a regiment, and then command 'em:
When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em,
Knock 'em o' th' head, and put in new.
Leon. A rare way!
But, for all this, thou art not valiant enough
To dare to see the prince now?
Lieut. Do you think he's angry?
1 *Gent.* Extremely vex'd.
2 *Gent.* To the endang'ring of any man comes near him.
1 *Gent.* Yet, if thou couldst but win him out, whate'er thy suit were,
Believe it granted presently.
Leon. Yet thou must think, though,

That in the doing he may break upon you;
And——

Lieut. If he do not kill me——

Leon. There's the question.

Lieut. For half a dozen hurts——

Leon. Art thou so valiant?

Lieut. Not absolutely so, neither:—No, it cannot be;
I want my imposthumes, and my things[9] about me;
Yet, I'll make danger, colonel.[1]

Leon. 'Twill be rare sport,
Howe'er it take. Give me thy hand! If thou dost this,
I'll raise thee up a horse-troop, take my word for't.

Lieut. What may be done by human man——

Leon. Let's go then.

1 *Gent.* Away, before he cool; he will relapse else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, *and* LEUCIPPE.

Ant. Will she not yield?

Leu. For all we can urge to her.

[9] *And my things about me.*] By *things* I understand plaisters, bandages, &c —*Theobald.*

"By *things*, we conceive, he means his *disorders*," say the last editors. He may mean both his plaisters and his disorders, and it is of little consequence whether we adopt one explanation or the other.

[1] *I'll make danger.*] "This is a vile translation of the Latin, *facere periculum*, which does not mean to make danger, but to

I swore you would[2] marry her; she laugh'd extremely,
And then she rail'd like thunder.
Ant. Call in the magician!
I must and will obtain her; I am ashes else.

Enter Magician, with a bowl.

Are all the philters in? charms, powder, roots?[3]
Mag. They are all in; and now I only stay
The invocation of some helping spirits.
Ant. To your work then, and dispatch.
Mag. Sit still, and fear not.
Leu. I shall ne'er endure these sights.
Ant. Away with the woman!
Go, wait without.
Leu. When the devil's gone, pray call me.
[*Exit.*
Ant. Be sure you make it powerful enough.
Mag. Pray doubt not. [*He conjures.*

A SONG.

Rise from the shades below,
All you that prove
The helps of looser love![4]
Rise, and bestow

make trial," says Mr Mason; but this is exactly the meaning in which the phrase is used by the Lieutenant.

[2] *I swore* I *would marry her.*] So the first folio reads. Corrected in the second.

[3] This line is, in the first edition, added to the magician's speech, but the editors of the second properly restored it to Antigonus.

[4] —— looser *love.*] The first folio, which is in this scene remarkably incorrect, reads "*loose* love." Again, in the second line of the answer "to view *ere* day," and in the fourth "of *one* hell."

Upon this cup, whatever may compel,
By powerful charm, and unresisted spell,
A heart unwarm'd to melt in love's desires![5]
Distil into this liquor all your fires,
Heats, longings, tears;
But keep back frozen fears;
That she may know, that has all power defied,
Art is a power that will not be denied.

Enter Spirits, who dance about the Bowl, and sing this Answer.[6]

I obey, I obey;
And am come to view the day;
Brought along all may compel,
All the earth has, and our hell.
Here's a little, little flower;
This will make her sweat an hour,

All these mistakes are properly corrected in the second. In many instances also the speeches are absurdly divided in the first; but they are generally regulated in the second folio with propriety.

[5] Among the various love-philtres, whose efficacy was credited from the days of Pliny to the seventeenth century, the love-potion was the most celebrated. For more complete information on this subject, I refer the reader to a note in Mr Scott's edition of Sir Tristrem, 2d ed. p. 298, where we are informed that "the noted hippomanes was the principal ingredient in these love-potions; but the bones of a green frog, (provided the flesh had been eaten by ants,) the head of a kite, the marrow of a wolf's left foot, mixed with ambergris, a pigeon's liver, stewed in the blood of the person to be beloved, and many other recipes, more or less nauseous, are confidently averred to be of equal virtue."

[6] I have not in this place attempted to regulate the machinery very exactly, it being impossible to say of what nature the poet intended it to be. Hitherto no stage directions whatever were inserted. This magic scene, like most of those wherein our authors employ supernatural agency, is imagined with peculiar infelicity.

Then into such flames arise,
A thousand joys will not suffice:
Here's the powder of the moon,
With which she caught Endymion:
The powerful tears that Venus cried,
When the boy Adonis died:
Here's Medea's charm, with which
Jason's heart she did bewitch:
Omphale this spell put in,
When she made the[7] *Libyan spin:*
This dull root, pluck'd from Lethe flood,
Purges all pure thoughts, and good.
These I stir thus, round, round, round,
Whilst our light feet beat the ground.
[*The Spirits disappear.*

Mag. Now, sir, 'tis full; and whosoever drinks this
Shall violently dote upon your person,
And never sleep nor eat, unsatisfied.
So many hours 'twill work, and work with violence;
And, those expired, 'tis done. You have my art, sir.
Ant. See him rewarded liberally.——Leucippe!

Enter LEUCIPPE.

Here, take this bowl, and when she calls for wine next,
Be sure you give her this, and see her drink it.
Delay no time when she calls next!

[7] Libyan *spin.*] Mr Sympson would read *Theban,* the story of Omphale being, as he thinks, only applicable to him: But as there were many Herculeses, and among the rest a *Libyan,* the son of Jupiter Ammon, if it is inaccurate, it seems the inaccuracy of a scholar, and not an error of the press.—*Seward.*

Leu. I shall, sir.
Ant. Let none else touch it, on your life.
Leu. I'm charged, sir.
Ant. Now, if she have an antidote art, let her
'scape me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Hall, with a Door to the Apartment of DEMETRIUS.

Enter LEONTIUS, LIEUTENANT, *and Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* There is the door, Lieutenant, if you
dare do any thing.
Leon. Here's no man waits.
1 *Gent.* He has given a charge that none shall,
Nor none shall come within the hearing of him.
Dare you go forward?
Lieut. Let me put on my skull[8] first:
My head's almost beaten into the pap of an apple.
And are there no guns i' th' door?
Leon. The rogue will do it:
And yet I know he has no stomach to't.
Lieut. What loop-holes are there, when I knock,
for stones?
For those may pepper me:—I can perceive none.
Leon. How he views the fortification!
Lieut. Farewell, gentlemen!
If I be kill'd——
Leon. We'll see thee buried bravely.
Lieut. Away! how should I know that then?—
I'll knock softly.

[8] *Skull.*] *i. e.* Skull-cap, helmet.

'Pray Heaven he speak in a low voice now, to
comfort me:
I feel I have no heart to't.—[*Knocks.*]—Is't well,
gentlemen?
Colonel, my troop!

Leon. A little louder.

Lieut. Stay, stay:
Here is a window; I will see; stand wide.
By Heaven, he's charging of a gun![9]

Leon. There's no such matter:
There's nobody in this room.

Lieut. Oh, 'twas a fire shovel.
Now I'll knock louder. If he say, "Who's there?"
As sure he has so much manners, then will I an-
swer him
So finely and demurely. My troop, colonel!
[*Knocks louder.*

1 *Gent.* Knock louder, fool! he hears not.

Lieut. You fool, do you:
Do, an you dare now.

1 *Gent.* I do not undertake it.

Lieut. Then hold your peace, and meddle with
your own matters.

Leon. Now he will knock.
[Lieut. *knocks louder.*

Lieut. Sir, sir! will't please you hear, sir?
Your grace!—I'll look again. What's that?

Leon. He's there now.
Lord! how he stares! I ne'er yet saw him thus
alter'd.
Stand now, and take the troop.

Lieut. 'Would I were in't,
And a good horse under me!—I must knock
again; [*Knocks.*
The devil's at my fingers' ends. He comes now.

[9] *By —— he's charging of a gun.*] Former editions.

Now, colonel, if I live——
Leon. The troop's thine own, boy.

Enter DEMETRIUS, *with a Pistol.*[1]

Dem. What desperate fool, ambitious of his ruin——
Lieut. Your father would desire you, sir, to come to dinner.
Dem. Thou art no more. [*Presents the pistol.*
Lieut. Now, now, now, now! [*Falls.*
Dem. Poor coxcomb!
Why do I aim at thee? [*Fires it, and exit.*
Leon. His fear has kill'd him.

Enter LEUCIPPE, *with the Bowl.*

2 Gent. I protest he's almost stiff: Bend him,[2] and rub him!

[1] *Demetrius with a* pistol.] One cannot suppose our authors ignorant of the anachronism in this place; but they designed it, like the Dutch painter, who made Abraham going to shoot his son with a *pistol.* The odd absurdity makes it more droll and laughable.—*Seward.*

In representation, we cannot imagine this *anachronism* would promote *laughter* or *drollery;* and we dare assert, Mr Seward could not believe that, out of an audience of two thousand persons, twenty would remark it, or five be diverted by it. The merriment depends on the situation itself; and the humour is, in this instance, rather weakened than increased by the *anachronism.* —Ed. 1778.

A *pistol* is mentioned by Prince Henry, in the first part of Henry IV. upon which Dr Johnson observes, "Shakspeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time."—*Reed.*

The hypothesis of Seward is highly absurd, and very properly ridiculed by his successors. Our authors, as well as Shakspeare, and most of their predecessors, are guilty of the same anachronism. On the preceding page, guns are mentioned twice; and in a subsequent page of this play, small-shot, and even a battery.

[2] *Bend him.*] To bend the body was a very usual trial whether

Hold his nose close!—You, if you be a woman,
Help us a little! Here's a man near perish'd.
Leu. Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me.
Look to my bowl! I'll run in presently,
And fetch some water. Bend him, and set him upwards.
A goodly man![3] [*Exit.*
Leon. Here's a brave heart! He's warm again. You shall not
Leave us i' th' lurch so, sirrah!
2 Gent. Now he breathes too.
Leon. If we'd but any drink to raise his spirits—
What's that i' th' bowl? Upon my life, good liquor;
She would not own it else.
1 Gent. He sees.
Leon. Look up, boy;
And take this cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.
Guide it to his mouth. He swallows heartily.
2 Gent. Oh, fear and sorrow's dry: 'Tis off.
Leon. Stand up, man.
Lieut. Am I not shot?
Leon. Away with him, and cheer him.
Thou hast won thy troop.
Lieut. I think I won it bravely.

any life remained in it. So in Massinger's Bashful Lover:

"Why dost not, dull drone, *bend his body*, and feel
If any life remain."

[3] Leon. *A goodly man*——] The printers have given the old general a part of the bawd's speech here. It is very natural to make her assiduity for him arise from her thinking him a good handsome fellow. This seemed evident at first sight; and upon turning to the old folio I found a proof of it, where it was wrote: *Leon.* A goodly man——*Exit.* But the late edition removed the *Exit* instead of the speaker.—*Seward.*

Leon. Go; I must see the prince; he must not live thus;
And let me hear an hour hence from ye.
Well, sir—— [*Exeunt Gent. and* LIEUT.

Enter LEUCIPPE, *with water.*

Leu. Here, here! Where's the sick gentleman?
Leon. He's up, and gone, lady.
Leu. Alas, that I came so late.
Leon. He must still thank you;
You left that in a cup here did him comfort.
Leu. That in the bowl?
Leon. Yes, truly, very much comfort;
He drank it off, and after it spoke lustily.
Leu. Did he drink it all?
Leon. All off
Leu. The devil choke him!
I am undone! He has twenty devils in him.—
Undone for ever!—Left he none?
[*Looks at the bowl.*
Leon. I think not.
Leu. No, not a drop. What shall become of me now?
Had he no where else to swoon?—A vengeance swoon him!
Undone, undone, undone!—Stay, I can lie yet,
And swear too, at a pinch; that's all my comfort.
Look to him; I say look to him, and but mark what follows. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Leon. What a devil ails the woman? Here comes the prince again,
With such a sadness on his face, as Sorrow,

Sorrow herself, but poorly imitates.
Sorrow of sorrows on that heart that caused it!
[*Retires.*

Dem. Why might she not be false and treacherous to me,
And found so by my father? She was a woman;
And many a one of that sex, young and fair,
As full of faith as she, have fallen, and foully.

Leon. It is a wench. Oh that I knew the circumstance!

Dem. Why might not, to preserve me from this ruin,
She having lost her honour, and abused me,
My father change the forms o' th' coins,[4] and execute
His anger on a fault she ne'er committed,
Only to keep me safe? Why should I think so?
She never was to me, but all obedience,
Sweetness and love.

Leon. How heartily he weeps now!
I have not wept these thirty years and upward;
But now, if I should be hang'd, I can't hold from it:
It grieves me to the heart. [*Comes forward.*

Dem. Who's that that mocks me?

Leon. A plague of him that mocks you! I grieve truly,
Truly and heartily, to see you thus, sir:
And, if it lay in my power, gods are my witness,

[4] *Change the forms o' th' coins.*] I can affix no meaning to this, unless coins by metaphor is put for laws. As it is not a natural one, I should think it a mistake, and that the true word was *canons*, did it not give a redundant syllable to the verse. As I was writing this, an ingenious young gentleman came in, and taking up the book, suggested another reading, which makes equally good sense, and does not hurt the measure; I therefore believe it the true word.—*Seward.*

The reading is—crimes. Both the original and the emendation are very obscure, for which reason I prefer the former, adopting Seward's explanation, which is by no means unsatisfactory.

Whoe'er he be that took your sweet peace from you,
I am not so old yet, nor want I spirit——

Dem. No more of that; no more, Leontius:
Revenges are the gods'; our part is sufferance!
Farewell! I shall not see thee long.

Leon. Good sir,
Tell me the cause: I know there is a woman in't.
D'you hold me faithful? Dare you trust your soldier?
Sweet prince, the cause?

Dem. I must not, dare not tell it;
And, as thou art an honest man, enquire not.

Leon. Will you be merry then?

Dem. I am wondrous merry.

Leon. 'Tis wondrous well. You think now this becomes you.
Shame on't! it does not, sir; it shews not handsomely.
If I were thus, you'd swear I were an ass straight,
A wooden ass! Whine for a wench!

Dem. Pr'ythee leave me.

Leon. I will not leave you for a tit——

Dem. Leontius!

Leon. For that you may have any where for sixpence;
And a dear pennyworth too.

Dem. Nay, then you're troublesome.

Leon. Not half so troublesome as you are to yourself, sir.
Was that brave heart made to pant for a placket,[5]
And now i' th' Dog-days too, when nothing dare love?
That noble mind, to melt away and moulder

[5] *A placket.*] See Steevens's note to a passage in King Lear, (Ed. 1803, vol. XVII. p. 468,) under the name of Amner.

For a hey-nonny-nonny?[6] 'Would I had a glass here,
To shew you what a pretty toy you're turn'd to.
Dem. My wretched fortune!
Leon. Will you but let me know her?
I'll once turn bawd: Go to, they're good men's offices,
And not so contemptible as we take 'em for:
And if she be above ground, and a woman,
I ask no more! I'll bring her o' my back, sir;
By this hand I will—and I had as lief bring the devil—
I care not who she be, nor where I have her—
And in your arms, or the next bed, deliver her,
Which you think fittest: And, when you have danced your galliard——[7]

[6] *Hey nonny, nonny.*] In an old black-letter ballad, intitled, "The Politick Maid," (preserved in the collection of a gentleman whose name we are not at liberty to mention) every stanza concludes with the following lines:

> "Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
> Blow merry, merry,
> Up and down in yonder dale,
> With *hey* ho *nonny nonny.*" *Reed.*

This very common burden is affixed to many other songs. See Fletcher and Shakspeare's Two Noble Kinsmen, act III., scene IV. The burden is also alluded to in several passages in Shakspeare, to which, as well as to the notes of the several commentators, I refer the reader.

[7] *Galliard.*] This antiquated dance is so often alluded to in old plays, that Sir John Davis's description in his Orchestra may serve for this and all other passages where it is mentioned in our authors:

> But for more diverse and more pleasing show,
> A swift and wand'ring dance she did invent,
> With passages uncertain to and fro,
> Yet with a certain answer and consent
> To the quick music of the instrument.
> Five was the number of the musick's feet,
> Which still the dance did with five paces meet.

Dem. Away, and fool to them are so affected!—
Oh, thou art gone, and all my comfort with thee!—
Wilt thou do one thing for me?
Leon. All things i' th' world, sir,
Of all dangers.
Dem. Swear!
Leon. I will.
Dem. Come near me no more, then—
Leon. How?
Dem. Come no more near me:
Thou art a plague-sore to me. [*Exit.*
Leon. Give you good even, sir!
If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine sport.—
I will be sorry yet.[8]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* How now? how does he?
Leon. Nay, if I tell you, hang me, or any man else
That has his nineteen wits. He has the bots,[9] I think;

A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
A spirit and a virtue masculine,
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
Since she herself is fiery and divine:
Oft doth she make her body upward fine,
With lofty turns and capriols in the air,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.

[8] *I will* be sorry *yet.*] "Notwithstanding his ill usage of me, I will yet pity him." This is Seward's explanation, and is very just. Sympson and the last editors propose very absurd and needless amendments.

[9] Bots.] The *bots* is a distemper among horses, to which "*he groans, and roars, and kicks,*" plainly allude. In Shakspeare's first part of Henry IV., one of the carriers complains that the beans and pease are so dank, they will "give poor jades the *bots.*" Upon which passage Dr Johnson says, "The *bots* are worms in

He groans, and roars, and kicks.
2 Gent. Will he speak yet?
Leon. Not willingly:
Shortly, he will not see a man. If ever
I look'd upon a prince so metamorphosed,
So juggled into I know not what, shame take me!
This 'tis to be in love.
1 Gent. Is that the cause on't?
Leon. What is it not the cause of, but bear-bearings?
And yet it stinks much like it. Out upon't!
What giants and what dwarfs, what owls and apes,
What dogs and cats it makes us! Men that are possess'd with it,
Live as if they had a legion of devils in 'em,
And every devil of a several nature;
Nothing but hey-pass, re-pass.[1] Where's the Lieutenant?
Has he gather'd up the end on's wits again?
1 Gent. He is alive: But, you that talk of wonders,
Shew me but such a wonder as he is now.
Leon. Why, he was ever at the worst a wonder.
2 Gent. He's now most wonderful: a blazer now, sir.
Leon. What ails the fool? And what star reigns now, gentlemen,
We have such prodigies?

the stomach of a horse;" and Mr Steevens remarks that "*a bots light upon you*, is an imprecation frequently repeated in the old play of Henry V."—Ed. 1778.

[1] *Hey-pass, re-pass.*] Terms of jugglers. *Passes* is used for tricks in Measure for Measure, where Angelo says to the Duke—

"——— Your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my *passes*."

2 *Gent.* 'Twill 'pose your Heaven-hunters.
He talks now of the king, no other language,
And with the king, as he imagines, hourly.
Courts the king, drinks to the king, dies for the king,
Buys all the pictures of the king, wears the king's colours.

Leon. Does he not lie i' th' King-street[3] too?

1 *Gent.* He's going thither.
Makes prayers for the king in sundry languages,
Turns all his proclamations into metre;
Is really in love with the king most dotingly,
And swears Adonis was a devil to him.
A sweet king, a most comely king, and such a king—

2 *Gent.* Then down on's marrow-bones; "oh, excellent king,"——
Thus he begins, "Thou light and life of creatures,
Angel-eyed king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;"——
And so proceeds to incision.[4] What think you of this sorrow?

[3] *King-street* was probably in those days of similar celebrity with Turnbull-street and Houndsditch. See vol. II. p. 209.

[4] *And so proceeds to* incision.] Seward and Sympson despair of discovering the meaning of this passage, yet it is sufficiently clear to any one conversant in the customs of the age. It was the fashion in Fletcher's time for the young gallants to stab themselves in the arms, or elsewhere, in order to drink the healths of their mistresses, or to write their names in their own blood. The custom is particularly described in Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, where the Phantaste, recounting the different modes of making love, says—"A fourth with stabbing himself, and drinking healths, or writing languishing letters in his blood." And, in the Pallinode, at the end of that play, Amorphas says—"From *stabbing of arms*, flap-dragons, healths, whiffs, and all such swaggering humours, good Mercury, defend us." There is an allusion to this practice in the Merchant of Venice:

1 *Gent.* 'Will as familiarly kiss the king's horses,
As they pass by him—Ready to ravish his footmen.

Leon. Why, this is above *Ela!*[5]
But how comes this?

1 *Gent.* Nay, that's to understand yet;
But thus it is, and this part but the poorest.
'Twould make a man leap o'er the moon to see him
Act these.

2 *Gent.* With sighs as though his heart would break;
Cry like a breeched boy;[6] not eat a bit.

"Let's make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine." *Mason.*

In Deckar's Honest Whore, Bellafront says—

"How many gallants have drank healths to me
Out of their dagger'd arms, and thought them blest!"

But the best illustration of this strange custom occurs in a satirical account of England. "There is a sort of perfect debauchees, who style themselves Hectors, that, in their mad and unheard-of revels, pierce their veins to quaff their own blood, which some of them have drunk to such an excess, that they died of the intemperance. These are a professed atheistical order of bravos, composed for the most part of cadets, who, spending beyond their pensions, to supply their extravagancies, practise now and then the highway, where they sometimes borrow that which they often repay at the gibbet."—*The Character of England in a Letter to a Nobleman in France.* London, 1659, 12mo. p. 37.

[5] Ela.] A note in music. *Reed.*

[6] ——— *a breech'd boy.*] The sense requires that it should be either *new-breech'd* or *unbreeched*, and the want of a syllable to the verse is another reason for the change. *Seward.*

The old reading is right, and occurs so often in old authors, that Mr Seward must have been utterly unacquainted with old language to have adopted any variation. He forgot the exclamation of Caractacus to Hengo in Bonduca—"I'll *breech* you, if you do, boy."

Leon. I must go see him presently;
For this is such a gig—For certain, gentlemen,
The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.

2 Gent. I think so.

Leon. Can you guide me to him? For half an hour I'm his,
To see the miracle.

1 Gent. We sure shall start him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the same.

Enter ANTIGONUS, *in splendid apparel, and* LEUCIPPE.

Ant. Are you sure she drank it?

Leu. Now must I lie most confidently.—— [*Aside.*
Yes, sir, she has drank it off.

Ant. How works it with her?

Leu. I see no alteration yet.

Ant. There will be;
For he's the greatest artist living made it.
Where is she now?

Leu. She is ready to walk out, sir.

Ant. Stark mad, I know, she will be.

Leu. So I hope, sir.

Ant. She knows not of the prince?

Leu. Of no man living.

Ant. How do I look? how do my clothes become me?
I am not very grey.

Leu. A very youth, sir:
Upon my maidenhead, as smug as April.

Heaven bless that sweet face! 'twill undo a thousand:
Many a soft heart must sob yet, ere that wither.
Your grace can give content enough.

Ant. I think so.

Enter CELIA, *with a book.*

Leu. Here she comes, sir.

Ant. How shall I keep her off me?
Go, and perfume the room; make all things ready.
[*Exit* LEU.

Celia. No hope yet of the prince! no comfort of him!
They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad folks,
No company but my afflictions.— [*Sees the king.*
This royal devil again! Strange how he haunts me!
How like a poison'd potion his eyes fright me!
He has made himself handsome too.

Ant. Do you look now, lady?
You'll leap anon.

Celia. Curl'd and perfum'd! I smell him.
He looks on's legs too: sure he'll cut a caper.
God-a-mercy, dear December!

Ant. Oh, do you smile now?
I knew it would work with you.—Come hither, pretty one.

Celia. Sir!

Ant. I like those court'sies well. Come hither, and kiss me.

Celia. I'm reading, sir, of a short treatise here,
That's call'd the Vanity of Lust: Has your grace seen it?
He says here, that an old man's loose desire
Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at;

Which, when they gather'd sticks and laid upon't,
And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out
presently.
And, in another place, he calls their loves
Faint smells of dying flowers, carry no comforts;
They're doting, stinking fogs; so thick and muddy,
Reason, with all his beams, cannot beat through
'em.

Ant. How's this? Is this the potion?—You but
fool still!
I know you love me.

Celia. As you're just and honest,
I know I love and honour you; admire you.

Ant. This makes against me, fearfully against me.

Celia. But, as you bring your power to perse-
cute me,
Your traps to catch mine innocence, to rob me,
As you lay out your lusts to overwhelm me,
Hell never hated good as I hate you, sir:
And I dare tell it to your face. What glory,
Now, after all your conquests got, your titles,
The ever-living memories[7] raised to you,
Can my defeat be? my poor wreck, what triumph?
And, when you crown your swelling cups to for-
tune,
What honourable tongue can sing my story?
Be as your emblem is, a glorious lamp
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:
Be as your office is, a god-like justice,
Into all shedding equally your virtues!

Ant. She has drench'd me now; now I admire
her goodness!
So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted.

[7] *The ever-living* memories *raised to you.*] Here *memories*, as in Shakspeare, is plainly used for *memorials*.—Ed. 1778.

Can nothing in the power of kings persuade you?
Celia. No, nor that power command me.
Ant. Say I should force you?
I have it in my will.
Celia. Your will's a poor one;
And, though it be a king's will, a despised one;
Weaker than infant's legs, your will's in swaddling clouts.
A thousand ways my will has found to check you;
A thousand doors to 'scape you. I dare die, sir;
As suddenly I dare die, as you can offer.
Nay, say you had your will, say you had ravish'd me,
Perform'd your lust, what had you purchased by it?
What honour won? Do you know who dwells above, sir,
And what they have prepared for men turn'd devils?
Did you ne'er hear their thunder? Start and tremble,
Death sitting on your blood; when their fires visit us,
Will nothing wring you then, do you think? Sit hard here?
And like a snake[8] curl round about your conscience,
Biting and stinging? Will you not roar too late then?
Then, when you shake in horror of this villainy,
Then will I rise a star in Heaven, and scorn you!
Ant. Lust, how I hate thee now, and love this sweetness!
Will you be my queen? can that price purchase you?

[8] *Like a* snail.] Mr Theobald and Mr Sympson concurred in this just emendation. *Seward.*

Celia. Not all the world. I am a queen already,
Crown'd by his love, I must not lose for fortune:
I can give none away, sell none away, sir,
Can lend no love, am not mine own exchequer;
For in another's heart my hope and peace lie.
Ant. Your fair hands, lady! For yet I am not pure enough
To touch these lips. In that sweet peace you spoke of,
Live now for ever, and I to serve your virtues!
Celia. Why, now you shew a god! now I kneel to you! [*Kneels.*
This sacrifice of virgin's joy send to you!
Thus I hold up my hands to Heaven that touch'd you,
And pray eternal blessings dwell about you!
Ant. Virtue commands the stars.—Rise, more than virtue!
Your present comfort shall be now my business.
Celia. All my obedient service wait upon you.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.

The Court of the Palace.

Enter LEONTIUS, *Gentlemen, and* LIEUTENANT.

Leon. Hast thou clean forgot the wars?
Lieut. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.
1 *Gent.* His mind's much elevated now.
Leon. It seems so.
Sirrah!
Lieut. I am so troubled with this fellow!
Leon. He'll call me rogue anon.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis ten to one else.

Lieut. Oh, king, that thou knew'st I loved thee, how I loved thee!
And where, Oh, king, I barrel up thy beauty!

Leon. He cannot leave his sutler's trade: he wooes in't.

Lieut. Oh, never, king——

Leon. By this hand, when I consider——

Lieut. My honest friend, you are a little saucy.

1 *Gent.* I told you, you would have it.

Lieut. When mine own worth——

Leon. Is flung into the balance, and found nothing.

Lieut. And yet a soldier——

Leon. And yet a saucy one.

Lieut. One that has follow'd thee——

Leon. Fair and far off.

Lieut. Fought for thy grace——

Leon. 'Twas for some grief: You lie, sir!

Lieut. He's the son of a whore denies this! Will that satisfy you?

Leon. Yes, very well.

Lieut. Shall then that thing that honours thee——
How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still;
And though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever—

Leon. Here's a new thing.

2 *Gent.* He's in a deep dump now.

Leon. I'll fetch him out on't.—When's the king's birth-day?

Lieut. Whene'er it be, that day I'll die with ringing:[9]
And there's the resolution of a lover! [*Exit.*

[9] *I'll die with* ringing.] We have here as absurd an anachronism as that of the pistol and the battery, mentioned in a preceding note, p. 463.

Leon. A goodly resolution! Sure, I take it,
He is bewitch'd, or mop'd,[1] or his brains melted.
Could he find nobody to fall in love with but the king,
The good old king? to dote upon him too!
Stay! now I remember what the fat woman warn'd me;
Bade me remember, and look to him too.
I'll hang if she have not a hand in this: He's conjured.
Go after him; I pity the poor rascal:
In the mean time, I'll wait occasion
To work upon the prince.

2 Gent. Pray do that seriously.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VII.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, *and Lords.*

Lord. He's very ill.

Ant. I'm very sorry for't;
And much asham'd I have wrong'd his innocence.
Menippus, guide her to the prince's lodgings;
There leave her to his love again.

Men. I'm glad, sir.

Lord. He'll speak to none.

Ant. Oh, I shall break that silence.

[1] *Mop'd.*] *i. e.* Stupified. So in Hamlet's address to his mother:

"Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Could not so *mope.*"

Bė quick! take fair attendance.

Men. Yes, sir, presently. [*Exit.*

Ant. He'll find his tongue, I warrant you; his health too:
I send a physic will not fail.

Lord. Fair work it!

Ant. We hear the princes mean to visit us,
In way of truce.

Lord. 'Tis thought so.

Ant. Come; let's in then,
And think upon the noblest ways to meet 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Court before the Lodgings of Demetrius.

Enter LEONTIUS.

Leon. There's no way now to get in; all the light stopt too;
Nor can I hear a sound of him. Pray Heaven,
He use no violence! I think he has more soul,
Stronger, and I hope nobler. 'Would I could but see once
This beauty he groans under, or come to know
But any circumstance.—What noise is that there?
I think I heard him groan. Here are some coming;
A woman too; I'll stand aloof, and view 'em.

Enter MENIPPUS, CELIA, *and Lords.*

Celia. Well, some of ye have been to blame in this point;

But I forgive ye. The king might have pick'd
out too,
Some fitter woman to have tried his valour.
Men. 'Twas all to the best meant, lady.
Celia. I must think so;
For how to mend it now—He's here, you tell me?
Men. He is, madam; and the joy to see you only
Will draw him out.
Leon. I know that woman's tongue;
I think I have seen her face too: I'll go nearer.
If this be she, he has some cause of sorrow.
'Tis the same face; the same most excellent wo-
man!
Celia. This should be Lord Leontius: I remem-
ber him.
Leon. Lady, I think you know me.
Celia. Speak soft, good soldier!
I do, and know you worthy, know you noble:
Know not me yet openly, as you love me;
But let me see you again; I'll satisfy you.
I'm wondrous glad to see those eyes.
Leon. You have charged me.
Celia. You shall know where I am.
Leon. I will not off yet:
She goes to knock at's door. This must be she
The fellow told me of; right glad I'm on't.
He will bolt now for certain.
Celia. Are you within, sir?——
[*Knocks at the window.*
I'll trouble you no more: I thank your courtesy.
'Pray, leave me now.
All. We rest your humble servants!
[*Exeunt* MEN. &c.
Celia. So, now my gyves[a] are off. Pray Hea-
ven he be here!—

[a] *Gyves.*] Fetters.

Master! my royal sir! do you hear who calls you?
Love! my Demetrius!

Leon. These are pretty quail-pipes;
The cock will crow anon.

Celia. Can you be drowsy,
When I call at your window?

Leon. I hear him stirring:
Now he comes wondering out.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. 'Tis Celia's sound, sure!
The sweetness of that tongue draws all hearts to it.
There stands the shape too!

Leon. How he stares upon her!

Dem. Ha! do mine eyes abuse me?
'Tis she, the living Celia!—Your hand, lady!

Celia. What should this mean?

Dem. The very self-same Celia——

Celia. How do you, sir?

Dem. Only turn'd brave.[3]
I heard you were dead, my dear one. Complete!
She is wondrous brave; a wondrous gallant courtier!

Celia. How he surveys me round! Here has been foul play.

Dem. How came she thus?

Celia. It was a kind of death, sir,
I suffer'd in your absence, mew'd up here,
And kept conceal'd I know not how.

Dem. 'Tis likely.
How came you hither, Celia? Wondrous gallant!

[3] *Only turn'd* brave.] *i. e.* Finely dressed. So in Philaster, and various other places. Milton also uses *bravery* in the sense of *finery*.—Ed. 1778.

Did my father send for you?
Celia. So they told me, sir,
And on command too.
Dem. I hope you were obedient?
Celia. I was so ever.
Dem. And you were bravely used?
Celia. I wanted nothing.——
My maidenhead to a mote i' th' sun, he's jealous;
I must now play the knave with him, though I die for't;
'Tis in my nature. [*Aside.*
Dem. Her very eyes are alter'd!
Jewels, and rich ones too, I never saw yet——
And what were those came for you?
Celia. Monstrous jealous: [*Aside.*
Have I lived at the rate of these scorn'd questions?—
They seem'd of good sort, gentlemen.
Dem. Kind men?
Celia. They were wondrous kind; I was much beholding[4] to 'em.
There was one Menippus, sir.
Dem. Ha?
Celia. One Menippus;
A notable merry lord, and a good companion.
Dem. And one Charinthus too?
Celia. Yes, there was such a one.
Dem. And Timon?
Celia. 'Tis most true.
Dem. And thou most treacherous!
My father's bawds, by Heaven![5] they never miss course.

4 *Beholding.*] This is the phraseology of the time, for which modern editors read unnecessarily, *beholden.* In the Malcontent a substantive is even formed of it:—" Their presence still upbraids our fortunes with *beholdingness.*"

5 *Heaven.*] A dash only is to be found for this word in the folios.

And were these daily with you?
Celia. Every hour, sir.
Dem. And was there not a lady, a fat lady?
Celia. Oh, yes; a notable good wench.
Dem. The devil fetch her!
Celia. 'Tis even the merriest wench——
Dem. Did she keep with you too?
Celia. She was all in all; my bed-fellow, eat with me,
Brought me acquainted.
Dem. You are well known here then?
Celia. There is no living here a stranger, I think.
Dem. How came you by this brave gown?
Celia. This is a poor one:
Alas, I have twenty richer. Do you see these jewels?
Why, they're the poorest things, to those are sent me,
And sent me hourly too!
Dem. Is there no modesty,
No faith, in this fair sex?
Leon. What will this prove to?
For yet, with all my wits, I understand not.
Dem. Come hither! Thou art dead indeed, lost, tainted!
All that I left thee, fair and innocent,
Sweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in't;
All that I hoped for virtuous, is fled from thee,
Turn'd black[6] and bankrupt!

[6] *is fled from thee,*
Turn'd back *and bankrupt.*] I believe this reading corrupt, because it has an anticlimax in it. *To turn back and fly* is sense, but *to fly and turn back* is ὕστερον πρότερον. I hope that I've retrieved the true word, for it stands in proper antithesis to the epithet *fair*, in the former part of the sentence, and Celia seems afterwards to retort the very word:

Then let a thousand black *thoughts muster in you.*

In which line the old folio, (the first impression of this play) reads

Leon. By'r lady, this cuts shrewdly.
Dem. Thou'rt dead, for ever dead! Sin's surfeit slew thee;
Th' ambition of those wanton eyes betray'd thee.
Go from me, grave of honour! Go, thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy sin! Go, thou despised one!
And, where there is no virtue, nor no virgin;
Where Chastity was never known nor heard of;
Where nothing reigns but impious lust and looseness;[7]
Go thither, child of blood, and sing my doting!
Celia. You do not speak this seriously, I hope, sir:
I did but jest with you.
Dem. Look not upon me!
There is more hell in those eyes than hell harbours;
And, when they flame, more torments!
Celia. Dare you trust me?
You durst once, even with all you had, your love, sir.
By this fair light, I'm honest.
Dem. Thou subtle Circe,
Cast not upon the maiden light eclipses;

back as well as in the former, which is a further proof of both being corrupt; for in the latter it is self-evident. *Seward.*

[7] *But impious lust, and* looser faces.] The old folio reads *losers faces*, which is scarce sense; and the change in the second folio and octavo is not much for the better. I hope I've retrieved the original; *looseness* will signify all dissolute manners, and so is more comprehensive than lust; the metre, too, is restored by it. *Seward.*

The word *looseness* is used in this very sense in the Faithless Shepherdess.

The first folio reads IMPERIOUS *lust;* the second, IMPIOUS.—Ed. 1778.

This play, as has been observed before, is printed remarkably incorrectly. It has been found indispensably necessary to adopt Mr Seward's alterations in this and the preceding passage.

Curse not the day!

Celia. Come, come, you shall not do this.
How fain you would seem angry now, to fright me:
You are not in the field among your enemies.
Come, I must cool this courage.

Dem. Out, thou impudence,
Thou ulcer of thy sex! When I first saw thee,
I drew into mine eyes mine own destruction,
I pull'd into my heart that sudden poison,
That now consumes my dear content to cinders.
I am not now Demetrius; thou hast changed me:
Thou, woman, with thy thousand wiles, hast changed me;
Thou, serpent, with thy angel-eyes, hast slain me!
And where, before I touch'd on this fair ruin,
I was a man, and reason made[8] and moved me,
Now one great lump of grief I grow and wander.

Celia. And, as you're noble, do you think I did this?

Dem. Put all thy devil's wings on, and fly from me!

Celia. I will go from you, never more to see you;
I will fly from you, as a plague hangs o'er me;
And, through the progress of my life hereafter,
Wherever I shall find a fool, a false man,
One that ne'er knew the worth of polish'd virtue,
A base suspector of a virgin's honour,
A child that flings away the wealth he cry'd for,
Him will I call Demetrius; that fool, Demetrius,

[8] *Reason* made *and moved me.*] Mr Seward reads—"reason staid and moved me." The old text is certainly difficult, and very quaintly expressed; but as it may mean "reason made me a man," without stretching the liberty of expression employed by old dramatists too far, it has been restored in the present edition.

hat madman, a Demetrius; and that false man,
he prince of broken faiths, even Prince Demetrius!
ou think now I should cry and kneel down to you,
etition for my peace: Let those that feel here
he weight of evil, wait for such a favour:
am above your hate, as far above it,
n all the actions of an innocent life,
s the pure stars are from the muddy meteors.
ry, when you know your folly; howl and curse then,
eat that unmanly breast, that holds a false heart,
When you shall come to know whom you have flung from you.

Dem. 'Pray you stay a little.

Celia. Not your hopes can alter me!
Then, let a thousand black thoughts m... you,
And with those enter in a thousand dotings;
Those eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing;
My innocence for ever haunt and fright you;
Those arms together grow in folds; that tongue,
That bold bad tongue, that barks out these disgraces,
When you shall come to know how nobly virtuous
I have preserved my life, rot, rot within you!

Dem. What shall I do?

Celia. Live a lost man for ever!
Go, ask your father's conscience what I suffer'd,
And through what seas of hazards I sailed through;[9]

[9] *And through what seas of hazard I sail'd* through.] As this disagreeable tautology is very easily avoided, and more likely to have occurred at the press than have escaped the author, we hope to stand excused for the small variation we have made.—Ed. 1778. These editors read—"I sailed *too*," which is very lame indeed. Mr Mason proposes to read *thorough;* but tautology is too frequent a

Mine honour still advanced in spite of tempests;
Then, take your leave of love, and confess freely
You were ne'er worthy of this heart that served
you:
And so farewell, ungrateful! [*Exit.*

Dem. Is she gone?

Leon. I'll follow her, and will find out this
matter. [*Exit.*

Enter Antigonus *and Lords.*

Ant. Are you pleased now? Ha' you got your
heart again?
Have I restored you that?

Dem. Sir, even for Heaven sake,
And sacred Truth sake, tell me how you found her?

Ant. I will, and in few words. Before I tried
her,
'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your fellowship,
And fear'd her too; which fear begot that story
I told you first: But since, like gold I touch'd her.

Dem. And how, dear sir——

Ant. Heaven's holy light's not purer.
The constancy and goodness of all women,
That ever lived to win the names of worthy,
This noble maid has doubled in her honour.
All promises of wealth, all art to win her,
And by all tongues employed, wrought as much
on her
As one may do upon the sun at noon-day
By lighting candles up. Her shape is heavenly,
And, to that heavenly shape, her thoughts are
angels.

Dem. Why did you tell me, sir——

failing with our authors to render any variation in this passage necessary.

Ant. 'Tis true I err'd in't:
But, since I made a full proof of her virtue,
I find a king too poor a servant for her.
Love her, and honour her; in all observe her.
She must be something more than time yet tells her;
And certain I believe him bless'd enjoys her.
I would not lose the hope of such a daughter,
To add another empire to my honour. [*Exit.*

Dem. Oh, wretched state! to what end shall I turn me?
And where begins my penance? Now, what service
Will win her love again? My death must do it:
And if that sacrifice can purge my follies,
Be pleased, oh, mighty Love, I die thy servant!
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the House of Celia.

Enter LEONTIUS *and* CELIA.

Leon. I know he does not deserve you; he has used you poorly:
And to redeem himself——

Celia. Redeem?

Leon. I know it——
There's no way left.

Celia. For Heaven's sake, do not name him,
Do not think on him, sir; he's so far from me
In all my thoughts now, methinks I never knew
him.
Leon. But yet I would see him again.
Celia. No, never, never!
Leon. I do not mean to lend him any comfort,
But to afflict him; so to torture him,
That even his very soul may shake within him;
To make him know, though he be great and powerful,
'Tis not within his aim to deal dishonourably,
And carry it off, and with a maid of your sort.
Celia. I must confess, I could most spitefully
afflict him;
Now, now, I could whet my anger at him;
Now, arm'd with bitterness, I could shoot through
him:
I long to vex him!
Leon. And do it home, and bravely.
Celia. Were I a man——
Leon. I'll help[1] that weakness in you:
I honour you, and serve you.
Celia. Not only to disclaim me,
When he had seal'd his vows in Heaven, sworn
to me,
And poor believing I became his servant;
But, most maliciously, to brand my credit,
Stain my pure name!
Leon. I would not suffer it.
See him I would again; and, to his teeth too,
(Od's precious!) I would ring him such a lesson—
Celia. I have done that already.
Leon. Nothing, nothing;
It was too poor a purge. Besides, by this time

[1] *I'll* help *that weakness in you.*] That is, I will *remedy* it, I will *assist* it.—Ed. 1778.

He has found his fault, and feels the hells that follow it.
That, and your urged-on anger to the highest—
Why, 'twill be such a stroke——
Celia. Say, he repent then,
And seek with tears to soften? I'm a woman,
A woman that have loved him, sir, have honour'd him;
I am no more.
Leon. Why you may deal thereafter.
Celia. If I forgive him, I am lost.
Leon Hold there then;
The sport will be, to what a poor submission——
But keep you strong.
Celia. I would not see him.
Leon. Yes; you shall ring his knell.
Celia. How if I kill him?
Leon. Kill him? why, let him die.
Celia. I know 'tis fit so:
But why should I, that loved him once, destroy him?
Oh, had he 'scaped this sin, what a brave gentleman——
Leon. I must confess, had this not fallen, a nobler,
A handsomer, the whole world had not shew'd you:
And, to his making, such a mind——
Celia. 'Tis certain:
But all this I must now forget.
Leon. You shall not,
If I have any art. [*Aside.*]—Go up, sweet lady,
And trust my truth.
Celia. But, good sir, bring him not.
Leon. I would not for the honour you are born to;
But you shall see him, and neglect him too, and scorn him.
Celia. You will be near me then?

Leon. I will be with you.—
Yet there's some hope to stop this gap; I'll work
hard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS, MENIPPUS, *two Gentlemen,* LIEUTENANT, *and Lords.*

Ant. But is it possible this fellow took it?
2 Gent. It seems so, by the violence it wrought
with;
Yet now the fit's even off.
Men. I beseech your grace——
Ant. Nay, I forgive thy wife with all my heart,
And am right glad she drank it not herself,
And more glad that the virtuous maid escaped it;
I would not for the world 't had hit: But that this
soldier,
(Lord, how he looks!) that he should take this
vomit!
Can he make rhymes too?
2 Gent. He has made a thousand, sir,
And plays the burden to 'em on a Jew's-trump.
Ant. He looks as though he were bepist.—Do
you love me, sir?
Lieut. Yes, surely; even with all my heart.
Ant. I thank you;
I am glad I have so good a subject.
But, pray you tell me, how much did you love me,
Before you drank this matter?
Lieut. Even as much

As a sober man might; and a soldier
That your grace owes just half a year's pay to.
Ant. Well remember'd.
And did I seem so young and amiable to you?
Lieut. Methought, you were the sweetest youth——
Ant. That's excellent!
Lieut. Ay truly, sir; and ever as I thought on you,
I wish'd, and wish'd——
Ant. What didst thou wish, I pr'ythee?
Lieut. Even that I had been a wench of fifteen for you;
A handsome wench, sir.
Ant. Why, God-a-mercy, soldier!
I seem not so now to thee?
Lieut. Not all out;
And yet I have a grudging to your grace still.
Ant. Thou wast ne'er in love before?
Lieut. Not with a king,
And hope I shall ne'er be again. Truly, sir,
I have had such plunges, and such bickerings,[2]
And, as it were, such runnings a-tilt within me!
For, whatsoever it was provoked me toward you—
Ant. God-a-mercy, still!
Lieut. I had it with a vengeance;
It play'd his prize.[3]

[2] ——*bickerings.*] An ancient word for fighting, skirmishing. It is used by Shakspeare:

—— "If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient *bickerings.*"

[3] *It play'd his prize.*] When a master of defence took his master's, provost's, or scholar's degree, he was obliged to play a prize at one of the places where they exercised the art of fencing. See Mr Steevens's curious note on the Merry Wives of Windsor.—Shakspeare, 1803. V. 32.

Ant. I would not have been a wench then,
Though of this age.
Lieut. No, sure, I should have spoil'd you.
Ant. Well, go thy ways. Of all the lusty lovers
That e'er I saw—Wilt have another potion?
Lieut. If you will be another thing, have at you.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha!
Give me thy hand; from henceforth thou'rt my soldier.
Do bravely; I'll love thee as much.
Lieut. I thank you;
But, if you were mine enemy, I would not wish it you.
I beseech your grace, pay me my charge.
2 Gent. That's certain, sir;
He has bought up all that e'er he found was like you,
Or any thing you have loved, that he could purchase;
Old horses that your grace had ridden blind, and founder'd;
Dogs, rotten hawks, and, which is more than all this,
Has worn your grace's gauntlet in his bonnet.
Ant. Bring in your bills: Mine own love shall be satisfy'd;
And, sirrah, for this potion you have taken,
I'll point you out a portion you shall live on.
Men. 'Twas the best draught that e'er you drank.
Lieut. I hope so.
Ant. Are the princes come to th' court?
Men. They are all, and lodged, sir.
Ant. Come then, make ready for their entertainment;
Which presently we'll give.—Wait you on me, sir.
Lieut. I shall love drink the better whilst I live, boys! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Celia.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* LEONTIUS.

Dem. Let me but see her, dear Leontius;
Let me but die before her!
Leon. 'Would that would do it.
If I knew where she lay now, with what honesty
(You having flung so main a mischief on her,
And on so innocent and sweet a beauty)
Dare I present your visit?
Dem. I'll repent all,
And with the greatest sacrifice of sorrow,
That ever lover made.
Leon. 'Twill be too late, sir:
I know not what will become of you.
Dem. You can help me.
Leon. It may be, to her sight: What are you nearer
She has sworn she will not speak to you, look upon you;
And, to love you again, oh, she cries out, and thunders,
She had rather love——There is no hope.
Dem. Yes, Leontius,
There is a hope; which, though it draw no love to it,
At least will draw her to lament my fortune;
And that hope shall relieve me.
Leon. Hark you, sir, hark you!
Say I should bring you——
Dem. Do not trifle with me!

Leon. I will not trifle—both together bring you—
You know the wrongs you have done?
Dem. I do confess 'em.
Leon. And if you should then jump into your fury,
And have another quirk in your head——
Dem. I'll die first!
Leon. You must say nothing to her; for 'tis certain,
The nature of your crime will admit no excuse.
Dem. I will not speak; mine eyes shall tell my penance.
Leon. You must look wondrous sad too.
Dem. I need not look so;
I'm truly Sadness' self.
Leon. That look will do it.
Stay here; I'll bring her to you instantly:
But take heed how you bear yourself. Sit down there;
The more humble you are, the more she'll take compassion.
Women are perilous things to deal upon! [*Exit.*
Dem. What shall become of me? To curse my fortune,
Were but to curse my father; that's too impious:
But, under whatsoever fate I suffer,
Bless, I beseech thee, Heaven, her harmless goodness!

Enter LEONTIUS *and* CELIA.

Leon. Now arm yourself.
Celia. You have not brought him?
Leon. Yes, 'faith;
And there he is: You see in what poor plight too.

Now you may do your will, kill him, or save him.
Celia. I will go back.
Leon. I will be hang'd then, lady!
Are you a coward now?
Celia. I cannot speak to him.
Dem. Oh me!
Leon. There was a sigh to blow a church down.
So, now their eyes are fix'd; the small shot plays;
They'll come to the battery anon.
Celia. He weeps extremely.
Leon. Rail at him now.
Celia. I dare not.
Leon. I am glad on't.
Celia. Nor dare believe his tears.
Dem. You may, blest beauty;
For those thick streams that troubled my repentance,
Are crept [4] out long ago.
Leon. You see how he looks.
Celia. What have I to do how he looks? how look'd he then,
When with a poison'd tooth he bit mine honour?
It was your counsel too, to scorn and slight him.
Leon. Ay, if you saw fit cause: and you confess'd too,
Except this sin, he was the bravest gentleman,
The sweetest, noblest—I take nothing from you,
Nor from your anger; use him as you please;
For, to say truth, he has deserved your justice.
But still consider what he has been to you.
Celia. 'Pray do not blind me thus.

[4] *Are* crept *out long ago.*] The last editors adopt Sympson's proposed alteration, and read, "are *wept* out long ago." But the old reading is good sense, and has, for that reason, been restored.

Dem. Oh, gentle mistress,
If there were any way to expiate
A sin so great as mine, by intercession,
By prayers, by daily tears, by dying for you,
Oh, what a joy would close these eyes that love you!

Leon. They say, women have tender hearts; I know not;
I'm sure mine melts.

Celia. Sir, I forgive you heartily,
And all your wrong to me I cast behind me,
And wish you a fit beauty to your virtues:
Mine is too poor. In peace I part thus from you!—
I must look back.—Gods keep your grace!—He's here still.
[*Points to her heart, and exit.*

Dem. She has forgiven me.

Leon. She has directed you:
Up, up, and follow like a man; away, sir!
She look'd behind her twice. Her heart dwells here, sir;
You drew tears from her too; she cannot freeze thus.
The door's set open too:—Are you a man?
Are you alive? do you understand her meaning?
Have you blood and spirit in you?

Dem. I dare not trouble her.

Leon. Nay, an you will be nipt i' th' head with nothing,
Walk whining up and down—"I dare not, cannot"—
Strike now or never! Faint heart—you know what, sir.
Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your fire out!
A devil on't! stands this door ope for nothing?

So, get ye together, and be naught.—Now, to
secure all,
Will I go fetch out a more sovereign plaister.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ANTIGONUS, SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, LIEUTENANT, *Gentlemen, and Lords.*

Ant. This peace is fairly made.
Sel. Would your grace wish us
To put in more? Take what you please, we
yield it:
The honour done us by your son constrains it,
Your noble son.
Ant. It is sufficient, princes.
And, now we're one again, one mind, one body,
And one sword shall strike for us.
Lys. Let prince Demetrius
But lead us on (for we are his vow'd servants)
Against the strength of all the world we'll buckle.
Ptol. And ev'n from all that strength we'll catch
at victory.
Sel. Oh, had I now recover'd but the fortune
I lost in Antioch, when mine uncle perish'd!
But that were but to surfeit me with blessings.
Lys. You lost a sweet child there.
Sel. Name it no more, sir;
This is no time to entertain such sorrows.—
Will your majesty do us the honour we may see
the prince,
And wait upon him?

Enter LEONTIUS.

Ant. I wonder he stays from us.—
How now, Leontius? Where's my son?
Sel. Brave captain!
Lys. Old valiant sir!
Leon. Your graces are welcome!—
Your son, an't please you, sir, is new cashier'd yonder,
Cast from his mistress' favour; and such a coil[5] there is,
Such fending, and such proving![6] She stands off,
And will by no means yield to composition:
He offers any price, his body to her.
Sel. She is a hard lady denies that caution.
Leon. And now they whine, and now they rave: 'Faith, princes,
'Twere a good point of charity to piece 'em;[7]
For less than such a power will do just nothing:
And if you mean to see him, there it must be,
For there will he grow, till he be transplanted.
Sel. 'Beseech your grace, let's wait upon you thither,
That I may see that beauty dares deny him,
That scornful beauty.
Ptol. I should think it worse now;
Ill brought-up beauty.
Ant. She has too much reason for't;

[5] *Coil.*] *i. e.* Bustle, stir.

[6] *Such* fending, *and such proving.*] I believe we should read, "finding and proving," which are law terms, and suit the context remarkably well, for the following line continues the legal metaphor. Fending may however be an abbreviation of defending.

[7] *'Twere a good point of charity to* piece *'em.*] *i. e.* Make them one again. The last editors wish to read, "to peace them," *i. e.* to make peace between them, which, as Mr Mason observes, is not English.

Which, with too great a grief, I shame to think of.
But we'll go see this game.
Lys. Rather this wonder.
Ant. Be you our guide, Leontius. Here's a new peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the House of Celia.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CELIA.

Celia. Thus far you shall persuade me; still to honour you,
Still to live with you, sir, or near about you;
For, not to lie, you have my first and last love:
But since you have conceived an evil against me,
An evil that so much concerns your honour,
That honour aim'd by all at for a pattern;
And though there be a false thought, and confess'd too,
And much repentance fallen in showers to purge it;
Yet, while that great respect I ever bore you,
Dwells in my blood, and in my heart that duty;
Had it but been a dream, I must not touch you.
Dem. Oh, you will make some other happy!
Celia. Never;
Upon this hand, I'll seal that faith.
Dem. We may kiss:
Put not those out o' th' peace too.
Celia. Those I'll give you,
So there you will be pleased to pitch your *ne ultra*;[a]
I will be merry with you, sing, discourse with you,
Be your poor mistress still: In truth, I love you!

[a] —— *your ultra.*] Corrected in 1679.

Enter LEONTIUS, ANTIGONUS, SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLEMY, LIEUTENANT, *and Gentlemen.*

Dem. Stay! who are these?
Lys. A very handsome lady.
Leon. As e'er you saw.
Sel. 'Pity her heart's so cruel.
Lys. How does your grace?—He stands still; will not hear us.
Ptol. We come to serve you, sir, in all our fortunes.
Lys. He bows a little now; he's strangely alter'd.
Sel. Ha! pray you a word, Leontius! pray you a word with you,
Lysimachus! You both knew mine Enanthe,[9]
I lost in Antioch, when the town was taken,
Mine uncle slain; Antigonus had the sack on't.
Lys. Yes, I remember well the girl.
Sel. Methinks now, [*Pulls out a picture.*
That face is wondrous like her. I have her picture:
The same, but more years on her; the very same!
Lys. A cherry to a cherry is not liker.
Sel. Look on her eyes.
Leon. Most certain she is like her:
Many a time have I dandled her in these arms, sir;
And I hope who will more.
Ant. What's that ye look at, princes?
Sel. This picture, and that lady, sir.
Ant. Ha! they are near;
They only err in time.

[9] *Enanthe.*] The editors of the second folio, though they copy those of the first in calling this character *Enanthe* through this scene, yet, in their *dramatis personæ*, style her *Evanthe;* in which particulars they have been followed by all the succeeding editors. It is immaterial which name is adopted, but the play and the list of the characters ought to agree.—Ed. 1778.

Lys. Did you mark that blush there?
That came the nearest.
Sel. I must speak to her.
Leon. You'll quickly be resolved.
Sel. Your name, sweet lady?
Celia. Enanthe, sir: And this to beg your blessing. [*Kneels.*
Sel. Do you know me?
Celia. If you be the king Seleucus,
I know you are my father.
Sel. Peace a little!
Where did I lose you?
Celia. At the sack of Antioch,
Where my good uncle died, and I was taken,
By a mean soldier taken: By this prince,
This noble prince, redeem'd from him again,
Where ever since I have remain'd his servant.
Sel. My joys are now too full! Welcome, Enanthe!
Mine own, my dearest, and my best Enanthe!
Dem. And mine too desperate!
Sel. You shall not think so;
This is a peace indeed.
Ant. I hope it shall be,
And ask it first.
Sel. Most royal sir, you have it.
Dem. I once more beg it thus. [*Kneels.*
Sel. You must not be denied, sir.
Celia. By me, I am sure he must not, sure he shall not:
Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it; [*Kneels.*
And, from this hour, no envious spite e'er part us!
All. The gods give happy joys! all comforts to you!
Dem. My new Enanthe!
Ant. Come, beat all the drums up,

And all the noble instruments of war!
Let 'em fill all the kingdom with their sounds;
And those the brazen arch of Heaven break through,
While to the temple we conduct these two.

Leon. May they be ever loving, ever young,
And, ever worthy of those lines [9] they sprung,
May their fair issues walk with time along!

Lieut. And hang a coward now! and there's my song. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *May they be ever loving, ever young,*
And ever worthy of those lines *they sprung,*
May their fair issues walk with time along!] We apprehend both the text and punctuation to be corrupted here, and would read thus:

" *May they be ever loving, ever young,*
And, ever worthy of those loins *they sprung,*
May their fair issues walk with time along!

This remedies the vicious construction, and gives a fuller sense. Shakspeare uses the very expression in Richard III. and very nearly the same in King Lear.—Ed. 1778.

The construction is certainly defective; but I believe that arises from the inadvertency of the authors themselves, not the inaccuracy of the ancient editions. It may be reduced to grammar by a slight alteration, the reading of *whence* instead of *they*. But, for the reason I have stated, I do not propose that amendment. They sprung, evidently means, they *sprung from.*—*Mason.*

A similar grammatical inaccuracy, if what was the universal custom of the time can be called so, occurs in the ensuing epilogue:

" I feel another passion that may grieve."

The author evidently means by this, " that may afflict or grieve me."

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE LIEUTENANT.

I AM not cured yet throughly; for, believe,
I feel another passion that may grieve;
All over me I feel it too: And now
It takes me cold, cold, cold; I know not how.
As you are good men, help me; a carouse
May make me love you all, all here i' th' house,
And all that come to see me, dotingly.
Now lend your hands; and for your courtesy,
The next employment I am sent upon,
I'll swear you are physicians, the wars none.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.